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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1910

Art. I.—BORDEN PARKER BOWNE[1]

"In Christian thought death is no calamity, least of all is it an overthrowing or destruction; it is simply an event in the life of God's children, and they all 'live unto him,' and they live unto us also." These are Dr. Bowne's own words. If the spirit of them shall rule us, this day will not be one of lamentation over defeat, but of holy joy; joy not only that his great life has been given to us, but also that it can never be taken away; joy in what he has accomplished, and likewise in his undiminished efficiency. He lives unto God and he lives "unto us also."

Teaching is an extension of the parental functions. What makes a teacher great is not so much his superior grasp of the material of instruction, or his conscious wisdom in the choice of methods, as simple yearning toward the personality of his pupils. Let us, then, celebrate our revered teacher, first of all, as an intellectual and spiritual father. What is the fascination that drew so many thousands of pupils to his lecture room and held them there such willing prisoners? It was not a place where inattentive, lazy, or sluggish minds sought indulgence, for sharp arrows truly aimed were always the portion of such students. "I have a large body of theologues this term," he wrote on one occasion, "most of them unpromising—children of the dragon's teeth, and not of her wisdom teeth at that." Was it, then, the wit and humor that sparkled in every lecture that kept his classes full for thirty-four years? Wit has power, but not such power as this. We

[1] Address before the alumni of the School of Theology of Boston University, April 25, 1910.

did, indeed, enjoy his exhaustless wit—metaphors that shriveled up our old heavens and suddenly made all things new, epigrams that could kill or make alive, puns that were at once philosophy and works of art—yet the attraction was more compelling than this. We flocked to him because he was a man with a message that we liked to hear. His idealism fitted into our needs. It was the crisp air of mountaintops and their wide horizon, the assurance that life is great and good, the very joy of dissent from popular thought-tendencies, and even from our own past selves—it was this that drew us. Yet not this chiefly. The magnet of his personality would have held us even if his philosophy had been different. Let a Bowne discuss anything that a strong, earnest, analytic mind like his could ever care to teach, and students would find his teaching a veritable water of life. Never was a teacher more free from sentimentality; rarely, if ever, did he intentionally draw aside the curtain of his inner life except in private converse with one or another student whose responsiveness had attracted his attention and led to something like intimacy. Yet his very life was wrapped up in his students. He loved to teach as a father loves to guide the steps of a child who is learning to walk. He taught his pupils as individuals, not merely in the mass, and he remembered them one by one. On his occasional journeys to distant cities how he delighted to meet the men, once his pupils, who had entered upon the stern struggle of their life work! He called them "the boys," or "our boys," and I think I never saw him more happy, outside his home, than on these occasions. Speaking of his experiences during a lecturing tour in the West three years ago, he said, "Throughout the trip the boys were the very best possible, and I had a kind of feeling of Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" These "boys" of his are his debtors on many accounts—for help in securing positions, for advice, for gentle criticism, for encouragement in trouble, as well as for instruction—but most of all because we are just his "boys." Whether his students generally knew the tenderness of his heart is doubtful, but now and then it could not help revealing itself, as in his response to the afflictions of Byron Palmer. The brilliancy of his philosophical discourse was balanced by deep fondness for

simple pleasures. "You ought to take to gardening," he says. "I raise roses galore. I cut every summer about three thousand choice blooms, and I find the work its own exceeding great reward." "My hyacinths are beginning to bloom; so are the narcissi. The violets are about done, but I've picked as many as twenty dozen a day from my little frame. Of all the odors, according to my nose, there is none other so gracious and refined and refining as the violet. What manner of man ought I to be with 12x20 violets in the house?"

Of his life within the family circle would that I had the right to speak without restraint. For who that has shared the intimacies of his hospitable home has failed to feel there his true greatness more even than in his lectures and his books? Here was a life lived on a high plane of simple affection, and contentment, and joy. And "the life that now is" was consciously lived in God. When sorrow came, and the wish, as he says, "not of thought but of feeling," was "that we might all die and be buried together," when he could declare, "I hardly know myself in feeling, I've learned so much since last June," then came also the Comforter. The pain was no more real than the healing hand of the Father. Indeed, I would not know where to look for a more clear, unwavering faith and joy in God. His idealistic philosophy culminated, not in a set of propositions but in a living experience of the Father and of the communion of saints. On one occasion he remarked that he sometimes felt that it would hardly surprise him if the whole phenomenal world should suddenly drop away, and the real world of spirit should stand open to his gaze.

I have said that his philosophy culminated in religious experience, but it is equally true that his intense religiousness is the starting point of his activity as a theologian and a philosopher. His whole life-endeavor can be summed up in this: that he strove to raise religion to a high plane of ethical purpose and clear thinking, and to set forth and defend the rationality of its fundamental concepts. In his endeavor to elevate and rationalize religion he took the part of a progressive, and to many he gave the impression of being a radical; but as a defender of the religious conception of the world he appeared as a conservative in philosophy. In his

hands theology was neither speculation on the divine mysteries nor yet the defense of authoritative dogma, but, rather, rational reflection upon the religious experience. "There is a great demand for work which will get the church out of this false supernatural," said he. "This is the thing which finds God only in the extraordinary and abnormal, and which, consequently, looks with distrust on the harmonious working of thought and conscience and will as marks of the divine presence." He believed in an historical revelation, but that for us the essential thing about it is that, through prophets and apostles, and supremely through Jesus, we ourselves are able to accept the Christian way of thinking about God and his purposes. Men "need the Bible only as it helps them to this view." He believed in atonement as the historical fact and in the present experience of the great Helper and Revealer; in salvation as a restoration of filial relations with the Father, and the establishment of ethical attitudes and conduct on the Christian plane; he appreciated diverse types of religious experience, but he insisted that, "however far we may go in religious fervor and aspiration, we must never lose sight of the ethical aim." In his mind this is all very simple, but he found Christian teachers confusing and sometimes corrupting these standards by abstract theories, artificial distinctions, and official moral obtuseness. The moral distinctions that he had in mind are not the same as that between "saints and sinners." There is a difference between such "theological abstractions and living men." "The saints are not saved, they are being saved." He went once to another city to read a paper on "The Aim and Test of Religion." "The aim is righteousness, the test is obedience. 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly,' etc.? 'Hereby we know if we know him, that we keep his commandments.' I had a pretty good time," he remarks. "*Some* of the brethren said 'Amen!'" Mechanical schemes of atonement leading to artificial standards of life he could not abide. He desired a revision of the Methodist regulation concerning amusements because it sets up an artificial standard and hinders the full moralization of conduct. Good sense he regarded as a bulwark of true religion. "God grant us," he once said, "a baptism of good sense and

loyalty, not to Methodism or any other ism, but to Christ and his kingdom!"

In his own person he was a striking example of simple loyalty to the church—loyalty to his local society, to the denomination as a whole, and to the universal church. It was because he loved the denomination and the whole church that he was so uncompromising in his criticisms. The greatest severity is that of a tender man who is also loyal and in dead earnest. He often seemed, indeed, to be more severe than he really was simply because it fell to his keenly analytic mind to strip moral issues of all the accretions of tradition and all the disguises of special interests. It was not harshness but power of sustained analytic attention that made his words so sharp against the official ecclesiastical conscience. "Truth-telling," he remarks, "has never been a religious virtue." After giving examples of exaggerated and partly fictitious statements by ecclesiastics, he says: "Thus we fire the Methodist heart and establish the gospel. Of course it's not lying; it's only lingo; but to one who doesn't understand it it seems like lying. . . . But if I keep on writing in this vein, I shall need 'an ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination.'" He did not always write in this vein by any means. Thirteen months ago yesterday he declared, "I think the total outlook for good things was never so promising as it is now, and I find myself increasingly optimistic." Like the prophets of Judæa, he protested against the false conservatism of institutionalized religion. Speaking of the efforts of the Roman hierarchy to crush modernism, he said: "There seems to be a kind of renascence of this sort of thing in the church at present. Catholic and Protestant alike have an ignorant fear, something like that which stampeded the Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea. There is really nothing like the liberty in the Roman Church at present that there was in the mediæval period. I am meditating writing a paper on ecclesiastical institutions and the truth, for there is really a strong tendency on the part of an institution and its ministers to betray and crucify the truth. When the church is at all large men of mediocre intelligence and submediocre character and rather unspiritual instincts come to the front and get control, and from the nature

of the case they are pretty sure to be indifferent to truth and progress. 'The fear of change perplexing monarchs' is theirs, and they become hyperorthodox from the nature of the situation, and then we have the infamies which fill the pages of Buckle and Lecky and Andrew D. White and others. The tendency is so marked that every church must be on its guard against it. We can see in our own case pretty clearly how it goes. Ignorant men, unfitted for their position but having a vote, feel perfectly able to decide with the slightest knowledge or study of the case. They cannot discuss but they can decide; they cannot refute, but they can condemn; and they have so little interest in the truth that they are willing to listen to all manner of false witness if it falls in with their notions, and are deaf to anything that makes the other way."

Not pleasant words, these; but who shall say that they are out of place in a period when the rudimental principles of biblical science are not secure from interference even in a university department of theology? This unerring insight into the fundamental issue and the fundamental forces at play, joined with splendid loyalty and with a courage that feared not the face of men, made him the right arm of the forces of enlightenment whenever the rights of learning in our School of Theology were jeopardized. It was not in high disdain that he uttered his biting criticisms; rather, he took what seemed to be the most direct method of helping toward improvement. Beneath all there were good cheer, good humor, and a lovable spirit. "It is so difficult," he said, "to unite faith and critical thought in the same person that it will be a long time before we can dispense with the scoffer. He is still necessary, to tell religious people truths they would never hear if left to themselves." To one whose mind was in a state of revolt against things as they are he vouchsafed this sketch of his own development: "In sober earnest, it is a great stupid ass of a world in pretty much all respects, and notably so in the matter of religion. I don't see how any thoughtful person can help seeing it; and I think one needs to see it in order to understand the world and be charitable toward its Bœotianisms. But it is not well to say much about it, and less well to get wrathy over it.

In my youthful days I did a great deal of this; and no one was any better for it, least of all myself. Well, I have gradually come to a more cheerful way of looking at these things. God is in no hurry, and he puts up with it; and we must do so too. I am only slowly developing a fund of patience and cheerfulness in such matters, and I enjoy it more and more. And very often I find a unity of the spirit beneath very different forms of speech. I don't think I am in any immediate danger of translation, but I do find it easier to put up with a great many things than I used to." He was as loyal to his church as he was critical of her faults. It was never his method to abandon a ship when it most needs a strong crew. "In fact, we are the orthodox. . . . We should never consent to be placed in the position of heretics. We should, rather, insist that we are the true Christians, the true believers in the Bible, the true race of those who seek to live in the Spirit. This we must show by keeping sweet and reverent and alive, so that our fruits shall bear witness of us, and by showing the superficial, mechanical, and hocus-pocus character of much traditional speech. At the same time we must exercise due wisdom in showing what Origen calls the 'scandals, offenses, and impossibilities of the letter.' In other words, we must not 'yank' out the tares. It is better to let both grow together until the harvest than to pull up the wheat in our determination to root up the tares. It is slow work lifting men from the mechanical and external plane to the ethical and spiritual plane." Again he exclaims: "We ought not to sit down and be quiet; that is just what the enemy wishes. We must assert our portion in Jacob and our inheritance in Israel. We must not accept the position of suspects under surveillance, but we must assert our position as the truth indeed."

The keynote of his philosophical development is already struck in a work of his youth, The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. It came at a time when Spencer's deduction of the definite from the indefinite, of consciousness from nerve "shocks," and of morality from the laws of the redistribution of matter, still seemed plausible to many. The system "reconciled" religion and science by giving to science a patent on all that is knowable, while to

religion, with grandiose generosity, was accorded the infinitely greater field of the unknowable. Bowne was quick to detect the fallacies of this system, and he displayed them with logical penetration out of proportion to his years. His undisguised motive and purpose were religious. The ancient faith that the world has meaning that can be known was to be defended, and this implied for him an interpretation of the basal ideas and methods of science. Theologians were still looking for gaps in the evolutionary order, but he says, "I feel rather suspicious of an argument for the divine existence which is based upon nature's disorder and breaks, rather than upon its order and continuity." On the other hand, he had no confidence in speculative constructions of the universe, like those of the German idealists. Finally, he was not satisfied to rest the case for religion wholly upon practical reason or value-judgments. Hence, on the one hand, his method, which was that of the reworking of the fundamental notions of science. There was no pretense of completeness, like that of Hegel's system. Eighteen years ago Bowne wrote: "More and more . . . I am becoming indifferent to completed systematic statements and to finalities, anyhow. I only aim to stimulate thought along the lines in which I conceive the truth to lie." Here, similarly, is the explanation of his choice of problems. To him the essentials of psychology, for example, have to do with the reality of the self; hence his lack of interest in physiological and experimental problems. A real self, actively constructing its own thought world, as against sensationalism and associationism; metaphysically valid knowledge as opposed to agnosticism; human freedom as against the purely deterministic interpretation of natural law; a personal ground of the universe as against the Unknowable and the merely mechanical and pantheism—this is the form in which philosophy always lay in his mind. He was consciously and frankly an advocate, a debater, not a dispassionate onlooker. For he conceived philosophy in the ancient and accredited manner, as an instrument for the furtherance of life. Of the merely instrumental nature of the understanding he was quite convinced. "Probably all our explainings," he said, "our analyses and syntheses, are but devices of our own whereby we represent the fact to ourselves, and which

to a certain extent are valid for the fact, but which, after all, are *not the fact.* That is, the operations of the logical understanding are certainly largely to be viewed as instrumental for the apprehension of a matter which is only approximately, and probably only *relatively,* expressed by them. For example, do you imagine that the chemical notation of the laboratories expresses the order of the divine conception?"

His habit of focusing attention upon problems of the deepest practical significance, and of keeping his discussions (commonly in the form of debate) always close to the main point, his avoidance of abstract system-building, and his crisp style—these, together with the inherent attractiveness of his idealistic doctrines, brought him a remarkably large following. In addition to his immediate pupils, the number of which is large, those who have found in his published writings a new wine that rejoices the intellect of man are literally a multitude. And they girdle the earth. His journey 'round the world four years ago was like the triumphal march of a conqueror. In Japan, particularly, he received such honors as fall to few scholars. But some of the qualities that brought him this popular acclaim tended to isolate him from many of the philosophers of the time. On the one hand, his sharp arraignment of what he regarded as a false naturalism, and, on the other hand, his implacable opposition to speculative idealism set him against the two main currents of philosophical thought during the last generation. But he had the satisfaction of seeing both currents swerve toward certain of his own central convictions. In what he used to call "the camp" of the empirical, naturalistic thinkers it was said that he held a brief for religion; as indeed he did, and this was supposed to be fatal to impartial investigation. But it is noteworthy that thinkers of the naturalistic type are to-day gathering around the standard of pragmatism, which proclaims from the housetops that the tests of the true, and even the meaning of truth, are found in the practical values. As early as 1887 Dr. Bowne declared that the mind is to be thought of as "a living organism, with manifold interests and tendencies. These outline its development, and furnish the driving power. The implicit aim in mental development is to recognize these in-

terests and make room for them, so that each shall have its proper field and object." We hold to the postulates of religion, he maintained, primarily because they are important for life. The function of logic is not to create them but to adjust them to one another and to the other contents of thought. Twenty years later the protagonist of pragmatism published in italics these words: "If theological ideas prove to have a value for concrete life, they will be true for pragmatism, in the sense of being good for so much. For how much more they are true will depend entirely on their relations to the other truths that also have to be acknowledged." The point of this is that Bowne was really a pragmatist —he could not be sufficiently empirical in his theory of knowledge —but that during his generation empirical philosophy shifted its ground so as to approximate the principle on which Bowne based his theistic philosophy. On the other hand, idealism also moved toward some of the positions for which he contended. Anyone who will take the trouble to trace the idealistic movement from Sterling's Secret of Hegel to Royce's Philosophy of Loyalty will understand what I mean. It really looks as if idealism, instead of vaunting itself and being puffed up with the notion that it can trace the structure of the universe in the structure of our logical understanding, has come down at last to earth by taking up as its task an analysis of the logical conditions for the completion of our life as rational and moral beings. Now, this is the problem that Dr. Bowne set to himself. His idealism, in a nutshell, is the assertion that the only kind of world in which human life can fully realize itself is a world of persons, a divine-human society, and that the process whereby we move from religious need to religious faith is rational in the deepest sense of the term reason. It would be too much to say that either the naturalistic or the idealistic type of philosophy has moved toward Bowne's specific method or toward all the interpretations that he regarded as vital. He remained in a certain isolation to the last; and, indeed, it was in part self-chosen, for his deliberate habit was to emphasize points of difference more than points of agreement. Nevertheless, it remains true that the general state of thought is much nearer the positions for which he contended than it was when he was elected

to his professorship in Boston University. He himself fully recognized this change, and he rejoiced in it with repeated announcements of the real progress of philosophy.

In religious thought the movement toward his cherished positions has been even more marked, and his own contribution to the movement is more in evidence. Here his great contention has been that it is possible, without any logical compromise, to think the process of the world, and even of religious experience, under terms of law, and yet at the same time under the categories of personality and freedom. "We cannot too much emphasize the notion of law in the religious life," he wrote two years ago. "The moment this element of law and conscience is relaxed we are exposed to all manner of vagaries, some imbecile, some destructive." The ideas with which he here works are the immanence yet personality of God, the ethical character of the religious experience, and the essentially formal or descriptive nature of law; that is, that it is merely the method of a rational will, and not power or necessity. It should give us joy to know the pleasure that he took in his later years in contemplation of the rapid transformation of theological thinking on these points. In 1901, in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of his professorship, he wrote: "I think . . . the religious outlook is very promising—to one who can discern the signs of the times. We are never going back to the old forms, but we shall give the old spirit a better expression. When we finally get clear of the false natural and the false supernatural, and master the conception of the immanent God, we shall have a renascence of religion beyond anything in the past." Only a few months ago he remarked again: "How things have improved within a short time! My book, Studies in Christianity, some of the components of which were looked upon as heresy not long ago, is now viewed as a model of orthodoxy by a good many conservative men, and in any case much of the old stuff, well meant but misleading, has vanished from all the better churches, and it is vanishing from the others. So it seems to me that the omens are propitious and the outlook most encouraging."

Thus he wrought, and thus he has built himself into the king-

dom of God. He has built himself into us individually; into our thinking, into our characters, into our prayers. He spoke

> The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
> On doubts that drive the coward back,
> And keen through wordy snares to track
> Suggestion to her inmost cell.
>
> So word by word, and line by line,
> The dead man touch'd me from the past,
> And all at once it seem'd at last
> His living soul was flash'd on mine,
>
> And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd
> About empyreal heights of thought,
> And came on that which is, and caught
> The deep pulsations of the world,
>
> Æonian music measuring out
> The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
> The blows of Death.

George A. Coe.

Art. II.—JESUS CHRIST ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Jesus' sayings on this subject comprise three propositions: the sanctity of the marriage bond, its indissoluble obligation, and the defective morality of all legislation that presumes to put asunder this hallowed oneness of husband and wife.

I. Among devout, intelligent Christians the first of these propositions is not an open question. Jesus's clear and positive statement is that "from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the two shall be one flesh; so that they are no more two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Matt. 19. 4-6; Mark 10. 6-9). The ritual of the church, accordingly, does well to call this union of man and wife "holy matrimony," "the holy estate of matrimony," "an honorable estate, instituted in the time of man's innocency, signifying the mystical union that exists between Christ and his church, honorable among all men, and not to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God." The man and the woman solemnly bind themselves "to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony," and, "forsaking all others, keep themselves only unto each other so long as they both shall live." The Roman Catholic Church makes matrimony one of her seven holy sacraments, and requires that the ceremony be performed by one of her own priests. The early colonists of New England, revolting from the practices of Romish and Anglican ecclesiasticism, went to the opposite extreme of having all marriages solemnized by a civil magistrate. The Society of Friends has a practice by which the two parties marry themselves. The mere form of nuptial ceremony is a matter of personal taste and of no essential importance. The solemn thing in the transaction is the act and fact of plighted union, and we submit that the *sacramentum*, or oath of holy wedlock, is the most sacred and irrevocable bond existing among men. It is more fundamental in ethical content and

more vital to the social interests of mankind than all other sacraments put together. It involves the sacred bonds of fatherhood and motherhood, of legitimate offspring, of personal honor, good name, and self-respect, and of all blameless and beautiful family life. No judicial authority on earth should presume to annul an oath or a bond like this. This judgment is grounded in fundamental ethics, laden with intrinsic values, and essential to the highest good of man. Unlike what was said about the Sabbath rest, we dare not affirm without qualification that marriage was made for man and not man for marriage. Sex is found in all the higher forms of organic life, vegetable as well as animal. Many of the lower forms are bisexual, or hermaphrodite, and thus very expressive of the primordial unity of male and female in the constitution of the organic world. It may, therefore, be well said that man and woman were made for marriage as truly as that marriage was made for them. Hence the divine and inviolable *sacramentum* of the marriage relation.

II. In saying "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," Jesus solemnly pronounced judgment against all divorce. According to Mark, Luke, and Paul, this declaration was not accompanied with any exception or qualification whatever, but the testimony of these three witnesses has been virtually nullified by a parenthetic clause—"except for the cause of fornication"—which appears only in Matthew's Gospel. No reasonable critic discredits a statement merely because it has found record in only one of the Gospels, but when a writer, whether author, translator, editor or interpolator, takes pains, as in this case, to insert twice over a remarkable proviso not found in three different parallel records of the same teaching, and when his exceptive clause also exhibits little discrepancies in language and a peculiar confusion in thought, there is at once ground for the suspicion that he had some personal dogmatic interest in the subject. This suspicion deepens into strong conviction when we subject his proviso to the test of unbiased critical inspection and perceive the numerous convergent reasons for believing it to be a spurious interpolation in the sayings of our Lord. This conclusion has been independently reached by a large number

of eminent biblical scholars, such as W. C. Allen, Bleek, Bacon, Bruce, Heinrici, Holtzmann, Schmiedel, Schneckenburger, Keim, Schenkel, Volkmar, Votaw, and Wendt. Not one of these accomplished experts had the slightest interest, reason, or motive for reaching any other opinion in the case than that warranted by the evidence. But we should not allow the judgment of others to determine our own opinion in a question of such importance as this. We offer ten reasons for rejecting the exceptional words in Matthew as no teaching of Jesus.

1. Observe, first, the verbal variations and confusion of thought apparent in the double entry of Matthew. In chapter 5, verse 32, the words are "except for the cause of fornication" (*παρεκτὸς λόγου πορνείας*), but in chapter 19. 9, we read "except for fornication" (*μὴ ἐπὶ πορνείᾳ*). Such small differences, not important in themselves and not affecting the meaning, may be grounds of reasonable doubt and suspicion in a nice critical problem of this kind. They betray the overanxiety of a Judaizing copyist intent upon foisting into the stern language of Jesus some partial compromise with the law of Moses. Some ancient manuscripts and citations show that early efforts were made to harmonize these verbal discrepancies by changing the text of 19. 9, but the efforts failed. We observe also a peculiar confusion of thought in the statement that anyone who puts away his wife "makes her an adulteress," or "causes her to commit adultery." How this is, or must needs be, is not apparent; but if, as Bengel and others tell us, he makes her commit adultery "by other nuptials into which the divorce permits her to enter," we must note that Jesus expressly forbids such subsequent nuptials; and if he divorced her for the cause of fornication she must have been already an adulteress, and could not be made one by being put away. It is also worthy of note that the participle *ἀπολελυμένην*, "her that is put away," in the last sentence of Matt. 5. 32, and of Luke 16. 18, is without the article, or any qualifying word, and so denotes "any woman that has been divorced." This fact adds to the confusion introduced into the text of Matthew by the exceptive clause. The statement of some harmonizers, that the word must be understood of a woman *un-*

lawfully divorced, is without any justification in the word itself or in the context.

2. Observe, next, how many other similar interpolations appear in Matthew's Gospel. In the first beatitude the words "in spirit" are rejected by not a few expositors. They do not appear in the corresponding passage in Luke (6. 20), and they have never been satisfactorily explained. The whole gospel of Jesus teaches, on the contrary, the blessedness of those who are rich and strong in spirit. In verse 22 of Matt. 5. many ancient manuscripts insert the word εἰκῇ, "without a cause." The interpolation came, doubtless, from some scribe who felt that the language of Jesus was too strong, and needed qualification. But who ever was "angry with his brother," or anyone else, without some cause? The doxology added to the Lord's Prayer in Matt. 6. 13 is not found in the parallel of Luke 11. 4, and is now omitted from critical texts and versions of Matthew. The word "fasting" was interpolated in manuscripts of Matt. 17. 21, and also in Mark 9. 29, but it has been found to be a deposit of early Judaic Christianity. So also the words "neither on a Sabbath," in Matt. 24. 20, are a Jewish addition peculiar to this Gospel, and do not appear in the parallel texts of Mark and Luke. The Trinitarian formula for baptism in Matt. 28. 19 is very open to suspicion. It has no support in the parallel of Mark 16. 15, 16, finds no place in the numerous records of baptizing made in the New Testament, does not comport with the noteworthy absence of ritualism in the teaching of Jesus, but belongs, rather, to the confessional formalities of a later date, like the notorious requisite for baptism that was interpolated in Acts 8. 37.

3. Observe, further, that the very thing the Pharisees sought in tempting Jesus with this question of divorce was to embroil him in the rabbinical disputes of the opposing schools of Shammai and Hillel, and perhaps also to draw from him some utterance against the unlawful marriage of Herod and Herodias such as cost John the Baptist his life. Hillel maintained that a man might put away his wife for any cause whatever, and he based his argument on the words of Deut. 24. 1, "if she find no favor in his eyes." Matthew's form of the question put to Jesus—"put away

his wife *for every cause*"—points specifically to Hillel's interpretation. Shammai based his interpretation on the words in Deut. 24. 1, which immediately follow the clause on which Hillel rested, "because he hath found some unseemly thing in her," and insisted that the "unseemly thing"[1] was an act of unchastity equivalent to fornication or adultery. If, then, the specific question were whether divorce were lawful on any ground whatsoever, and if Jesus made fornication the only lawful ground, he must have taken sides with the school of Shammai, and it is inconceivable that both Mark and Luke should have failed to make any note of the fact in reporting the Lord's teaching, and that Paul should never have heard of it. Such an indorsement of Shammai's teaching would also involve Jesus in remarkable self-contradiction. Nothing is clearer in the records of both Matthew and Mark than that Jesus pronounced a judgment of condemnation upon the law of Moses and set his own superior doctrine over against it. But a virtual agreement with Shammai makes him indorse the law which he declares inconsistent with that which hath been from the beginning of the creation. Moreover, such a taking of sides with any party in current rabbinical controversies is contrary to the entire record of our Lord, and the confusion and inconsistency of his words on divorce, as written in Matthew, are unworthy of him whose habit was to rise above the narrowness of such contentions and point men to the highest ideals of human life.

4. In the discussion of this subject it is very important to remember that for more than one generation after the death of Jesus a Jewish zeal for "the law and the customs of Moses" was at great pains to entangle the new gospel in its yoke of bondage. The first great council of apostles and elders at Jerusalem was

[1] The Hebrew words thus rendered in the Revised Version are ערות דבר, and mean literally, "nakedness of a thing." But this phrase is at best an awkward and obscure expression, and has baffled satisfactory explanation. By simply reversing the order of the words we have דבר ערות, "a matter of nakedness." The word ערות is elsewhere employed as a euphemism to denote sexual intercourse of illegal and criminal character. It is thus used nineteen times in Lev. 19 in the phrase "uncover one's nakedness." When, now, we observe that the Hebrew דבר is the equivalent of the Greek λόγος rendered "cause" in Matt. 5. 32, but strictly meaning "word," "matter," or "reason," it is obvious that, in λόγος πορνείας, we have an almost exact equivalent of the Hebrew words found in the Mosaic law of divorce. Hence the parenthetic words in Matt. 5. 32 not only indorse the teaching of Shammai, they also reaffirm the law which Jesus pronounced morally defective.

called at the instance of the Jewish Christians, who insisted that "Ye cannot be saved except ye be circumcised after the custom of Moses." Acts 15.1. Peter was censured for preaching and baptizing in the house of Cornelius, and so great was his fear of offending "them that were of the circumcision" that he played the hypocrite at Antioch, and "the rest of the Jews dissembled likewise with him, insomuch that even Barnabas was carried away with their dissimulation" (Gal. 2. 13). According to Acts 21. 20, there were "many thousands among the Jews of them that believed who were all zealous for the law." In spite of his great pains to conciliate these zealots Paul became the victim of their savage fury even in the temple, whither he went with four others to fulfill his Nazarite vow. He was violently seized, dragged out into the street, and beaten by the murderous mob until rescued by the Roman soldiers. Bear in mind that those zealots were Jewish Christians who thought that they were doing God a service. Nor should we forget that in the days of Jesus not a few of his disciples murmured at the depth and severity of his teaching. Many of them "went back and walked no more with him" (John 6. 60, 66). These are hard sayings, they said; who can hear him? It is very evident, therefore, that such sticklers for ancient customs were none too good to interpolate their Jewish-Christian gospel with a saving parenthetic clause like the one in question. We have a notorious witness of like partisan zeal among the dogmatic Christians of a later time in the daring Trinitarian interpolation of 1 John 5. 7, which held its place for centuries and was defended by such scholars as John Mill, and Thomas Burgess, and Bengel. It was long ago found to be the spurious insertion of an unscrupulous scribe.

5. The foregoing argument receives confirmation in the acknowledged Jewish cast and purpose of Matthew's Gospel. According to ancient tradition, this Gospel was first written in Hebrew. It was used by the Nazarenes and (omitting the first two chapters) by the Ebionites. Our Greek Matthew seems to have been prepared for the special use of the thousands of Hellenists who were scattered abroad, and its author or translator was probably not altogether free from Jewish predilections. His

peculiar genealogy of Jesus, which runs back through David to Abraham, and stops there, contrasts notably with that of Luke, which goes back to Adam. Many other Jewish characteristics and adaptations of this Gospel have been often pointed out, and are in keeping with the Judaic interpolations pointed out above.

6. It should be further observed that Matthew's Gospel adds a statement, in 19. 10-12, which is notably inconsistent with the context. We are there told that the disciples were amazed at the remarkable doctrine of Jesus on marriage, and they said to him, "If the case of a man is so with his wife, it is not expedient to marry." Why should they have been so disturbed if their Master had only reaffirmed the teaching of Shammai and the law of Moses? If Jesus declared the indissolubility of the marriage tie, as Mark and Luke testify, this saying of the disciples would have had obvious pertinency; but not so if he had made the proviso recorded in Matthew. His lofty moral teaching cast both Moses and Shammai under a shadow, and hence, quite naturally, this querulous protest of the disciples. Thus Matthew's own context is a potent witness against the exceptive clause.

7. Turning now to the parallel in Mark 10. 2-12, we find therein no external dubiousness of the letter and no internal confusion of thought. On the contrary, we observe unmistakable marks of a much more minute and exact report of Jesus's words. For Mark is careful to tell us that our Lord's answer to the Pharisees made such an impression on the disciples that, after they had gone into the house, they asked him privately about this matter, and in the most positive and unqualified terms he said unto them: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her; and if she herself shall put away her husband, and marry another, she committeth adultery." This last statement, which puts husband and wife on an equality before the law, would have been very distasteful to a Jew, for it rises high above the moral ideals of Deut. 24. 1-4. There is not a word of this in Matthew, but Josephus (Antiquities, xv, 7, 10, and xviii, 5, 4) informs us that there were at that time several notorious examples of a wife putting away her husband and marrying another, as in the case of Salome, sister of Herod the Great, and

of Herodias. Thus both external and internal evidence confirms the painstaking accuracy of Mark's record, and contrasts very noticeably with Matthew's Jewish predilection and incoherency of statements. Mark's narrative is perfectly self-consistent, carries its own internal evidences of genuineness, and is in complete harmony with the uncompromising ethics of Jesus. When, now, we observe that Luke and Paul agree with Mark rather than with Matthew, the conclusion seems to be imperative that Matthew's parenthetic clause is not a saying of our Lord.

8. The passage in John 8. 3-11,[1] concerning the woman taken in adultery, has an obvious bearing on this discussion. Jesus's words to the woman—"Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way; from henceforth sin no more"—do not support the idea that adultery is a sin so unpardonable that it alone can justify divorce. Here we see that condonement and restoration are the law of Christ. Why should anyone, other than a self-blinded zealot, place Jesus on a lower moral level than the old Hebrew prophets? We search the world's literature in vain for more affecting portraitures of conjugal fidelity than those we find in the Old Testament Scriptures, where Jehovah tenderly appeals, as an injured husband, to the love of Israel's espousals in the days of her youth, to his leading her through the wilderness, adorning her with every costly gem and token of affection, and proving in many ways his unfailing devotion; and after she had again and again played the harlot, committed fornication and adultery, and broken the hallowed wedlock (Ezek. 16. 15, 26, 32, 38), yet would he not cast her off. "For Jehovah hath called thee as a wife forsaken and grieved in spirit, even a wife of youth. . . . For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In overflowing wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting loving-kindness will I have mercy on

[1] How this passage found its way into the fourth Gospel is a puzzle to all critics, but all agree that it is a genuine tradition, for the story moves in an element of thought and morals far above what was current at that time, and so it contains its own internal evidences of genuineness. It is every way like Jesus, and it is much easier to believe its truthfulness than to regard it as a piece of fiction. Perhaps, however, the same Judaizing motive which interpolated the words "except for fornication" in Matthew, removed this narrative from its proper place in one of the synoptic Gospels, for it was obviously not compatible with "the law and the customs of Moses."

thee, saith Jehovah thy Redeemer" (Isa. 54. 6-8). In the same spirit Hosea (2. 19, 20) loved and won back his adulterous wife, and thus showed forth the mind and heart of God in such bitter experiences. And thus does God ever seek to win back the faithless one and betroth her unto himself forever in righteousness and in great mercies (Hos. 2. 19). With this agrees also the oracle of Malachi (2. 15, 16): "Let none deal treacherously with the wife of his youth; for I hate putting away, saith Jehovah." Thus, according to all the prophets, Jehovah is the God who "keeps covenant forever," and Jesus applies this divine concept to the marriage covenant as an indissoluble tie. Let no man put it asunder, and thus erect a legal barrier in the way of repentance, condonement, and reconciliation.

9. What Paul wrote on this subject is of the nature of apostolic advices for the churches of his time, most of them situated in the midst of a dense heathenism. His mild dissuasion from marriage was because of the distress of manifold tribulations then present or impending. It behooved those early Christians to spare themselves unnecessary trials, that they might "attend upon the Lord without distraction." For those, however, who were already married (1 Cor. 7. 10, 11), he simply reaffirmed the commandment of the Lord himself, "that the wife depart not from her husband (but, should she depart, let her remain unmarried, or else be reconciled to her husband); and that the husband leave not his wife." There is no exception or qualification in this charge, and the way is left open for reconciliation so long as they both live; and there is also no imaginable reason for supposing that the words "let her remain unmarried, or else be reconciled" are not as applicable to the separated husband as to the separated wife. Thereupon he adds his counsel for other cases (τοῖς λοιποῖς, verse 12) arising from mixed marriages, where one of the parties becomes a Christian and the other remains a heathen unbeliever. What he says to these is plainly declared to be his own judgment, and not a commandment of the Lord. On such exceptional and peculiar cases the Lord left no specific word, for he was not a formal legislator. But he did give ample notice that his advent in the world must needs set many a man at variance with his

own household. He said one day to a great multitude: "If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14. 26). Such admonitions indicated what heavy cross-bearing must be expected amid the oppositions of a heathen world. It was for such as were thus distressed that the apostle to the Gentiles ordained the following rules:

(1) Let not the brother who has an unbelieving wife, who is content to dwell with him, leave her, or put her away. The same rule applies equally to the believing wife (compare Mark 10. 11, 12). For, he argues, faithful cohabitation has its sanctifying effect on the unbelieving husband or wife, and it also gives their children a hallowed and hallowing influence. This is Paul's first and great commandment on the subject (Verses 12-14).

(2) But if the unbelieving partner "insists on being separated, let him separate himself" (*χωρίζεται, χωριζέσθω*; note the middle voice of the verb in both instances). Let the unbeliever take the initiative and bear the responsibility. The brother, or sister, under such circumstances, is under no slavish obligation (*οὐ δεδούλωται*) to follow the departing heathen partner and presume on an enforced cohabitation for his good. For no wife or husband can be sure of thus saving an alienated husband (or wife), and winning him over to her religious views (Verses 15, 16).

(3) God calls us into a life of peace, and a compulsory cohabitation is not compatible with domestic tranquillity. The apostle observes elsewhere, "If it is possible, your part is to live peaceably with all men." But where peace is clearly impossible, it is better to agree to disagree and separate (Verse 15).

This, we believe, is an accurate and faithful exposition of Paul's teaching in 1 Cor. 7. 12-16. He elsewhere avers, as a matter of fact and of common law, that husband and wife are bound to each other so long as they both shall live (verse 39 and Rom. 7. 2, 3). The apostle does not presume to put forth any commandment different from that of the Lord. There is not a word in any of his epistles to justify absolute divorce, not a word permitting the innocent party in cases of separation to marry another. Paul was the last person in the world to lower the moral standard of his Lord. For the unbeliever who insists on separation he has, of course, no counsel or advice. The heathen wife or husband is not under his church jurisdiction. But after having recommended abstinence from marriage and its cares, in those times of distress, it is improbable in the extreme that he would

have given the slightest encouragement for remarriage to another after the desertion of an unbelieving partner. Surely he must be bold and anxious indeed who pleads for the right of absolute divorce and of remarriage on his own inferences from what the apostle does *not* say.

The fundamental moral question is ignored when apologists of divorce plead that indissoluble marriage involves compulsory cohabitation after all the natural ties of affection have been broken. Any such compulsory dwelling together is clearly disapproved by the apostle Paul, and it has no warrant in the teaching of Jesus. No civil power can make a husband love his wife, or a wife her husband, nor can it compel their cohabitation; but it may, and sometimes must, interfere to protect inalienable personal rights. In some cases it may compel husband and wife to live apart, and may forbid the remarriage of either party to another. *Remarriage while one's wife or husband is living is no inalienable right.* Claims of personal liberty which are inimical to public and private morals and the general welfare have no validity in a Christian civilization. There is an incalculable educative power in the wise administration of public law and order, and every good citizen should earnestly desire to magnify in the popular mind all wholesome moral restraints. The notion that compulsory cohabitation is the only alternative of indissoluble marriage is as preposterous as the alleged impossibility of continency in a wife or husband living apart.

10. Finally, we urge against the exceptive clause in Matthew that its essential content is untenable. If legal divorce be permissible at all, there is no valid reason for making adultery the only ground. Other causes may be alleged every whit as good, not to say better. We deny the statement made by some that "adultery is the only crime that violates the essence of wedlock." The assertion is not warranted by the dictates of our moral sense nor by the facts of human personality. On the contrary, one may more truly say that any sin conspicuously fleshly is less atrocious than one malignly committed against the lives of men. For carnal passions, aroused by the exciting temptations of a moment, may rush one into sexual sin, and an hour later the sinner may writhe in

the agonies of a genuine repentance. Must we reckon such a sin, bad as it is, a better ground for divorce than a deliberate attempt to take the life of one's husband, wife, or child? How can it be shown that fornication is more destructive of the essence of wedlock than habitual cruelty or shameless brutality in the home, or constant mockery of one's religious faith? However faulty we may think John Milton's Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, the one position he does make good is his exposure of the sophism that adultery is the most culpable breach of matrimony. He shows, rather, that "marriage is a human society, and that all human society must proceed from the mind rather than the body; else it would be but a kind of animal or beastish meeting" (chapter xiii). No sound ethical teaching can make it clear that fornication is the one sufficient ground of divorce, and such a notion has no right to a place in the teaching of Jesus. To attribute such a judgment to him is little better than to rank him with the blind Pharisee who takes pains to cleanse the outside of the cup while the inside is full of extortion and excess. It would be making the outward act of adultery a sort of unpardonable sin and ignoring that profounder judgment according to which "every one that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already with her in his heart." Which has the greater sin, he who is guilty of one overt act of adultery, or he out of whose heart proceed, as a continual stream, "evil thoughts, murders, fornications, thefts, lasciviousness," and such like?

The ten reasons we have now submitted would seem fairly to compel the conclusion that divorce and remarriage to another during the lifetime of a wife or a husband is contrary to the teaching of Jesus Christ. No civil authority is competent to put asunder the solemn fact and oath of human wedlock. The remarriage, therefore, of any man or woman during the lifetime of a wife or a husband once lawfully wedded is an adulterous union, and a crime against good society. Unhappy conditions may arise, husband or wife may become insane or imbecile, mutual hatred may develop so as to make cohabitation intolerable, and it would seem to be rationally and morally incumbent on such unhappy parties to arrange to live apart. In some cases it may

be necessary for the strong arm of the law to compel their separation. Law should protect the helpless and secure them against cruelty and wrong. But it must not undermine the foundations of society by presuming to usurp divine authority and to nullify what God hath joined together. By separating irreconcilable parties, compelling them to dwell apart, and forbidding the remarriage of either while the other is living, the law would become a powerful educator of the public mind and conscience. But to give such parties, or either of them, liberty to commit adultery under sanctions of law is to debauch the public mind and to prostitute the whole body politic, making it *particeps criminis*. It is an old sophism that because you cannot enforce a righteous law it is better to license and regulate the crime, and the outcome of this doctrine is the legalized brothel and the saloon of drunkenness. It is an axiom of sound jurisprudence that all wholesome legislation must aim at the suppression, not the accommodation, of degenerates and criminals.

III. Having thus affirmed the sanctity and inviolable obligation of the marriage tie, Jesus was simply self-consistent in declaring the defective morality of the Mosaic legislation on divorce. The biblical history itself illustrates the futility of all legislative attempts to regulate rather than prohibit crime. The law of Moses seems never to have secured any real improvement of the evils of patriarchal polygamy. We read of the wives and concubines of Abraham, Nahor, Esau, and Jacob. Hagar seems to have been put away somewhat cruelly, and without any bill of divorcement, but it does not appear that any such writing would have helped her in her banishment. After the times of Moses we fail to find evidence of any less polygamy in Israel. Gideon had many wives and seventy sons. The pious Elkanah had two wives. The polygamy of David and Solomon was notorious. Rehoboam had eighteen wives and sixty concubines. The cruel divorcing of wives under the direction of Ezra, the "ready scribe in the law of Moses," presents a spectacle of racial bigotry that shocks our moral sense to-day. Herod the Great had nine wives, and Josephus (Antiquities, xvii, i, 2) apologizes for him by saying, "It is an ancient custom with us to cohabit with many

wives at the same time." The law of Deut. 17. 17 forbade a king of Israel to "multiply wives unto himself," but it names no legal number. The Mishna says that eighteen wives would be no violation of this law for the king, but adds that he should not take to himself such excessive numbers as did Solomon. From all which it appears that the Mosaic attempt at regulating divorce never succeeded among the Hebrew people in making matters and morals any better than they were in the earlier patriarchal times.

In such a study we should take at least a hasty glance at the marriage customs and ideas of other peoples. It is well known that both polygamy and polyandry have been extensively practiced among the different races and tribes. Among the Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans the prevailing estimate of woman was low and the marriage customs loose. But it is noteworthy that there are certain tribes in the Andaman Islands, and in New Guinea, among whom the separation of husband and wife is unknown. The Veddahs of Ceylon hold that a husband and wife can be separated only by death. Herodotus (ii, 92) tells us that each Egyptian had but a single wife, and George Rawlinson says, "There is no instance on the monuments of Egypt of a man having more than one wife at a time."[1] Monogamy seems also to have been the common practice among the kings of Assyria.[2] The code of Hammurabi, a thousand years older than the times of Moses, shows many a parallel with the Pentateuchal laws, and even goes beyond Moses in providing for the divorce of an injured wife—who might be declared blameless and permitted to take her dowry and return to the house of her father (section 142). The Institutes of Menu evince the low status of women in India, but in chapter ix, 95 and 101, we read: "The husband receives his wife from the gods." "Let mutual fidelity continue until death; this is a summary of the hightest law for husband and wife." Monier Williams cites a passage from the great Hindu epic, the Mahabharata, which he deems very remarkable and a

[1] Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. ii, p. 127. London, 1862. Compare also Breasted, History of Egypt, p. 85. New York, 1905.

[2] Rawlinson's Five Great Monarchies, vol. i, p. 505. New York, 1871.

sort of sacred text to serve for the future elevation of women in India. The following is his poetic version of it:

> A wife is half the man, his truest friend.
> A loving wife is a perpetual spring
> Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife
> Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss;
> A sweetly speaking wife is a companion
> In solitude; a father in advice;
> A mother in all seasons of distress;
> A rest in passing through the wilderness.[1]

In the Odyssey of Homer Penelope appears as a model of conjugal fidelity, and in lines 182-185 of the sixth book we read:

> There is no fairer thing
> Nor better than a husband and his wife
> When with harmonious heart and purposes
> They hold their household.

Plato speaks of marriage as a "matter of great importance, of which men are hard to be persuaded; to legislate about it should be the work of God." He goes on through pages to portray a marriage union based on "loving with the soul, and living chastely with the chaste object of his affection." (Laws, viii, 835.) Aristotle also (Economics, i, 8) writes: "It was for the sake of the gods that man not only took to himself a wife, but also gave himself over to honor his bride next to his own parents. But that which is most precious in the eyes of a prudent wife is to see her husband preserving himself entirely to her, thinking of no other woman in comparison with her, and regarding herself, above all other women, as peculiarly his own and faithful to him." So it appears that sundry laws and teachings found among other peoples compare well with the ethics of the Mosaic legislation, and show us that God has not left himself without witness outside of Israel. Into the world of such various customs and ideas Christianity went forth as a creative moral and religious force. At the first it was like a little grain of mustard seed, or like unto leaven hidden in the great mass of humanity. Its eternal truths and uncompromising ethics must needs make slow progress. The early Christian Fathers, as Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, Hermas,

[1] Indian Wisdom. Introduction, p. xlvi. Third edition. London, 1876.

Tertullian, and Clement of Alexandria, maintained the indissoluble nature of the marriage bond. Augustine taught that adultery is the only scriptural ground for separating man and wife, and that no remarriage of either party is permissible while the other is living. This doctrine prevailed in the Catholic Church and found its stronghold in the canon law. But the Protestant Reformation, the Puritan movement in England and the colonial settlements in America introduced divergent customs. The American Revolution effected a wide and permanent breach of the ecclesiastical usages of the Old World, and after the adoption of the federal Constitution each State of the American Union determined its own marriage laws. The resultant legislation has been remarkably diverse. South Carolina will not permit divorce on any ground whatever; New York permits it for adultery only, while New Hampshire designates fourteen different legal grounds of divorce. In view of the alarming increase of divorce in the United States many individuals, religious denominations, and several national congresses called for the purpose, have taken action looking to a greater uniformity of divorce legislation in the several States. Most of the churches recognize adultery as the only "scriptural ground" that justifies absolute divorce. Some include also "willful desertion." Bishop Doane represents a deep and widespread conviction among thoughtful men in all the churches when he says: "I believe that, more and more, examination and education will bring our church to recognize and realize that the only safety for the sacredness of marriage, the purity of society, the protection of the family, and the sanctity of the home is to refuse the sanction of the church to all remarriage of divorced persons, guilty or innocent, for whatever cause." We believe this opinion will command more and more the respect and approval of students of Christian sociology. The movement to secure uniformity of State legislation, under present conditions of public sentiment, is of very doubtful expediency, and would almost certainly result in leveling downward rather than upward, for all attempts to regulate and legalize divorce are but so much tampering with a pernicious crime which ought to be everywhere severely punished rather than accommodated. There is but one

law that can fully meet the problem, and that is the law of Christ. But, alas! that high and holy law has been largely made of none effect by the mischievous leaven of ancient bigotry. So long as the Christian churches refuse to see that their so-called "scriptural ground" of divorce is nothing but a spurious piece of rabbinism, foisted into one of the Gospels by a Jewish zealot in order to conserve "the customs of Moses," they lose themselves in a pitiful paralogism. As for State legislation, advance is likely to come through wise provisions for preventing hasty and improper marriages rather than by legalizing divorce. In such serious matters an ounce of prevention may be worth a thousand pounds of cure. Inquiry should be made into physical conditions, and about facts indicative of mental and moral obliquity. What a large proportion of disastrous alliances would be prevented if no marriage license could be obtained without thorough medical examination of both parties by competent authorities! The public welfare demands that all reasonable measures be taken to prevent the propagation of degenerates. Our prisons and asylums are crowded with defective children, imbeciles, and criminals, who are the offspring of parents who should never have been permitted to enter into wedlock.[1]

An eminent ornithologist says that "most birds pair for life," and that "real marriage can only be found among birds."[2] If this be so, then may those aerial songsters call us to the higher law of Christ, and give us a new proverb: "Go to the birds, thou sensualist; consider their ways and be wise." But man's highest ethical norm is "the truth as it is in Jesus." His truth has made slow progress in two millenniums, but its advance compares well with that of science and the arts of peace. The best achievements of the gospel are so beset by traditions, and ritual, and sectarian jealousy, and dogmas of doubtful disputation, and racial antipathy, and in some cases by political rivalry, that the true Christian doctrine of marriage and divorce seems about as far distant from general acceptation as when Jesus and Paul first proclaimed

[1] See article by Martin W. Barr on "Defective Children," in the International Journal of Ethics, vol. viii (for 1897–8), p. 489.

[2] A. E. Brehm, Bird Life, p. 235. London, 1874.

it to mankind. Yet we doubt not that the world-civilization of the future will gradually appropriate the self-evidencing values of the enlarging experiences of mankind. As the kingdom of Christ comes more and more in power, so shall God's will be done on earth more and more as it is in heaven. That which is merely tribal, racial, and national must ultimately disappear before the enlightened cosmopolitan. When moral excellence becomes a greater power among men than the love of money, when woman's natural rights command world-wide recognition, when wives and husbands better understand that the genuine marriage tie requires deeper and richer affection after the oath of wedlock than before, and when public sentiment shall so frown on any breach of conjugal fidelity that no divorced person could find favor in respectable society, then may the teaching of Jesus on marriage and divorce have full sway and be glorified.

Milton S. Terry

Art. III.—THE POET HERRICK

What mighty epics have been wrecked by time
Since Herrick launched his cockleshells of rhyme!

Robert Herrick died in 1674, and the first biography of the man appeared in 1910.[1] The reason why no "Life" of Herrick was published in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was because nobody cared anything about him; the reason for the absence of such a work in the nineteenth century is because there was so little to say. Now the appearance of the first biography of a well-known poet more than two hundred years after his death is a literary event of some consequence, and calls for more than a passing comment. I open the beautiful volume with keen anticipation, read it with steady attention, and close it with disappointment. It is written with considerable skill, contains much good and sound literary criticism, indicates clearly the relation of Herrick's lyrics to the production of his predecessors, and properly appraises his historical significance. But Professor Moorman's Life of Herrick resembles the many lives of Shakespeare in the sad disparity between the slenderness of fact and the fatness of the book. This history of Robert Herrick covers over three hundred pages, and the known events of his life could be printed in about the same number of words. That such a work should be undertaken, however, is proof—if any were needed—of the permanence of the poet's fame. That a biography should appear within three years of a man's death is a sign that he has made some noise in the world, but it is no indication of how long the echoes will resound. But that the first biography of a seventeenth-century poet should appear in the twentieth century looks like immortality.

About all that we really know of Robert Herrick is this: his father's name was Nicholas, who married Julian Stone in December 8, 1582. The poet was born in Cheapside, London, in August, 1591. The next year his father fell from a window and

[1] Robert Herrick. A Biographical and Critical Study. By F. W. Moorman, Assistant Professor of English Literature in the University of Leeds. With nine full-page illustrations. London and New York: The John Lane Company. $5.

was killed. On September 25, 1607, the boy was apprenticed to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, a goldsmith. Professor Moorman publishes the full text of the indenture, which is interesting. In 1613 the young man entered Cambridge, and took his B. A. in 1617, and his M. A. in 1620. Whether he remained in residence from 1617 to 1620 is unknown. Where he was, and how he spent the years between 1617 and 1629, is unknown; part of the time he must have been in London, for his poems show an intimate friendship with Ben Jonson. In 1629 he was appointed to the living of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, and became a country parson. In 1647 he was ejected from this position by the Puritans, and made his way to London. There he published in 1648 the single volume of his poems, Hesperides;[1] a separate title-page in the same book, prefacing the Noble Numbers, has the date 1647. Where and how he lived between 1647 and 1662 is unknown, except that for a part of the time he seems to have been in Westminster. In 1662 he returned to Dean Prior, having been reinstated by the crown. The last twelve years of his life are shrouded in absolute silence. He was buried at Dean Prior, October 15, 1674. No stone is left to mark the spot.

We have a portrait of him, engraved by William Marshall. It looks more like a bartender than a poet. Let us hope it is a caricature, for we all know what Milton thought of the same artist's presentment of himself. Although Herrick prophesied immortality for his poems over and over again, the little volume of 1648 attracted no attention, and made absolutely no impression either on contemporary men of letters or on the public. Whether presumptive readers were terrified by the frontispiece-portrait, or whether the poems were choked by the excitement of the political revolution, we do not know; no second edition was called for, and none appeared until 1823! Our ignorance of Herrick's career is matched only by the puzzle of his character. There are over twelve hundred poems in his book which baffle all attempts at chronological arrangement. Scholars have made all sorts of guesses at the dates of their composition, editors have "assigned" this and that poem to this and that period, and we remain in

[1] The only copy of this edition that I have seen cost its owner seven hundred dollars.

ignorance. Seldom has there ever lived a poet who prattled so much about himself; he has no reserve; he is very confidential, very garrulous; yet the fundamental traits in his character remain unknown; pleasant subjects for speculation, like metaphysics, because incapable of proof. Dr. Grosart said he was an earnest Christian; Mr. Gosse says he was a pagan; and Mr. Saintsbury says that, whatever he was, he was not a pagan. He talks constantly about various fair women, and nobody knows whether these girls existed in life or only in his imagination. Following the custom of his time, he wrote poems of deep piety, poems of licentious abandonment, and poems of unspeakable filth. Seldom has a poet written more charmingly of the rural beauty of country life, of fresh fields and wild flowers; and yet his real love of the country may be reasonably doubted, for he speaks of Devonshire with loathing, and seems to have longed passionately for London. At the beginning of the Hesperides we find "The Argument of his Book," which is certainly a good overture to the music it contains:

> I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
> Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
> I sing of May poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
> Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes;
> I write of youth, of love, and have access
> By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
> I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
> Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris;
> I sing of times transshifting, and I write
> How roses first came red and lilies white;
> I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
> The Court of Mab, and of the fairy king;
> I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
> Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

But later on we find poems like these:

> More discontents I never had
> Since I was born than here,
> Where I have been and still am sad,
> In this dull Devonshire.

The second poem in the Noble Numbers reads:

> For those my unbaptized rhymes,
> Writ in my wild unhallowed times;

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> For every sentence, clause, and word,
> That's not inlaid with thee, my Lord,
> Forgive me, God, and blot each line
> Out of my book that is not thine.

And yet in the same volume he published many poems that are not only cynically anti-religious in spirit, but almost inconceivably coarse. A professional clergyman and country parson, he often writes like a profligate. Then at the end of the Hesperides he put this couplet:

> To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:
> Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste.

Were the last line original, we might form some true notion from it, but, unfortunately, it is a translation from Ovid!

The only way to approach an understanding of the man and his philosophy of life is to remember, first, last, and all the time, that he was a lyric poet. Lyrical poetry does not betray the character of its author, it simply reveals his moods. Every individual has all kinds of moods, some religious, some worldly; some prudent, some reckless; some showing a love of retirement, some showing a love of crowded streets; some ascetic, some sensual. It is not in the least inconceivable that the same man should at times have felt like the country Herrick, again like the city Herrick, again like the parson Herrick, again like the lover Herrick, and again like the Herrick of the "Epigrams," though a modern writer would never dare to print such amazing thoughts. With all the conscious art of the trained literary expert, Herrick thinks out loud with the artlessness of a child. With one exception Herrick almost never alludes to contemporary literature, and he seems to have been quite deaf to its voice. Professor Moorman emphasizes—what previous scholars have shown—that the two Englishmen who most strongly influenced the lyric poetry of the seventeenth century were the Rev. Dr. Donne and Ben Jonson. The author of the Hesperides belonged to the tribe of Ben, and owed more to him than to any other British poet; like his master, he loved the Latin classics, and knew them well. Out of the whole range of the world's literature we find that the two writers to whom in spirit and in form Herrick was most closely akin were

Horace and Jonson. He had in large measure their devotion to art, their intense power of taking pains, their hatred of careless and slovenly work. Even the slightest poems in the Hesperides show the fastidious and conscientious artist. Then, in spite of the Noble Numbers, the great majority of Herrick's verses breathe the spirit of Horace—the love of this world and the celebration of its delights, all the more precious because so transitory. The influence of Jonson both in thought and in meter is evident everywhere. One of the most celebrated of Herrick's poems is directly imitative of Ben Jonson, who in turn borrowed his lines from the Latin. In Jonson's Silent Woman we find the graceful lyric:

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art.
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Number 83 of the Hesperides reads:

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

This poetic idea is not exactly in harmony with the advice recently given to the students at Radcliffe: "Girls, stand up straight, don't look at the boys, and keep your shoestrings tied."

Despite the fact that Professor Moorman has been able to throw but very little additional light on the blank of Herrick's life, all lovers of the poet's verses (and all who read him cannot refrain from loving him) will welcome the second part of this biography, which contains much valuable historical and æsthetical criticism of his lyrical poetry. Herrick's place in English literature has never been more clearly stated. It is interesting to observe once more that in all forms of art little depends on the subject and much on the treatment. Herrick was not a deep thinker, and only rarely touched on great subjects; in reading him we do not wrestle with challenging ideas, we simply walk happily and aimlessly in a sunlit garden. The perfume of flowers exhales from his old pages, and many of his poems are as perfect in form and beauty as the flowers themselves. He talks intimately about the little things in life, but his art is so exquisite that his slender volume has outlived tons of formidable folios. A great theme in itself has never made a book live; but often a good style has defied death. Swinburne, who knew poetry when he saw it, said that Herrick was the greatest writer of songs in the English language. We cannot forget him, either in a light or in a serious mood.

From the Noble Numbers:

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

From the Hesperides:

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worn with years
Or warp'd as we
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

The first of these poems is as eternally true in the sphere of morals as is the second in the domain of art.

Wm Lyon Phelps

Art. IV.—THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION AND THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

The Fourth Annual Report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching contains a reference to the Methodist Episcopal Church which deserves something more than passing consideration.

The Carnegie Foundation, as is well known, occupies a significant and unique position in connection with American education. Its influence has been felt in several important directions, and it is probable that it will exert a wider and deeper influence in the years to come. This fact and probability are doubtless fully appreciated by the president and trustees of the Foundation, so that they are undoubtedly most considerate and cautious in making any statement which has a bearing upon educational matters. For this reason any deliverance which affects an institution, a religious denomination, or a cause, should be closely observed and fairly weighed. It is known that the Foundation has precipitated a discussion of the question concerning education as a part of the work of the Christian Church; and it is also known that the attitude of this Society to denominational colleges, so called, has not been financially beneficial to such institutions. If, now, the Foundation makes a particular reference to one denomination, or even more particularly to a single institution belonging to one denomination, there must be, supposedly, good reason or reasons for such a reference, as well as firm ground for any position which the Foundation may take. In the last report, recently issued, there is a discussion of the educational needs and opportunities of the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, and among the institutions which are referred to as located there particular reference is made to one institution in the following phrase: "the abortive attempt of the Methodists." The word "abortive" is a strong word. As commonly used it is not a nice word. If correctly employed it may be even a term of disgraceful reproach. "An abortive attempt," according to correct definition, may be pure accident, a result of negligence or ignorance,

and sometimes mischievous misdirection. Such a word as "abortive" should not be taken from the verbal arsenal except for serious engagements; and in view of the high standing and dominating position of the Carnegie Foundation there must be great interests and issues involved to require or permit the use of this word; and when it is used, let it be said categorically, it should refer to a completed episode, and not to the state of gestation. "The abortive attempt of the Methodists," as reported by the Carnegie Foundation, is the American University; an institution, projected by Methodists, located in the city of Washington, but not yet opened for any large display of educational activities. A brief review of certain established facts will put us in correct adjustment to the "attempt of the Methodists" as related to the American University, and inferences based upon these facts will permit agreement or disagreement in the use of the word "abortive." Such a review will do one other thing, and a very important thing it is. It will afford a vantage ground for a fair consideration of the problem of that particular school—the America University.

Some time before the year 1890 Bishop John Fletcher Hurst, then residing in the city of Washington, conceived the idea of a great university, conducted under Methodist auspices, to be located at the seat of our national government. The aim of the institution is stated as follows: "To become the organic instrument and the articulate voice of American Protestantism, working out and affirming the fundamental and integral relation of religion and the intellectual life in their deepest significance and highest expression." This last sentence is quoted from a recent advocate of the institution, and is not quite the form in which Bishop Hurst expressed himself. Many reasons were advocated by him for the normality, legitimacy, and potency of his conception. The chief reason, as he was commonly understood when he presented a statement in favor of the American University, was this: to prevent an exodus of young American scholars to European universities, where educational methods, social ideals, moral standards, and personal practices were non-American. He had lived and worked in Europe; he had been a student, and the friend of students, and he was a patriot. His plea was for the founding and establishment

of a postgraduate American university of the best sort, offering advantages that should be comparable with, and even superior to, what was offered abroad. Bishop Hurst may have been a dreamer, but his dreams were not hallucinations. His vision was a survey, and he computed his survey with precision. The superior quality of his statesmanship as an American educator was recognized and approved. He did not delude himself with the notion that the projected university would immediately materialize without inevitable difficulties, or that its establishment and growth would be seriously different from that of other great institutions. The mere declaration of a plan, no matter how good the plan may be, or an urgent appeal for the support of that plan, no matter how eloquent the pleader, were not to be rewarded with quick response resulting in a great foundation promptly laid. Institutions are not produced thus. There have been few universities "by enchantment." Those who knew Bishop Hurst's mind on the subject of the American University clearly understood, as we wish everyone might, that he expected a full period of unobserved formulation, with subsequent "infant trials of nursing and weaning," before his university should begin to exercise the functions of a normal organization. Why did he impose limitations in the form of preliminary conditions? Why did he sternly insist upon restraints and restrictions? That he did so impose and insist indicates clearly his thought, and his thought directly affected his work. To that work, which was a work of hardship, he gave himself with consuming devotion which resulted in personal affliction and his death. The first serious setback for the American University was the death of Bishop Hurst. It might have been easily possible for the institution to have secured more sympathy, more support, and more coöperation if Bishop Hurst had lived.

No invidious criticism is intended by the remark that the trustees and managers of the American University hesitated and halted after the projector's death. His clear-visioned hope did not possess all their minds. This is a matter of common knowledge. Complications arose, in connection with subsequent agitation for the American University, which caused many persons, and not a few of them ministers of the Methodist denomination, to

become "rainbow chasers." There may be bags of gold at the end of the rainbow, but the sorrow is that the profitable glory promised in connection with the rainbow is usually a matter of mist. In this case the word should be spelled "missed." The projection of an educational institution should never be bound up with other projects. The pulsing of warm blood in an enthusiastic heart is due to singleness of purpose. Repeated uncertainty and many fears chill and weaken the circulatory system. That the Methodist denomination, and the friends of learning, may have grown anæmic in trying to bring the American University to a good issue is not quite the same thing as saying that there has been an "abortive attempt." During the interval which has passed since the American University was projected very radical and somewhat startling changes have been effected in the American educational system. It is one of the commonplaces of academic discussion that the changes in the theory and practice of education within the last generation have been so radical as to be almost revolutionary. This explains the prevalent discussion of matters educational. In all grades, and through the complete range of educational endeavor, there has been a pulling down and setting up of standards. In no part of the field of educational activity has the change been more pronounced or more significant than in connection with postgraduate work. There is no occasion now, as there may have been a generation ago, for a complaint because young American scholars go to the foreign universities for study, with consequent attendant dangers; in fact, there seems to be an occasion for complaint at the present time that so few of our young scholars go far enough to widen their horizon and enlarge their educational vision. The academic degree of Doctor of Philosophy was formerly a prized distinction when conferred by a foreign university. It is very much less so now. American universities of worth, in every part of the country where they exist, have adjusted and readjusted their activities in such a way as to do an extraordinary amount of postgraduate work, so that all over this country—and I do not think that Eastern or Western institutions should be the recipients of particular praise along these lines—there are native institutions that are reveling in an actual

rivalry with foreign institutions, and if the phrase is pardonable, "are beating them at their own game." To put it a little more plainly, let it be said that so far as unusual electives, independent research, intense specialization, laboratory investigations, inductive efforts of all sorts, as well as the various other phases and phrases of university life are concerned, America, through its own institutions, occupies a position of "light and leading." That same degree of Doctor of Philosophy is of superior distinction in not a few particulars when conferred by American institutions. If one will add to this, which indicates a change in the practice of university education in our country, the fact that during the past generation there has been a development of State universities in ways that are nothing less than marvelous, where applications of scholarship in many novel fields are being tried, he will understand that we have not only brought the spirit of the foreign universities into our midst but have improved upon what was imported. I must not be suspected of giving unqualified indorsement and approbation to this change which has come over the face of American education. In fact, I think that in putting on some new features and in sloughing off some of the old ones we have been inconsiderate and overradical. Of the two types of education which this country has so far recognized, the older type as related to the practice of education in the English university and the newer type as related to the practice of education in the German university, I have personal preference for the former, if there must be preference for either. This does not mean that I regard English university training as in every sense adequate. The old English tradition, which regarded knowledge as a contribution to culture, which regarded culture as a qualification for leadership, and which regarded leadership as the privilege of those who had distinguished ability as both thinkers and doers, has much in its favor. The English tradition gave more emphasis to that important educational principle, which is likely to be overlooked in many places, that "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." The human spirit, feeding upon and satisfied by certain oldfashioned ideals, has a claim which modern materialism, dominating in an unfortunate way some of our edu-

cational methods, is likely to neglect. The present practice of education in many places, with its glorification of the real, the material, and the so-called practical, is a menace to ideals, to unremunerative pursuits, to spiritual excellence. It would not be well for anyone to align educational methods against each other in ways that seem like pronounced opposition, and mine is not the mood to do that. Nor would it be desirable to return to any of the old ways simply because of their age. This is far from my feeling. If humanistic scholarship and scientific scholarship are set at odds, the humanists will neither make the plot nor wage the warfare. That would not be humanism. One can understand and appreciate the vigorous pleas that have been made in connection with the new methods of university practice, and yet some of these new methods are more than a menace, almost a danger. In matters of the mind there can be compromise and benevolent assimilation without loss of dignity or likelihood of injury.

It will be seen from the foregoing, a very inadequate treatment of a large and vital theme, that there is little need for American students to go abroad for university instruction and privilege. This does not, however, mean that we have attained everything to be desired in the practice of the higher learning here in America. There is constant experiment in educational effort in this country. Our chief defect would seem to be not so much in connection with specified method of any sort as in the general atmosphere that pervades the postgraduate departments of American universities. The radical temper and imperial manner of some progressive scholars is quite different from the humble attitude of those who formerly approached truth as an elusive thing, to be captured only in quiet pursuit by those who possessed their souls in patience and peace. In some seats of the higher learning there has, unfortunately, been a bold assertiveness, even a blatant irreverence, when referring to old truths, old faiths, old ideals, and old hopes. What we need to observe in the pursuit of truth is this: that truth is not true because it is either old or new as related to time, but because it explains and satisfies what is essential to life. There is no need for increased superior postgraduate advantages in this country on the scholastic side of educational enterprise, but there

is need for increased superior advantages in the way of atmosphere and refined ideals, and in the way of respect and reverence. I look for the satisfaction of this need in no one university as an institution of protest, but in every American university as an institution of possible power. This leads me to say very frankly that I do not think there is need at the present time for the American University as a distinctively postgraduate institution under Methodist auspices. The lessons of the last generation must not be overlooked as we plan for the future of this institution. And in view of other and even more radical changes that may come, and are likely to come in connection with the practice of education, there can be no survey too comprehensive and no penetration too profound as our denomination founds and fosters a new enterprise. Prejudice must not bind our minds and prepossessions must not prevent good judgment. Christian statesmanship should be very farsighted. If there is no pressing need of an academic sort for the American University, as originally planned, and if our hope for the refinement and improvement of American universities is justifiable, what shall we say about a new adjustment, giving promise of great usefulness, for this institution in Washington that is not yet born?

First of all, we shall say this: that the American University is not an "abortive attempt." The facts do not warrant such a statement. And, secondly, we shall recognize the interval of pause from the promulgation of the project until the present time as a providential interposition. Such an interval is not too long a time in which to get good bearings. Two considerations present themselves in this latter connection. One is related to a Bulletin published by the United States Bureau of Education on the general question of postgraduate advantages in the city of Washington. That Bulletin makes it plain that the government is itself the most valuable postgraduate institution in the world, and that so far as distinctive advantages go for the pursuit of certain lines of postgraduate investigation no institution could ever rival the United States government. The men who are in charge of departments, with many of their subordinates, are among the world's leading experts in certain lines of investigation, and the service

of these men is at the disposal of all persons who desire to make exhaustive research in important lines. The Bulletin to which I refer is No. 398, and entitled Facilities for Study and Research in the Offices of the United States Government. The second consideration is related to the city of Washington as a field for opportunity and unusual educational enterprise. In order to present this matter most clearly I can do nothing better than to quote from the report of the president of the Carnegie Foundation, who has made clear and distinct reference to the unique character of Washington as an educational field:

> Washington has been for years a ground of exploitation for educational rivalries. Besides the George Washington University there are the Georgetown University of the Jesuits (an old institution), the new Catholic University of America, and the abortive attempt of the Methodists. In addition, Washington is filled with paper colleges which deal in short cuts to degrees notwithstanding that their lists of trustees carry the names of men high in public life. . . . Without passing any opinion on the long-discussed plan for a national university, it is worth while to ask what sort of institution of higher learning in Washington would best serve the needs and aspirations of its youth in the matter of higher education.
>
> This question cannot be answered out of hand. Washington has a population which is unique in its attitude toward education, arising out of the presence of two groups of citizens in proportions far beyond those to be found in most cities. . . .
>
> The presence of these two groups—families on modest means, but with educational ambitions, and young men on salaries with spare time for improvement—makes Washington an unusual educational field. . . . However desirable it may be to furnish educational opportunities to these and other students, there can be no reason for affording these facilities on lower terms than other good colleges offer.

The president of the Carnegie Institute then asks,

> What sort of institution of higher learning is suited to the needs and population of the District of Columbia?

He then proceeds:

> Such a study of an educational field and its needs is most necessary in the present state of American education. Heretofore there has been little well-considered effort to ascertain what sort of institution might best serve the needs of a given community. The great brood of colleges which have sprung up in the last thirty or forty years have generally been imitations of the older colleges. They have been organized on the principle of starting the college first and getting the students into it afterward. . . . . It may be that some form of industrial school in Washington is

more important to civilization than to add one more agency for training engineers, doctors, and lawyers. . . . The whole matter is one to be approached from the standpoint of a thorough study of educational needs and educational means.

The single defect in the presentation thus made seems to me to be a failure to recognize the importance of Washington to persons who do not reside in the District of Columbia. While it is of very great value to consider an educational field as related to the population existing in that field, I feel assured that it would be better to consider the field in some larger relationships. And in considering Washington as the most unique, important, and influential educational field in our country it has seemed to me that a new sort of Christian institution might be located there with great advantage to the church which supports it. And after considering the matter with care, I have a definite proposition to state.

We know that Washington has been regarded for many years as a strategic place for the location of certain educational institutions. We know that our dear friends, the Roman Catholic hierarchy, have displayed their ability as men of discernment by locating several of their important institutions in and near Washington. In view of what we thus know, and on the basis of a real need in the educational field, it seems to me that we can adjust the institution in Washington to a good and great service. For the plan which I have to propose I am solely responsible. While I have conferred with many persons—educators, statesmen, and church leaders—concerning this particular proposition, it is only fair to state that it has been in my mind for several years. In presenting it I am not voicing any view but my own, and I do not wish anyone to suspect that official educational connections affect my opinion. In general terms, I think the American University should be born as "The American University School for Boys," an institution of unique character, more than a secondary school, less than a college, with a course of study so arranged that readjustments could be made as need dictated them, but consisting of required subjects, emphasizing modern languages and the various aspects of history. By "the various aspects of history" I mean

annals of national events, similarities and differences in governmental organization and operation of the various nations, diplomatic relations, national and racial characteristics, physical conditions as affecting the status and character of peoples, together with other branches of historical pursuit and investigation. I should have some, but not much, natural science in the course of study. But above all, and more important than all, I should have over and around the life of students every day, without exception, an atmosphere of vital religion to influence the judgment and will of every boy, so that he would know by sympathy and experience the supremely important place which religious beliefs have had in the lives of all nations, and chiefly the superior quality of individual and national character produced because of enlightened Christian faith. This limited and required course of study should be six years in length, taking the boy at about fourteen years of age into the first class of the secondary or high-school grade, and graduating him with a diploma, not a degree, at about twenty years of age, so trained and qualified that he could secure employment under the government on the basis of civil service examinations, and should be trained particularly in such a way that he would be qualified for service as a consul or officer in the diplomatic work of the United States of America.

This is a statement, let it be understood, in the most gen al terms. In my own thinking this outline has been filled in after many conferences and much consideration, so that I can see the operation of the plan more comprehensively than I can state it within the limits of a brief article.

The advantages of such a novel school would be somewhat as follows:

1. It would be self-supporting from the start, if given wise direction, and would not require the enormous endowment funds which postgraduate activities require. It is a commonplace in the language of educational administration that postgraduate institutions, with large laboratories, extensive equipment, libraries made up of specialized books, magazines, and reports, with highly paid professors, whose work is more that of investigators than teachers, are expensive to support. Such a school as the one pro-

posed could be successfully administered, I have not the slightest doubt, in such a way that it would carry itself.

2. The advantages of Washington, with its permeating national spirit, with its promise of becoming the greatest educational center in this country, ought to appeal particularly to boys. At the present time Washington abounds in schools for girls, and these schools are usually of the expensive and exclusive sort. It has been a matter of surprise to many of us that a place that promises so much as a location for a great boys' school should not have appealed more strongly to those who are interested in the education of boys and young men.

3. A more important consideration, deserving of detailed statement, has to do with the changing character of educational standards and educational activities. There is a protest now being heard against the college course, four years in length, fashioned and organized upon a traditional basis, and there is a protest heard against the secondary or high-school course of study that aims usually, and sometimes exclusively, at admission to college. These protests have been heard for a number of years. While it may be true that they have not yet amounted to much, the time is not far distant, I believe, when there will have to be made radical changes in the curricula of schools and colleges, correlating them to a new educational theory and a more modern educational practice. We must not be oblivious to the fact that changes have already occurred in the curricula of some colleges and many schools. The end of this matter may be far away, but the discussions bearing upon the question of changes in school and college work are heard on every hand. The plan I propose, of more than a secondary school course and less than a full college course, giving emphasis to required studies, and not being disturbed by the multifarious elective studies that bear upon vocational or professional educational activities, has a good deal in its favor more than its mere novelty. It is pedagogically valid and economically defensible. While it might seem too radical to some and too moderate to others, yet as a *via media* at the present time, and turned toward one important end, it is full of promise.

4. The particular end aimed at by the course of study which

I would urge for such a novel school is training for government employment and, more particularly, training for a special field in connection with such employment. This is the primary object of the work; but in making toward this primary object there is no loss of time or power, as educational activities are now conducted. The heads of several colleges and law schools have been conferred with on this matter, and without exception agree that their institutions would accept with full credit the work done in such a school as is proposed, so that a graduate of the school could finish a college course in two years, could finish some of the professional schools within reasonable time, and would lose no advantage because of the required work that had been done in the school course. While the work of the school is intended to be an end in itself, so far as formal school work is concerned, yet it might be made a means to a larger end if a college course or professional training is intended.

5. We have heard many complaints within recent years concerning the consular service of the United States. Instead of the vigorous criticism to which we have listened it will be better to think of a definite plan for improvement in connection with our consular service. This service needs men who know history, politics, political and social science, modern languages, and other cognate subjects. If a school gave itself distinctively to work of this sort in the city of Washington, it would enlist the resources, support, and prestige of the national government. A member of Congress recently expressed enthusiastic confidence that the government would be glad to help such an enterprise by permitting the use of facilities, by providing expert lecturers on certain topics, and by a variety of other agencies. This does not mean that a subsidy would be expected from the government; it does mean recognition of an unusual sort for the kind of work proposed.

6. We now come to the most important consideration of all in making a plea for this "American University School for Boys." It would be fundamentally necessary for the students to know the history of Christian missionary activity in foreign lands, because this country has been related to missionary activity as no other of the countries of the world. It would be highly desirable whenever

a missionary returned from his field to have him employed as a lecturer concerning manners, customs, political peculiarities, economic resources, and other characteristic features of the particular place where he had worked; to have the whole school atmosphere surcharged by the spirit of Christian missions. It would be possible to enlist the sympathy of buoyant and hero-loving boys for the work of Christ in foreign parts in such a way that when they went out as consuls for the government they would not be antagonistic to the work of the Christian churches in the various lands that are being uplifted by missionary undertakings. The value of such a school as bearing directly upon the work of Christian missions would be quickly apparent, and I believe that twenty-five years would prove beyond a peradventure the practical usefulness of such a school as an adjunct of the missionary cause. The most appealing argument in reference to such a school is the argument that bears upon its possible connections with the work of missionaries.

7. The buildings of the American University already erected might well be utilized for such a school as the one proposed. The erection of dormitories would be necessary, but they could be put up without a burden of expense. The grounds are adequate for such a school, and if, as I think most likely, there followed certain interesting developments other departments could be installed as part of the American University.

To bring to birth such a school in the city of Washington, in view of advantages and needs in American education, with the promise of much service to the nation and to the whole church of Christ, would compel everyone, including educational experts, to respect Methodist enterprise, and would prevent the use of such a term as "abortive attempt," which I think must have been an inadvertence, and not intended as a reproach.

Art. V.—A PLEA FOR THE CONGREGATION

Disparagement of the congregation is very common. From the theological student who preaches his academic sermons to the handful of rustics in his "supply charge," and who complains that these undigested repetitions of classroom lore are not appreciated by his untutored auditors, all the way up to the truly great preacher who is driven to his knees in heart-searching prayer because so many of his people have ears but hear not—from one extreme to the other—the congregation is frequently the subject of unfavorable comment. There is scarcely any failure of the pastor for which the congregation is not held responsible. Does he fail to attract the people? It is because those who hear him fail to commend him to those who do not. Are his sermons deficient? It is because his hearers fail to furnish sufficient encouragement or adequate financial support, thus depriving him of both inspiration and instrumentalities for efficient pulpit preparation. Does he degenerate into cheap sensationalism? It is because he has yielded to the demand of the congregation for that which entertains rather than profits. On the other hand, are his sermons stilted and his congregations small? The explanation is found in his unswerving loyalty to lofty standards which he will not forsake to gratify the clamoring crowd. Such an arraignment of the congregation is so common, and proceeds from such respectable sources, that one hesitates to hold a brief for so unworthy a client. To defend the congregation against these charges is to endanger one's reputation. It is to expose oneself to the charge of ignorance, of superficial observation, and of lack of sympathy with the preacher's problem. Certainly one need not think lightly of that problem. The readiness with which men exchange the task of solving it for the labors of secretarial and educational positions must impress even the thoughtless with a conviction of its difficulty. Because the problem is difficult, and because of a hope that a higher appreciation of the congregation will aid in its solution, the present plea is offered.

The term "congregation" as here used signifies the totality

of those to whom the preacher ministers, viewed as actual or possible auditors. It does not mean a select number, the "elect" of the people. Every minister takes delight in that coterie of congenial souls that finds special delight in his particular ministrations. But this select company, even though justly regarded as the best of his people in the highest sense, does not constitute the congregation. It is a larger, a more miscellaneous body. It is the congenial coterie plus the uncongenial. It is made up of the spiritual and the unspiritual. In it are included those who desire the presentation of the deep things of God and also those who seek only a stimulus to superficial emotionalism. Here are the intellectual, some of whom desire that the preacher shall make them think, and think hard, while listening to the sermon, and some of whom, like Daniel Webster, desire only to meditate upon "the simple verities and undoubted facts of religion," and who complain, as did he, that preaching often puts too severe a strain on the intellect to be sympathetic with the spirit of worship. The congregation also includes those who are indifferent to both intellectualism and emotionalism, as such, in the pupit, and desire only that which is striking both in matter and in manner. This is the constituency of the body which every preacher is called to serve, and this is the congregation possibly greatly underestimated by the average minister. Now, the congregation has a much higher appreciation of actual values in ministerial worth than that with which it is usually credited. The ease with which the unworthy sensationalist frequently gathers the crowd leads many to think that the rank and file of the people are without discrimination. Such is not the case. The crowd has certainly made grievous mistakes, but so have the cultured few. There has been no monopoly of blunders with the throng. Many of the intellectual aristocracy of England went to their graves believing John Wesley to be a fanatic, while, with keener perception, the colliers of Kingswood had discovered his saintliness and his sanity. Edward T. Taylor's soulful genius was recognized by the sailors of Boston harbor while yet the Areopagites of modern Athens were inquiring, "What will this babbler say?" When Henry Ward Beecher came to Brooklyn, some superior minds discounted his

gifts and regarded him as only a temporary sensation. One of his biographers tells us of a Dr. Cox, an old friend of Lyman Beecher's, who decidedly discounted the abilities of the great preacher. This Dr. Cox was doubtless Samuel Hanson Cox, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn for seventeen years. He was a scholarly man, had occupied a chair of theology in Auburn Seminary, and while pastor in Brooklyn also taught church history in Union Theological Seminary. To him Mr. Beecher expected to turn for advice as to a father. So lacking, however, was he in perception of pulpit genius that he declared concerning the pastor of Plymouth Church, "I will give that young man six months in which to run out." This egregious blunder of a cultivated man was avoided by the crowd that sought admittance each Sunday at Plymouth Church. These instances of popular appreciation, which might be multiplied indefinitely, are not to be lightly dismissed on the ground that they simply evidence the power of sensationalism. If by "sensationalism" is meant the avoidance of dullness, remoteness, and technical speech, then, of course, these popular preachers were sensational, as their contemporaries who preached to small congregations were not. But such sensationalism belonged to Him who spake "as never man spake," and his example teaches us that dullness in preaching is a crime, remoteness is treason to the King, whose business requires haste and whose prophets cried, "Thou art the man," while the use of technical terminology in preaching, when compared with the simplicity of the Master's words, becomes the unpardonable impertinence of pedantry. We would not overestimate the appreciative power of the crowd. It cannot always state accurately the reason for its attraction. The Kingswood colliers did not know that it was Wesley's sanctified logic that held them spellbound. The sailors of Boston did not know what to call the genius which made the truth of God flash and sparkle when reflected in the literary gems which abounded in "Father" Taylor's sermons. The Brooklyn crowds did not always define correctly the power of Beecher nor appreciate the nicety of distinction between reaching truth by giant strides of intuition and arriving by the measured steps of logic. Nevertheless, the congregation in

each case knew that there was something in these men which made them preëminently messengers of God and revealers of truth as other preachers were not. The congregation stamped them as prophets of God. Its judgment has been sustained by subsequent generations. The crowd in these instances was correct. Some one will say, "In many other instances it has been incorrect." We reply, this only proves it fallible, and we have not argued that it was otherwise. But the fact that the crowd was correct in so many instances where the select number was mistaken proves equally that the cultured and substantial few, on whose judgment there is such general reliance, are also fallible. Our contention simply is that the average, miscellaneous congregation is as trustworthy in its general judgment of ministerial efficiency in the pulpit, and as appreciative of the same, as the smaller company of selected individuals whose judgment is chiefly respected. If this be true, it is high time that the ministry were done with the discount of the congregation. There are two phrases current in common conversation which, though born of superficial thinking, are frequently on the lips of thoughtful men. One is, "Easy to get a crowd," and the other, "Preaching over the heads of the people." But think of these phrases a moment. Is it easy to get a crowd? There are many who honestly think there is nothing easier than to assemble continuously large concourses of people. Many a man who preaches to small congregations comforts himself with the thought that he could easily get the crowd if he would but lower his standard of pulpit efficiency, and congratulates himself on the moral heroism which enables him to spurn the easy and agreeable thing for conscience' sake. But such a man, however conscientious, is sadly mistaken. There are few things more difficult than to gather and maintain large audiences of people. Here is the theater. In our arraignment of it from a moral point of view we often fail to appreciate its enterprise and its equipment. We say it has only to open its doors and the crowd will gather. But this is not so. It spends more money to advertise one evening's entertainment than many a church of average size spends in a whole year in the announcement of its services. Apart from its appeal to self-indulgence, the

theater attracts by a high degree of efficiency within the sphere of its operations. A high standard of dramatic attainment is maintained in many theaters, and the players who will not or cannot measure up are immediately dismissed. The play which does not immediately take hold upon the audience is speedily withdrawn. Indeed, the entire management is occupied with the problem of getting and holding audiences to a degree which would be heroic in a worthier cause. The same is true of political gatherings. We stroll leisurely out of the crowded hall after the political meeting and remark, "It is easy to get a crowd by a sensation," and forget the long nights and weary days during which county and state committees have labored to plan meetings and secure speakers attractive enough to insure large audiences. It is not otherwise with the church. Those who tell us that the minister need only become a clown to fill his church prescribe too simple a remedy for empty pews, even though most ministers would find themselves confronted with a very complex problem should they undertake to become successful clowns. To build up and maintain large congregations is a very difficult task. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, speaking of the popularity of Jesus, well says, "Only a man of strength draws to him great masses of men." Dr. W. H. Fitchett, arguing that the moral impotence of agnosticism appears when we view it from a popular standpoint, significantly says, "And the problem of all creeds, it must be remembered, lies in the message it has for the crowd." Thomas Chalmers did not get his great congregations without cost. His false, though pleasing, ideal of the ministry had to be surrendered, and exacting toil in pulpit preparation and pastoral ministry substituted for his beloved literary leisure. Edward Irving found the crowd through costly obedience to the heavenly vision which led him to register a mighty protest against the drowsy indolence of the ministry, as personified in his own pastor at Kirkcaldy, and to go out to preach to breathless multitudes. Phillips Brooks wrought laboriously in the effort to produce two sermons a week and perform the parish duties, causing him to be "terribly tired," and leading him to describe his routine as "the everlasting whirligig of visiting and sermon-writing." It was this strenuous struggle which issued in

the growing congregations that waited on his ministry, and not the degrading and comparatively easy practice of playing the clown.

It will be said that these are all exceptional men to whom reference is made. We grant it, but contend that these men should be our models in their effort to attract and hold large congregations. We have no right to reflect on their character and achievement, as we so often do, by declaring that it is an easy thing to get the crowd and that popularity is cheap. Of course all men are not equally gifted in pulpit or personal attractiveness; neither are all men equally gifted intellectually, nor equally advantaged in educational equipment, yet we do not on this ground discount the ideal of an educated ministry, while on the ground of disparity in popular gifts we do disparage the ideal of a popular ministry. We have heard great and greatly honored bishops, in their endeavor to make supreme the spiritual ideal of the ministry, go needlessly out of their way, as it seemed to us, to warn explicitly or by implication the candidates for admission to the Conference against the danger of a great ambition to become popular preachers. A college president, in addressing his ministerial brethren not long since, referred to a large congregation, gathered by strenuous effort, as a concourse of people "in a building otherwise used for religious purposes"; as if the throng were less holy than the handful, and as if the presence of the people profaned the sanctuary. The parable of the great supper would seem to suggest that empty seats cause desecration, and that extreme measures, even to the point of compulsion, are warranted in order to avoid the unholy vacancies at the table which God has spread. We have failed to make the simple distinction between legitimate and illegitimate popularity. We have not emphasized sufficiently the truth that there is a popularity which only the most severe self-sacrifice and the utmost fidelity to the highest ideals of ministerial efficiency can secure. It was this kind of popularity to which our sainted bishop, William Xavier Ninde, whom none will accuse of the slightest tendency toward unworthy sensationalism, referred on one occasion when he said, in substance: "It is a great privilege to look from your pulpit into the

eyes of a large congregation. If I were a pastor, I would be ambitious to get the people in large numbers to attend my church. If laborious pulpit preparation would do it, I would laboriously prepare. If abundant pastoral visitation would do it, I would tirelessly visit. If social ministration would accomplish it, I would persistently mingle in social fellowship with my people." The popularity of which Bishop Ninde spoke is that which places under tribute every faculty of the consecrated minister. Its attainment makes comparatively trivial the success of the mere teacher or administrator. Dr. W. L. Watkinson well says: "Great popular preachers make the scholar, the philosopher, the theologian stand in the background; and they become irresistible to the multitude because they address themselves with power to the practical reason." Most of all does the minister need to be watchful lest he fall into temptation at this point. Failing to secure a great congregation, and compelled to preach to fewer people than he would, he is tempted to erect his necessity into a virtue; to regard himself as superior in ideal and ability, if not in character, to those who are more successful, and to disparage the congregations which crowd the churches of popular preachers.

This brings us to the second fallacy which is frequently on the lips of truthful men, namely, that there is grave danger of preaching "over the heads" of the people in the average congregation. There may be some danger here, but we believe it is not that to which most preachers are exposed. The real danger is that the preaching shall be below the appreciative capacity of the congregation. Phillips Brooks well said on this subject: "Generally, it is not the character of the ammunition but the fault of aim that makes the missing shot. There is nothing worse for a preacher than to think that he must preach down to the people, that they cannot take the very best he has to give. The people will get the heart out of the most thorough and thoughtful preparation if only it really is a sermon." Now, there are two kinds of preaching which do pass over the heads of the people, but such preaching reflects on the preacher, and not on the congregation. There is what might be called technical preaching. All discourse clothed in technical language is unappreciated by the average con-

gregation in this day. This is no reflection whatever upon its intelligence. If they are not interested in his technical discourse, an expert on electricity has no right to reflect on the intelligence of an audience made up of college professors who teach English literature. Because a preacher finds that a few readers of systematic theology in his congregation are delighted with his technically theological sermon he has no reason to congratulate himself that his preaching is appreciated by the most intelligent of his people. Those who did not appreciate may be the more intelligent. Those who did may have been more appreciative of their own technical attainments than of the sermon. Whatever the nature of their appreciation, they do not constitute the congregation to whom the preacher is called to minister. He has miserably failed if, addressing men and women in the great university of life, he has been intelligible only to a few who have happened to take a particular course of study. Claim as we will that every man "should know something of everything and everything about some one thing," it still remains true that the speaker whose discourse is adapted only to specialists has no right to reflect on the intelligence of nonspecialists who do not understand. The fault with technical preaching is that it brings to the people the process rather than the product. The people are not judges of the process; they are of the product. When I go to the surgeon for an operation I am not competent to judge his instruments, nor their use, but I am competent to judge the relation of his finished product to my general health. Many a layman has apologized for his criticism of a sermon by saying, "Of course I know nothing about sermon-making, and suppose, therefore, I should not judge." To such a man we should reply: "You are a competent judge. While you may know nothing of homiletics, or of technical theology, you do know whether the sermon inspires, illuminates, and helps; and this is the test of the finished product." Dr. A. J. F. Behrends compressed this whole philosophy into a significant sentence when on one occasion, referring to the inappropriateness of bringing the mere process of higher criticism to the people instead of the assured and vital results, he said, "The flail is for the threshing-floor, not for the banquet hall."

Another kind of preaching which passes "over the heads" of the people is that which presents truth which has not been fully mastered by the preacher. It is a truism that obscurity is often mistaken for profundity, but this mistake is as often made by the preacher himself as by members of his congregation. He must not mistake the obscurity due to his own mental indolence for that which is native to human apprehension of profoundest truth. The problem of the pulpit is the problem of the ages: the popular presentation of profound truth. Some one put strikingly the contrasts involved when he said, "Read Butler's Analogy and then preach it to untrained Negroes." When we become popular we often become superficial; when we are profound we are pedagogical. Pedagogy in the pulpit is as unbecoming as superficiality. The congregation cares for neither. The people are much more interested in the fundamentals than we imagine. Those who read magazines and editorials are certainly in our pews. If they have been interested in serious subjects which have no better medium of approach than the printed page, why should we hesitate to bring them profounder thought when we have at hand the mightiest medium for the conveyance of truth God ever gave, the medium of public speech? Our preaching is not too deep; it is too shallow. It is not too profound; it is often too technical and too obscure. Men do not hear too much preaching; they hear too little. Much that is said in the pulpit they do not hear because it is not real preaching. The largest limitation is not in the people but in the preacher. It is not in his congregation but in his own character and capacity. To assimilate the profoundest truth, to clothe it in the most lucid language, to illustrate it by the most striking and familiar analogies, and to deliver the whole with a mighty unction both human and divine—this is the colossal task of the preacher. The congregation stands ready to show its appreciation of his achievement at every point where he succeeds.

A higher appreciation of the capacity of the congregation will contribute helpfully to the solution of present-day problems in the work of the church. There is the problem of church attendance. There can be no question about the fact that multitudes

of people are irreligious to-day simply because they do not attend church. If nothing else were brought to pass in their lives save regularity in church attendance, decided religious interest would follow. How shall we reach them? Certainly not by disparaging them; yet this is precisely what we do when we discount the miscellaneous congregation which has been gathered by special effort. Go to the nonchurchgoers, who are becoming an increasingly vast army in our land, and tell them that they cannot appreciate anything in the church but an ecclesiastical clown, talk to them in technical terms, or speak as a pedagogue who regards his auditors as his intellectual inferiors, and their indifference to the church hardens into disgust. Yet this is what many a preacher does with the small fragment of this vast host which does hear him. The first step in saving a man is appreciation of him. It was because God loved the world with an appreciative regard for man's inherent value, not with a patronizing pity, that he gave his only begotten Son.

We have the problem of official restlessness. In many churches a few years of ministerial service suffice to provoke some disposition among the officiary for a change of pastors. This disposition is attributed by most pastors to either a low order of spiritual life in the officials or a failure to appreciate the fundamental excellencies of the minister after the interest attendant upon his arrival has subsided. Dr. J. W. Dawson's Prophet in Babylon is an arraignment, in fictional form, of what might be called the official congregation of a church. The average official is typified by one Deacon Roberts, who is both narrow-minded and unspiritual. When the pastor, the Rev. John Gaunt, who has been delivering literary lectures, misnamed sermons, for five years, discovers that he has been a traitor to Christ, and begins to preach sermons of intellectual and spiritual power, his officials, with one exception, misunderstand him and hasten his resignation. He organizes an undenominational church, and to his support hundreds of disappointed ministers repair. They agree with him that the officials of the modern church are not spiritually-minded, and that only those ministers who are unspiritual and possessed of low ideals can find favor with the average official con-

gregation. Dr. Dawson does not seem to see the inconsistency of convicting the congregation and acquitting the minister after the latter's incompetency for five years has been described. Few congregations, official or otherwise, are strong enough to resist the influence of five years of pulpit incompetency. Because the officials did not see their mistake as quickly as their leader, and turn as suddenly as did he from the wilderness of thought and practice into which he had led them, therefore he regards their case as hopeless, and, reasoning from his own experience to that of the ministry as a whole, concludes and proclaims that there is no place for the spiritually-minded preacher except in religious movements of an independent character. The book is terribly lacking in a sense of proportion. The multiplied instances in which the official congregation perceives the minister's inefficiency before he himself becomes aware of it are ignored as if they were not. The sad fact that officials of many churches search long and wearily for just such men of high ideal and practical efficiency in pulpit and pastorate as the Rev. John Gaunt had become when he left the church, but was not while he was its pastor, is utterly overlooked. The only man who succeeds well with the modern church, according to this book, is the timeserver and the worldling in the ministry, typified by a certain Dr. Jordan, whose rule of life is an easy-going expediency entirely satisfactory to officials without principle or religious life. Of course it will be said that Dr. Dawson was writing fiction, and that we have taken his book too seriously. But the book is written seriously. This is its only claim to attention. As a piece of romantic writing it is a dismal failure. If, then, it was written to correct the worldly tendency of the church and ministry, it ought not to assume the very worldly attitude of unfairness to the church as a whole. As it stands, we see in it only an encouragement of that disposition to disparage the congregation against which we here protest.

It is the duty of the minister not only to obey the apostolic injunction, "Let no man despise thee," but also to see to it that he despises no man. We have learned not to despise the children, since none can measure childhood's possibilities. We

have learned not to despise the poor man, and have come even to make an economic doctrine out of the spiritual teaching of Jesus concerning the value of the human soul. Let us make haste to learn that groups of men, women, and children assembled as a congregation are no more to be despised. Let us not respect them simply because of sympathetic recognition of remote possibilities, but because of intelligent apprehension of their present capacity to receive the best things the preacher has to present whenever he rises from the levels of mere teacher or lecturer to the lofty altitudes of genuine preaching. Then shall the minister become more speedily like his Lord, then shall he come to minister and not to be ministered unto, then shall he ever keep the cross in view, and as he strives to measure up to his congregation's capacity, be that congregation rustic or refined, erudite or unlettered, he will find himself moving upward toward the crest of Calvary, seeing more clearly as he goes God's estimate of human capacity in the precious life which Jesus yielded up to meet the necessities of man. Then shall he have larger ambition to give forth his best, and to possess the best only to give it forth, making with a glad heart and free the sacrifice this may require and heeding constantly the injunction:

> Measure thy life by loss, not gain;
> Not the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
> For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
> And he who suffers most has most to give.

Art. VI.—SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY

If one contrasts in his mind the psychology of to-day with the discipline known by that name, say, a generation ago, he will be struck by at least four characteristics of the new psychology which are not only highly interesting from a scientific point of view, but which, from the point of view of their application, are of commanding importance. These are: 1. Its tendency to think of mind not as a substance or a thing, but as a process or a group of processes discoverable by introspection: modern psychology is a positive natural science. 2. Its tendency to regard these processes as standing in the most intimate relation to their bodily correlates or conditions: modern psychology is physiological psychology. 3. Its tendency to regard mind from a biological point of view, as an instrument standing in the service of the organism with which it is associated: modern psychology is prevailingly functional psychology. 4. Its view of mind as a growth: modern psychology is genetic psychology. It is unnecessary to say that the purpose of this paper cannot include a full discussion, nor even an exhaustive enumeration of the many vexing problems to which these various tendencies and assumptions give rise. Our account must necessarily be merely descriptive of the widely prevalent tendencies enumerated, and not to any extent critical of the theories and assumptions involved in them.[1]

The conception of mind as a process rather than a self-identical substance or entity is to an important extent a direct consequence of the strict method of modern psychological study, the method of inductive observation and of description, as contradistinguished from the method of speculation characteristic of the older rational or speculative psychology. Psychology, it is widely held, must be, as far as possible, presuppositionless; it must clear its workshop of the metaphysical lumber accumulated during the centuries, and must recognize nothing which cannot be discovered and verified by the ordinary method of introspective observation,

[1] For a critical discussion of some of the problems involved, see the writer's article, "The New Psychology and Personality," Methodist Review, November, 1908.

carried on under the most carefully devised experimental conditions. When this method is rigidly adhered to the result is a convincing one: the mind is found to be something highly mobile; it is a process or group of processes; no matter how contracted the portion of our mental experience under examination may be, this portion will always be found in a state of change or transition, and no amount of introspection will discover anything answering to an unchanging, self-identical substance or entity lying behind mental processes in which these inhere as its manifestations or functions.

The second characteristic of modern psychology enumerated above is the thoroughly established tendency to regard mental states as standing in the most intimate connection with bodily states: modern psychology is physiological psychology. The evidence supporting the doctrine that the brain is the organ of mind is of so many kinds, and converges from so many directions, that this doctrine has, for the modern student of the problems of life and mind, become almost axiomatic. Not only is it impossible, so far as our verifiable knowledge goes, for mental processes to occur apart from an organism with a nervous organization, but all special kinds of knowledge, it is now the fashion to say, are only elaborations of certain materials which have come to man through the medium of his physical senses. All knowledge has a sensational origin. The view that the mind possesses certain truths and convictions which are not in any way derived from the external world through the ordinary channels of sensuous perception, but are original with the mind, is indeed one which has been widely prevalent under the names of intuitionalism and rationalism, and is still held by minds of a certain romantic type. The Platonic theory of reminiscence, revived and beautifully expressed by Wordsworth, is but an imaginative attempt to account for certain innate ideas and other spiritual possessions with which man seems to be originally endowed. Browning, too, has given expression to a similar view in various passages in his poems, notably in a brilliant passage in "Paracelsus," the dash and finish of which bear witness to the enthusiasm with which he contemplated this object of his poetic imagination:

> Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
> There is an inmost center in us all,
> Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
> Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
> This perfect, clear perception which is truth.
> A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
> Binds it and makes all error; and to *know*
> Rather consists in opening out a way
> Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
> Than in effecting entry for a light
> Supposed to be without.

It is safe to say, however, that the view so ardently expressed here has all but given way to the more empirical conception of the origin of our knowledge mentioned above. "Whatever knowledge man possesses," to quote a recent writer, "comes to him directly or indirectly on the basis of or in connection with that plain, everyday form of experience which is called sense experience. Apart from sensation what we call experience would be contentless and nonexistent; and this applies to the most exalted objects that enter into thought as truly as the most lowly." The practical application of the truth that the mind stands in the most intimate relation to the bodily organism, which suggests itself here, is that the bodily health must receive due attention and care if the mind is to develop most effectively. "A man's body and his mind," says the author of Tristram Shandy, "are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one and you rumple the other." The mind does not live in the body as in a tenement of clay, or even a sacred temple; it rather grows in the body, and is dependent upon it, as the plant grows in, and is dependent upon, its soil. "An impoverished and thin soil means arrested growth, while a strong and rich soil conditions full fruition."

We find in modern psychology, third, a tendency to regard mind from a biological point of view, as an instrument standing in the service of the organism as a whole; modern psychology is prevailingly functional psychology. Mind commonly used to be regarded as a sort of luxury or ornament with which man had been specially favored, and which distinguished him from the entire brute creation. Mind nowadays is not regarded as a use-

less appendage to the organism, but as a highly useful biological instrument or device, a sort of practical guide, in fact, its function being that of adjusting the organism to its environment. How mind aids in adjusting the organism to its environment can be best illustrated by comparing the purely reflex and instinctive forms of behavior found among the lower animal forms with the intelligent behavior found among men and, perhaps, a few other animals which stand closest to man in the scale of animal development. Instinctive action, too, is for the purpose of adjusting the organism to its environment; but this environment is relatively simple, presenting sufficiently constant phases for instinctive, that is, stereotyped and fairly constant forms of reaction to arise and be perpetuated. Where the environment, however, is highly complex and variable, a stereotyped form of reaction, such as instinct is, is no longer possible or serviceable, and action of a more adaptive type is required. Now, this is precisely what intelligent or deliberated action is. It is a highly adaptive and variable form of action such as is required to adjust the organism to novel and constantly varying phases of its complex environment; and that mind is the most intelligent and best mind which succeeds best in accommodating the organism to the ever-varying conditions of life, physical and social, under which it exists. That mind really has the function suggested here will perhaps be somewhat clearer if we turn for a moment to certain physiological and psychological considerations which have, indeed, well-nigh become commonplaces in educated circles. An examination of the ground plan and the minute anatomy of the nervous system will reveal the sensory portions, the portions having to do with the reception of stimuli and impressions, and the motor portions, having to do with the initiation of motor responses, standing in the most intimate anatomical and functional relations to each other, so that when the sensory centers are stimulated, the nervous discharge is immediately transmitted through connecting fibers to the appropriate motor centers, which in turn set up motor activities appropriate to the occasion. The view that the teleology of the mental life is the reaction in an advantageous manner upon data received from the environing world through the senses is still further con-

firmed by the consideration of a number of mental phenomena which are matters of common observation. Everyone has, of course, noticed the tendency in young children to react immediately upon any impressions which arrest their attention. Now, this tendency is not at all confined to young children, but is characteristic of all animals whatsoever. We find the phenomenon in the lowest forms of animal life, in unicellular animals, in the phenomenon of "irritability," the tendency, namely, of the organism to adapt itself, by a simple forward or backward movement, to the environmental forces playing upon the surface of its body. Now, you have nothing essentially different between the behavior of these rudimentary organisms and the complex behavior of the civilized man. The difference is only one of extent, complexity, and refinement of the process of adaptation, not one of kind. The discussion of the dynamic aspect of impressions, ideas, and feeling states forms, indeed, one of the most fruitful chapters in modern psychology. *Every idea,* we might state the law, *tends to act itself out, or have motor consequences,* and does so except in so far as it is inhibited or checked by antagonistic or contrary ideas. To use an illustration from Muensterberg: If I say to a man, "Please pass the cream," the action suggested is immediately executed. If I should say instead, "Please jump out of the window," the suggested act would not take place. Now, according to the theory suggested awhile ago, the latter idea would tend to issue in motor consequences just as truly as the former. Why, then, does it not do so? To quote Muensterberg: "The communicated idea by itself alone would have the effect of producing the action demanded; but it awakens by the regular associative mechanism a set of ideas on the folly of the demand, of the danger of the undertaking, and all these associations are starting points for antagonistic impulses which are finally reinforced by the whole personality; the proposed action is thus inhibited and the man does not jump."[1] The reason that the dynamic or motor aspect of mental states has been widely overlooked is that the motor consequences of mental states are not always superficially obvious. But the physical effects of mental

[1] Psychology and Life, p. 240.

states may be very real and important without being particularly conspicuous or striking. Everyone has noticed the difference in bodily appearance between a person who is drowsy or asleep and a person who is wide awake; but it has probably not occurred to everyone to connect definitely the condition of muscular tension of the waking person with the play of mental processes which maintain the body in an alert and active attitude. Frequently the very absence of bodily movement of any sort represents a high expenditure of physical energy, as when one restrains himself from coughing, sneezing, or laughing under circumstances when it would be inappropriate to give vent to these impulses, or when the schoolboy compels himself to sit still while his companions are engaged in an exciting game. The bearing of the foregoing upon the theory of education is obviously a very important one, and there is, perhaps, no other view which has affected educational theory and practice so extensively and profoundly as this biological view of the mind as an instrument standing in the service of our practical and active life. This view will affect seriously, first, the selection of the materials used for educational purposes, the studies, that is, which the pupil will be required to pursue. For if knowledge or culture for its own sake is regarded as the aim of education, any branch might conceivably have as much value as another; but if the practical aim of adjustment to one's physical and social environment is adopted as the end of education, then, obviously, studies will possess very different values, because they contribute in different degrees to the attainment of this end. So long, for example, as Latin served as an instrument of communication it possessed a high educational value, according to our criterion. Since, however, it has, owing to social and other changes, ceased to be a means of communication, it has ceased, just to that extent, to be a proper study for the boy to pursue in preference, say, to science or modern languages. Our view will affect, second, the whole technique of teaching. For if impressions and ideas do not stand alone, complete in themselves, as if expression and act were a kind of unessential after-effect, quite apart from thought and additional to it; if expression and act are, on the contrary, part and parcel of the mental life, then no method of teach-

ing is sufficient which neglects the expressive side of the child's nature. "No impression without expression" has indeed become a leading shibboleth of our modern pedagogy. The mind is not only receptive and retentive, it is responsive as well, and no theory of education and no method of teaching can lay claim to adequacy which do not provide for training in motor responses of every character. We must not only have more systematic provision for and regulation of play, gymnastics, athletics, manual, industrial, domestic, and agricultural training, but the methods of teaching the conventional branches must be modernized by insistence on thoughtful assimilation rather than slavish memory work; more written, research, and excursion work; more outlines, drawings, mountings, and maps, more laboratory exercises and experiments by reducing to a minimum the element of arbitrary authority, and offering opportunity for genuine self-government. The child's artistic and religious impulses must be refined and strengthened by permitting free scope for their exercise. One's æsthetic and religious culture is not complete if one has simply learned to admire the forms of beauty and the objects of the religious imagination. If art and religion, these finest fruits of our passionate and impulsive nature, are to be perpetuated, we must love and live them, giving passionate utterance and expression to our artistic and religious sentiment in poetry and musical measure, with pencil, brush, or chisel, and in those nobly active virtues of the religious life, faith, hope, and loving deed.

Psychology, fourth, regards mind as a growth; modern psychology is genetic psychology. The mind did not appear in the world a finished product, as if shot out of a pistol, but it, like everything else, is the product of a slow and continuous process of development. "Human nature," says a recent writer on comparative psychology, "is continuous with animal nature; the fundamental instincts and capacities of the human mind can be traced through the animal kingdom as surely, if not as easily, as the human backbone." Genetic psychology is nothing but a systematic attempt to trace the order of this development from its earliest beginnings through its various successive stages. The factors operative in this development are, I should say, mainly three:

(1) natural selection of the most favorable forms (we have seen that mind is a highly useful addition to the organism, a favorable variation, as the biologist would say); (2) the transmission of these favorable forms through heredity; and (3) training through the post-natal period. The relative amount of our mental equipment which we owe to heredity, on the one hand, and to training, on the other, is a question of first importance to education. A full discussion of this question would, however, lead us too far afield, and we shall have to content ourselves with the dogmatic statement that the prevailing tendency among biologists to-day is to place less emphasis than formerly upon the factor of heredity and vastly more upon training—a fact which must give educators hope. Acquired characteristics, so called, that is, characteristics acquired during the lifetime of the parent, are probably not inherited to any appreciable extent by the offspring. Moreover, heredity seems to be of general capacity rather than of specific ability. The son, for example, does not inherit a special mathematical bias from his mathematical father; he does not inherit any special bias at birth. What he probably inherits is a good nervous system, and this can be developed along any special line by special training, all of which may throw some light upon the vexing problem of free election of studies to suit special aptitudes of pupils. The contention here is that a student of good native ability is good at whatever he applies himself to, and that much waste is incurred in our schools by permitting the student to beat from pillar to post in the vain attempt to find some special aptitude or ability which exists only in his imagination, or the imagination of his academic adviser. A rolling stone gathers no moss, either in education or anywhere else. The study of the laws of mental growth through training further shows that training is always specific. Educators used to think that there were certain branches which possessed a high training or disciplinary value, in the sense that the pursuit of them trained the mind in general, so that it could afterward be used more effectively in any direction or pursuit whatsoever, about as sawing wood or rowing improved the general muscular power. Mathematics, grammar, logic and the classical languages, for example, were supposed to possess a

high degree of disciplinary power of this general character. We shall again have to content ourselves with stating the current view in a somewhat dogmatic and summary fashion without stopping at all to support it. It is to the effect that training in any specific branch of study increases one's ability in that particular branch, but not in any other branch except in so far as the two branches, like geography and history, or mathematics and physics, partly overlap each other or have identical elements. The only other possibility of improvement in one's power over other and unrelated materials would lie in the development of ideals of work, methods of study, etc., which can be transferred to any new field, and thus facilitate progress in that field. The bearing of this theory, too, would in a way be against the elective system in its more radical form. For if one does not gain mastery over a branch except as one cultivates that branch, it is obvious that the student should be required to pursue somewhat continuously those fundamental branches of study which are necessary to the life of anyone, no matter what his future vocation may be, and should specialize only in those departments special training in which will fit him most completely for his future career. The traditional disciplinary branches—mathematics, logic, and the classics, and other so-called training branches, scientific or what not—will have to look to their laurels, and will have to urge other reasons for their maintenance in the curriculum than their supposedly extraordinary disciplinary value. Such reasons can, in most cases, doubtless be given without undue embarrassment, but the classicists and other disciplinarians can make out a better case for their studies if they should urge an intrinsic value which these studies unquestionably possess, rather than a general disciplinary value which the progress of educational psychology has rendered extremely doubtful.

I am aware that some of the views developed here are somewhat reactionary, but I hope that the reaction is away from educational ideas and experiments of the wild-cat variety, and back toward more scientific, that is, more sensible, ideals and practices.

E. C. Moore

Art. VII.—WOMAN'S WORK IN THE EARLY CHURCH

In turning the potency of love into the channel of life few human agencies, probably, possess more magic than does the order of deaconesses. The most characteristic contribution of Methodism toward the redemption of humanity may yet be found to be in her reorganization of this gentle order of the virgins of God.

Reorganization, I say. Some people imagine that the deaconess idea is something new; or, if they do not hold the deaconess work to be entirely novel, they think that it is at least the outgrowth of the Mildmay experiment at Barnet, England, in 1860. If learned in such matters, they may explain the present deaconess movement as simply Pastor Fliedner's institution at Kaiserswerth transplanted. Few deem the order of deaconesses to be anything bearing a special seal of the primitive church. In reality, this order of deaconesses, which already has entered into the very being of Methodism, is apostolic, peculiarly and distinctively. The deaconess order began with the beginnings of the church. Nay, in making possible the church this order played no small part. During those first perilous hours of her blusterous birth and chiding nativity the bride of Christ was nourished and sweetened by the self-abandoning diaconate of her holy women. Her very existence may have hung on the devotion of that sacred band. No institution of Christianity now existing savors so intimately of the early church as does this unique company of them who give themselves "without reservation to the service of the Lord of the vineyard." No creation of Christianity within its own bosom more clearly carries divine authority. In the presence of his lady, sings Heine in one of his lyrics, a clumsy, ignorant country boor became transformed into a refined and courteous gentleman. But even in deeper things than love

> The indescribable here is done,
> The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on!

If the true seat of faith be in the sphere of the intuitional, is not the nature of woman richest in that same region? Must we not, therefore, recognize woman as the archpriestess of religion? Some

one has reminded us that woman "never has sat at the councils of the church. She never penned a decree. She never has worn the triple tiara." And yet, at every great epoch of religious history, behind every great teacher there has stood a woman. Last at the cross, first at the tomb was Mary. Behind Jerome was the Roman matron, Paula. Behind Augustine rises his mother, Monica. Back of Basil and of Gregory of Nyssa was their sister, Macrina. When Boniface evangelized the Teutons his best workers were Sisters Lioba, Walburga, and Berthgytha. With Saint Bernard stood Hildegarde. All the world knows Saint Clara, Saint Catherine, Saint Theresa, Saint Susannah Wesley. The genius of Methodism takes its cast and color from this peculiar relation of woman to religion. Read the lives of the early Methodist heroines and study the present membership of the church to realize this. Methodism has moved to her goal utilizing always as a far-reaching means of progress this doctrine, that woman is the archpriestess of religion. This is why, for her pattern of woman's work, Methodism, within our own day, has turned back to the usages of the primitive church. "And many women were there, . . . ministering unto him."

The first deaconess mentioned in the gospel record is Phœbe. "I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, which is a deacon [diakonos] of the church which is at Cenchreæ." Tryphena and Tryphosa were deaconesses, as was Persis the beloved, and Priscilla, who, according to a brilliant German scholar, may have written the Epistle to the Hebrews. From these first deaconesses the number grew. Throughout the unstained years of early Christianity the usefulness and influence of the deaconess organization waxed steadily. By the middle of the third century there were fifteen hundred deaconesses in the city of Rome alone. At about the same time there were, it is said, flourishing deaconess institutions in Constantinople and Antioch, from which, as from burning hearths, spread holy light and inspiration. Even heretics like the Montanists, and irregular churches like that of the Nestorians, had their presbyteresses or deaconesses. Like the deacons, the first deaconesses were ordained. They were distinguished by a peculiar garb. They came from all classes of society. Before

her ordination a deaconess of the Western Church, Radegund, was the Queen of Neustria. Pliny describes the torture, during the Trajan persecution, of two deaconesses who had been maid servants. Among others of their order who, as martyrs, were interred in the Catacombs are five faithful deaconesses, or "virgins of God," who having made a good confession were "well-deserving." These were the matron Octavia, Gaudiosa, handmaid of God; Alexandra, a girl; Aestonia, a traveling virgin; and Furia Elpis, a *virgo devota,* or virgin consecrated. At first only widows, women of fifty or sixty years of age, thus were set apart as ministers of the church. It was a monstrous thing, thought Tertullian, when, in his time, a certain young virgin was made a deaconess. Such feeling might be expected in a saint who has left us the outburst, "Woman, thou art the gate of hell!" But time gradually changed this age rule. The most famous of all the early deaconesses was Olympias, a young widow, ordained in her youth because of her extraordinary virtue. These holy women helped to build and to shape primitive Christianity.

Multiform were their duties. They had charge, for example, of the doors of the church. Just as the official door-keepers stood at the Gate of the Men, so the deaconesses kept the Gate of the Women. One of their titles, indeed, was "Keepers of the Holy Gates." The deaconesses also regulated the behavior of the women both within and without the sanctuary. As governesses of the flock, they brought to the deacons or presbyters all women in need of the church sacraments. They assisted in the baptism of women. As catechists, or teachers, they prepared women for baptism. As messengers of the church, they carried on a kind of zenana mission to women in their own homes. Indeed, they were almost the only means that the early church had of private ministry of the Word to women. For they alone could, without scandal, reach the women of that time. The deaconesses visited and attended those who were ill and in distress. They were especially successful in their ministry to the martyrs, for these tender mourners could gain access to the condemned when others were denied. In describing the imprisonment of one of the Christian martyrs a Greek poet tells how, in the early gray of the morning,

one might observe the deaconesses with some of the orphan children waiting at the prison gate to bring food and comfort to the condemned. Libanius—remembered for his sneer at the Christians of his time, that they were vile artisans who had "forsaken their mallets and anvils to preach about the things of heaven and one Christos, whom they called the Son of God"—Libanius says that whenever there was any martyr condemned in his city there always could be seen the old mother of the deaconesses running about begging and taking up a collection for the man who was about to die. During the Valerian persecution the plague broke out in the city of Alexandria. The pagan population, in their panic for fear of death, forsook their own flesh. They left their sick unattended and their dead unburied. But the Christian women of the city remained, tenderly nursing both friend and foe. Foremost among these ministers of mercy were, well may we believe, the deaconesses. The bishop of the church in Alexandria tells how those of the workers who fell "died in triumph, while those who remained rejoiced greatly in the peace of Christ which he committed to us alone." Julian the Apostate thought the Galilæan-fisherman theology to be folly, but there was one thing about it all that he could not understand. He himself had failed to produce a charitable movement in paganism, which he patronized. But when he saw the followers of the Galilæan support the destitute of their persecutors' as well as of their religion he exclaimed, "It is a scandal!" Silly vassal of the world's nightmares, he could not see that such pitying love must draw to itself the whole soul of paganism as morning sunlight drinks the dew.

Thus for a little space this sweetest flower that ever grew from gospel stock put forth its beauty and its fragrance. In the darkness of superstition and night it challenged the admiration and won the hearts of all true seekers after God. Into the perishing heathen world it exhaled a something "more precious than gold, more vital than art, more mighty than conquering legions." As Matthew Arnold expresses it, "it drew from the spiritual world a source of joy so abundant that that joy was wafted out upon the material world and transfigured it." For a little space this passion flower of God unfolded its white petals and breathed out

its heavenly sweetness, bringing to imprisoned souls the beauty, mystery, and radiance of the unthralled, royal life of the children of God. Then it withered. In the Latin Church, after the tenth or eleventh century, we find no sign of the order of deaconesses. In the Greek Church the order did not linger beyond the twelfth century. The word "deaconess" gradually fell into disuse. It well-nigh was forgotten. The reinstitution of deaconess work reincarnates the triumphant life of the primitive church. Wise and far-visioned is this return to a ministry hallowed by such divine possibilities of power. The hope of the church to-day lies in its ability to bring men back to the ethical standards and spiritual practices of primitive Christianity. Thus alone can the church shore back the contracting walls of society. Thus alone can she "flash into the sloth of this age the force of her own convictions, the passion of her own resolves." The deep significance of deaconess work in this return to the methods of the primitive church may be understood from the fact that "the teaching of the earliest Christian homily which has come down to us elevates almsgiving to the chief place in Christian practice." We may not accept the doctrine, but the fact remains. "Fasting is better than prayer; almsgiving is better than fasting; blessed is the man who is found perfect therein, for almsgiving lightens the weight of sin" (2 Clem. Rom. 16).

That wizard of Scottish story, Sir Walter Scott, in one of his most graphic pictures shows an evil knight dying on the field of battle. As earth is receding from his gaze this unhappy mortal marks rising around him the ghosts of his wicked past. Hopeless night is settling down upon his soul. Then beside the dying man kneels a woman. And as in tender pity she laves the warrior's brow, and strives to win him to thoughts of immortal weal, the poet, as if conscious that such an act in such an hour is freighted with the pathos of all humanity yearning for consolation, breaks off from the narrative. In thought so sweet, so simple, so elemental that the lines have become a hackneyed commonplace of English speech, an exclamation lifts the mind to the universal:

> O, Woman! in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

> And variable as the shade
> By the light, quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow
> A ministering angel thou!

Yes, to give a heartbroken, dying soul the cup of consolation to drink—that is the supreme secret of empire! The gospel, imperative for the world's betterment, is resistless when it knocks at a human heart with the appeal of a woman's nursing, sympathy, and prayers. Thus wooed, unhappy souls, dead spent and sinking into midnight, leap to accept and to exalt the apostolic Christ-dream of the church.

When, summoned by the bell at her bedside, Sister Dora rose to minister, the face of the sick sufferer faded. Christ's face across her fancy came and gave the battle to her hands. When the church is lifted up to behold, in all its beatific beauty, the face of Christus Consolator, then men and women will become tenderly obedient to his summons. His ministry will be their glory. In divine presence Christus Imperator will give the battle to our hands.

Franklin Hamilton

Art. VIII.—METHODIST METHODS IN ROME[1]

We had thought we were living in the twentieth century, and were enjoying universal religious liberty and toleration. We had thought the days of ecclesiastical conflicts and denominational strifes were passed. We had thought that Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Moslem, in these days of light and liberty, were mingling together in the great field of ethical work, each respecting and recognizing the other. But we were mistaken. Our dreams of universal religious peace are rudely interrupted by the din of religious war. The screech of shot and shell makes us shudder as they are fired from the big guns through the religious and secular press of the land. "Vatican intolerance," "pernicious Methodist proselyting," "Rooseveltian Americanism" are echoed and reëchoed from shore to shore. The press has had a real war sensation, and has no doubt reaped a harvest of ducats on the war scale. But why all this noise, dust, and smoke? Some time ago Mr. Fairbanks, then touring the world, came to the city of Rome. Being an ex-Vice-President of the United States and a very distinguished citizen, he was shown marked attention in the "Eternal City." Upon Saturday he was received by the king, and was booked for an audience with the Pope on Monday. Being a Methodist, Mr. Fairbanks was asked to speak before the American Methodist Church on Sunday evening and very cordially accepted. He was also to take Sunday dinner at the American college for Catholic priests and to address the students of that institution. The congregation of the American Methodist church consists of Americans residing in Rome and tourists visiting the city. The Methodist part is emphasized to distinguish it from the American Episcopal and Scotch Presbyterian Churches, both of which conduct services in English. The church is attended and supported by English-speaking people and has no connection, except proximity, to the Italian Mission work. Very few of those attending the services of this church are Metho-

[1] The writer of this article was for some time pastor of the American Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. His statements may be fully trusted, since he speaks with the authority of direct personal knowledge.

dists. The writer, during a year's pastorate in which a careful record was kept, found that Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Universalists made up the larger part of his congregation. Nor did the writer ever speak, or hear spoken in this church, one word of vilification of the Catholic Church. It was in this church, and to Americans not connected with the Italian Mission work, Mr. Fairbanks was to speak.

The program was being carried out. Mr. Fairbanks sat at dinner at the American school for Catholic priests and Mgr. Kennedy, the head of the school, by his side. The situation was delicate in the extreme, but something had to be done, and Kennedy had to do it: "The Vatican has learned of your engagement to speak at the Methodist society this evening, and in the event that you do the audience with the Pope on the morrow will have to be canceled." The ex-Vice-President was sorry, but felt that he would have to keep his engagement that evening. For the time nothing more was said of it. After the dinner the students listened to an address by the distinguished American, which was highly approved by them. But Mgr. Kennedy was restless. More weighty matters rested upon him: "If you will only cancel your appointment with the Methodists, the audience with the Pope will go on as arranged." The world knows how he answered the question.

About this time another distinguished American was Romeward bound, and the press gave out the glittering news that he, with his family and party, would be received by the Pope. Why not? He had asked for the honor. But the Vatican was nervous. It feared a repetition of the Fairbanks incident. This time there must be no mistake, and Mr. Roosevelt is made to understand that while in Rome, if accorded an audience with the Pope, he must subscribe to the limitations of that audience. The world knows of that decision.

As an excuse for this extraordinary action of the Vatican the Methodist Mission work in Rome is offered. Archbishop Ireland in an elaborate defense of the holy see says: "The Methodist propaganda in Rome is so vile, so calumnious in its assaults upon the Catholic faith, so dishonest in its methods to win prose-

lytes, that the holy father is compelled by the vital principles of his high office to avoid at all cost the slightest movement on his part that might be interpreted as abetting the propaganda, or approving, even by implication, its purposes and tactics." This statement comes with the claim that he has made full personal investigation, and is approved by Cardinal Gibbons, the head of the Catholic Church in this country, and by Mgr. Falconio, apostolic delegate at Washington. The Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican in Rome, says, "It [the Methodist Mission] is the center of all hostility against the spiritual power of the supreme pontiff in his own seat; a center from which radiate all encouragements, material and moral, of a propaganda in Rome favoring apostasy and incitement, in every way and by every means, to open rebellion and war against the church." The other men and papers follow in the same strain. This is Rome's defense.

Just how much Methodism is at the bottom of the trouble is hard to get at. One thing is certain: the Mission on Via Venti Settembre is not the only thing that would preclude an audience with the head of the church. The distinguished visitor could not go direct from the Quirinal to the Vatican because such an act would suggest that the Pope recognized the king. The Choral Society of Cologne was refused an audience because they had visited and sung before the Italian sovereigns, and Archbishop Ireland canceled an engagement to speak at the Lincoln banquet in Rome because the toast to the President of the United States was to be followed by one to the king of Italy. The fact that Mr. Roosevelt was the guest of the Roman municipality, and spoke at the banquet over which the mayor, Ernesto Nathan, presided, would have precluded an audience with the Pope because the municipality and the Pope, like the Jews and Samaritans, have no dealings with each other. And, once more, the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was received by the Masons, and allowed a high degree to be conferred upon him, would have precluded an audience, because, as everyone knows, Masonry is anathema. So it is just as well that the ex-President bucked at the first fence, for he would not have submitted to the curb very long.

But what defense do the Methodists make? We answer, There is none to be made. The work stands on its own merits. In the course of events the Pope lost his temporal possessions, and Italy was given a constitutional government guaranteeing religious liberty. This government stands for education and enlightenment, for freedom of speech and the press, for individual liberty and representative government. Over this government rules a king whose deeds have endeared him to the hearts of the people, but whom the Pope calls "robber king." When the walls of Rome were shot down by Victor Emmanuel's victorious army, among other good things that came in were the Bible and the Methodists. The Methodists are not responsible for united Italy, nor for the new government. Neither are they to blame for what has been done by way of education and enlightenment. But they do believe in the new order and work for its best interest. And it is gratifying to know that the government, which is recognized by all the world save the Pope, is the steadfast friend and firm protector of those "pernicious proselyters." Not, however, in any dogmatic way, but in accord with the constitution which guarantees religious liberty. In Italy the die is cast for a new order, and the fight of the Vatican against it is as hopeless as that of the old woman who tried to drive back the tide with her broom.

The institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church are located in Rome strategically. The main building, worth about $300,000, is situated on Via Venti Settembre, opposite the war office and a short distance from the Quirinal, the palace of the king. This is one of the most imposing buildings in the city, and is sometimes called the "Methodist Vatican." On the ground floor of this building are the Italian church, the American church, and the printing department. The Collegio Mettodista, or boys' school, is in the two upper stories. Offices and quarters for the missionaries utilize the rest of this very large building. The plant is one of which Americans, as well as Methodists, might well be proud. Crandon Hall, the best girls' school in Rome, occupied a handsome building on Via Veneto, in the best section of the city, just opposite the beautiful palace of Queen Margherita. Here it outgrew its quarters; the building was sold at a splendid advance

and new grounds were purchased adjoining the spacious gardens of the Villa Albana, just outside the Porta Salaria, where now there are being erected three buildings—an administration building, a recitation hall, and a dormitory. The plan includes a music hall, an art school, and a gymnasium. When these are completed Crandon Hall will be the best institution for the education of young ladies in Italy. It now easily leads any in Rome. Across the Tiber, and near the Vatican, is the Girls' Home School, an institution for the training of girls in domestic science. The Reeder Theological School, the Italian Deaconess Home, and the Isabel Nursery and Kindergarten are the other Methodist institutions in Rome. Mr. White, a former American ambassador, used to say to the writer, "My! but you Methodists have certainly gone into the real estate business here in Rome."

Now, just a word about the charges against the Methodist propaganda. Vile in make-up and dishonest in method is the accusation. But where?—and how? The schools are under government supervision, they may be seen and inspected at any time. The books are open, and the literature sent out is extant. It is the custom to translate standard American books and print them in Italian. The thing emphasized is moral life and honesty of purpose. I don't think Archbishop Ireland, or anyone else, can name any printed word that comes from the Methodist press in Rome that is in any sense of the word *vile*. As to methods, in no case are they dishonest. To the Italian mind the American ways are better than the Italian ways. America stands for liberty, freedom, equality, and justice. They like the way Americans do things, and hence an American school cannot help but be popular. The Methodist schools are well managed and the instruction is thorough. The students are taught patriotism and high standards of morality. They are also taught to be truthful and to shun casuistry as a deadly poison. This is new to the Italian mind. Many come direct from the priests' schools, and, while they receive every inducement to return to them, after they have breathed the freer atmosphere and partaken of the better instruction they scarcely ever do. There is no pressure brought to bear upon them to become Protestants. Many of them are already this in principle.

They are certainly not Catholics. Every girl in Crandon Hall and every boy in the Collegio Mettodista pays the tuition and board. They come of their own choice, pay for their instruction, and are not disappointed. They are of the best families of Rome and Italy—sons and daughters of bankers, high officials, deputies of Parliament, and members of the king's cabinet. The talk of proselyting among this class of people is folly. Every interest in Italy that throws its influence toward united Italy, the present government, and better education, wishes well the Methodist propaganda. Dr. Burt, before he was bishop and while yet head of the mission work, was decorated by the king for services to the state, which had been religious and educational pure and simple.

I am aware of the fact that the Vatican is not in sympathy with the forces that are making Italy a first-class world power. I know too well that Saint Peter has tried to turn back the tide of democracy so strongly set in. I know also what the Liberal Party, which holds a tremendous majority, contemplates doing when the proper time comes. The tide is strong against the Catholic Church in Italy. The tide is strong against it in other parts of Europe. This movement contemplates the separation of church and state. That the Vatican is angry is perfectly natural. That it should pour out its anathemas upon this movement is to be expected. That it should watch with jealous eye any other religious organization, when "she alone is the only guardian of the faith and the only possessor of the keys," is only in keeping with her convictions. To expect religious toleration, or ecclesiastical recognition, from Rome is to ignore the logic of the church. Great is Rome, and besides her there is no other. This is her position, and, like a lion, she will fight to the death. We believe her position hopeless, but cannot but admire her desperation.

I wish to raise the question seriously: Is there room in Italy for Protestant mission work? We concede that there is not if the Catholic Church is reaching all the people and giving them the gospel. For answer let us look at the facts. Italy reports the largest number of men who are atheists of any nation in Christendom. While a student in Rome it was given to the

writer on good authority that out of the 33,000,000 people, 23,000,000 never cross the threshold of a church. The hostility of the church to the present government has made the church very unpopular. Roma, a Catholic weekly, sums up the conditions as follows: "Of its [Rome's] five deputies four are violent anticlericals and the fifth can be anticlerical at times; its municipality is in the hands of the anticlerical block; its mayor is bitterly anticlerical; the last shred of religious teaching has been abolished in the public schools; the organizations of the working classes are dominated by the anticlerical spirit; three fourths of the newspapers are anticlerical." This is about the average condition over the entire kingdom. The masses are violent in their attitude toward the church because they believe that it is against freedom and democracy. What the future will bring is hard to tell. One thing is very certain—Catholicism cannot fill the breach as long as she remains as she now is. Therefore, if Methodism can save the situation in Italy, as it certainly once did in England, a common Christianity ought to be broad enough to be grateful. The writer does not deny that bitter words have come from the mouths of the Methodists. Vituperation has been poured out upon the Vatican. But this has come, not in attack, but in retaliation. The Vatican has not been guiltless, and if word for word were compared the milder forms would rest with the Methodists. And, considering that the latter are the weaker and the persecuted, this is certainly one in their favor. We can understand how Catholicism, claiming to be the only church and the only possessor of the truth, would guard with eagle eye the city of the see of Saint Peter, would look upon all intrusion of another religious body into that see as an open insult, and would fight to the death such organization. But once grant his exclusive right in Rome, and concede the claims of the Pope there, and you grant his exclusive right and concede the claims of the Pope over the world. Grant this, and liberty of religious thinking dies, and Protestantism dies—not of itself, but as the Huguenots died. Again, the bitter comments on the part of the Methodists have come from the rank and file of the Methodists, and in some cases from those who did not understand the situation, never from the

responsible heads. This much cannot be claimed for the other side.

One thing more: the Catholic view and the Protestant view can never be harmonized. They are diametrically opposed. Each knows he is right and will not give way. What, then, can be done? Simply this: let there be full religious freedom and toleration, each respecting the rights and prerogatives of the other, uniting in the spirit of love, but dividing in the forms of work and worship. There is plenty of room in the world of Christianity for such a spirit, and by its application the world will be made better and Christianity stronger, while there is no room for a close sectarian spirit; and if there are those who persist in applying such, the world will be made worse and Christianity weaker.

Grant Parkhurst

Art. IX.—PRAGMATISM AND THE PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY

The recent drift in philosophy known as pragmatism has been popularly expounded by Professor James in his Lowell lectures delivered in Boston, repeated at Columbia University, and published in a modest-sized volume. The reception accorded this popular exposition is a good illustration of the fact that one has only to take an idea already familiar and useful, put it up nicely, give it a new name, and advertise it well, to get the credit of having put forth a brand-new thing under the sun. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly a new thing under the sun for a book on metaphysics to sell like novels, and to have to hang out the "Standing Room Only" sign at philosophical lectures! But it must not be imagined that this doctrine called pragmatism is altogether the creation of the gifted scholars who now devote all their strength to its propoganda—Professors James and Dewey, Dr. Schiller at Oxford, and a few others. These philosophers have simply worked out the method in the form of a systematic exposition. The method was here long before Schiller published his Studies in Humanism, and the Lowell lectures of 1906 were delivered. But those who had been using the method did not call themselves pragmatists. These forerunners have been the modern thinkers in philosophy and economics who have refused to be swung away from the practical interests of life by the logical consequence-makers and the doctrinaires. Notable also among these have been the modern scientific workers. They have been pragmatists except when they would wander off their beat for a little while to write bad metaphysics for the magazines. Scientific facts are gotten from observing concrete conditions in nature or the laboratory. No room for speculation here. The uniformity of many of these facts has found formulation in laws; and the efforts to explain the facts have brought forth hypotheses. But when they understand themselves, scientists have not regarded their hypotheses as final or ultimate truth. The great scientific doctrines, however well they seem to be established, are true while they work, and they are

laid aside without grief or heart-searchings when other doctrines are formulated which better serve the practical purposes of explanation. Professor James lays no claim to being a pioneer in the pragmatism business. Yet it must be admitted that this new emphasis and exposition promise to help considerably in the work of rescuing speculation from the vague and empty abstractions in which it has too often lost itself. In this paper I shall try briefly to indicate the excellencies of the pragmatic method, and also to point out that what is popularly known as the pragmatic philosophy is the same old empiricism with new clothes, and brings nothing really new to the solution of the deeper problems of philosophy.

What is pragmatism? Perhaps we can most quickly understand it by noting the doctrines against which it protests. Idealists, though differing radically in their metaphysics, practically agree in their explanation of the mental processes through which knowledge is acquired. Kant's theory of thought has been improved but not displaced. The mind acts upon a flow of sense impressions received from without, selecting, comparing, and otherwise relating them to each other in thought. This the mind does in accordance with certain great fundamental principles, called the categories. These categories are such as "number," "identity," "space," time, causality, and purpose. They are the thought-forms so to speak—the principles in accordance with which the mind relates the sensations to each other, building up from them in the mind that thought structure we call rational experience. Without this relating activity of the mind sensations would simply succeed each other, each disappearing as the other appeared. Now, this doctrine of knowledge as the building up within of a world of ideas corresponding to the world of concrete reality without is the core of idealism so far as the problem of knowledge is concerned. And all idealists agree also that these categories, or primary principles, cannot be derived from anything antecedent to them in consciousness, but that they are imbedded in the nature of the mind itself. In other words, they are *a priori* or immanent. But just here the pragmatist enters his first vigorous protest. Dr. Schiller, in his Axioms as Postulates, holds that

all these categories revered as *a priori* since the days of Kant are simply postulates. Now, a postulate is assuming something as true that we absolutely need. If we begin by doubting everything that cannot be proved, as Descartes tried to do, thought gets hopelessly stalled at the start. We have to take some things as true because we need them to make a beginning of rational thinking. Thus we have to assume the general trustworthiness of our senses; that this is a rational world and therefore capable of being understood by us; that mind is essentially the same in all men, and so on. These are postulates of thought. They must of necessity precede all proofs and all reasoning. Dr. Schiller assures us that the categories are of this character. Our ancestors, away back in the dim ages of the past, when men were beginning to be rational beings, assumed the truth of these so-called categories, and began at once to use them. They worked very well. Instinctively primitive men learned to think of a thing as remaining the same thing through successive changes—this became identity of objects existing in certain positions in the world outside the observer—this was space; and so on. Now, all this is not very new. Nor is it so very shocking, except to the strict Kantians of the old school. Idealists may even agree to this suggestion from the empiricist without giving away or invalidating their idealism, just as the theists may accept the doctrine of evolution as a description of the process of creation without invalidating their theism. It would be a minor matter whether we regard the categories as primitive demands of the reason assumed as true at the start, or as fundamental truths of all reason constituting the very nature of thought itself, but for one fact, namely, that this suggestion about the categories as postulates swings us right up face to face with the question of the ground of reality, and the ultimate ground or validity of truth. In other words, we are on metaphysical territory. And here the parting of the ways between pragmatist and personal idealist becomes very decided. We venture to ask the pragmatist whether these fundamental principles of thought—postulates, or *a priori—are fundamental truths,* not simply are assumed as fundamental truths? He answers: "Do not ask about ultimate truth, or the ground of truth. These categories work

well, do they not? Yes. Well, then, they are true." And everything is true that works well. All we should mean by a doctrine being true is that it works well—serves to bring about practical and useful ends in concrete experience. The practical interests of life are the sole test, and any attempt to ground truths in anything beyond this is fallacious and futile. We can know nothing of an ultimate Reality, and nothing of Truth in the sense of a unified total corresponding to it. There is no Truth; but there are truths, this, that, and the other truth. Truths are truths *for us*. That is, they are relative to what we want to do or find. Thus, are you aiming to reach the railroad station? Then follow *this* street. This street is *your* truth. All others are error *for you*. Or are you aiming simply to take a walk for the air? Then take *any* street. Any one is your truth. Thus a thing may be true for you and not true for me because your purpose and aim are very different from mine: you want the station; I am out simply for the air. This, of course, abolishes any fixed or absolute element in truth, and makes it a relative, not to say, individualistic affair. Those who know something of the history of naturalism will recognize that here we have the same old sensation doctrine. All is relative to our experience. There is no source, sanction, or ground of truth except in our finite experience.

Now, that truths are instrumental, and that the practical issues of life often afford a valid test of truth when logic and speculation fail, no careful thinker would deny. But the unfortunate thing about this pragmatic doctrine of truth is that it leaves very little room for moral sanctions. The best test of the worth of a philosophic teaching is found in its ethics. What high moral incentives, what ethical imperatives are apt to result from such a relative view of truth? A pluralistic metaphysics naturally comes out into an individualistic ethics, and such a philosophy will not be long in exhibiting its moral weakness. In the pragmatists' criticisms of Idealism they have seen fit practically to ignore the only form of idealism that is surviving, namely, personal idealism. Absolute idealism, from Hegel to Mr. Bradley, is pretty badly lost in the hazes of abstraction and some of the attacks of pragmatists are well directed. But personal idealism, or person-

alism, as it is coming to be called, does not stand convicted of the sin of unlawful abstraction. The personalists do not deal in such abstractions as "Cosmic Consciousness," "Universal Mind," Thought with a capital T, and so on. They recognize that Consciousness which is not the consciousness of some one is nothing, nor is Thought without a Thinker anything but a meaningless abstraction. The personalist insists upon his monism entirely upon practical grounds. The mind can find rest only in the idea of a possible harmony beneath the discords of life. And the moral life of men also can derive needed impulses and sanction only from the idea of the Perfect One, rather than the imperfect many. The personalist insists also that the practical demands of a moral life, quite as much as the processes of reason, have led him to the view of a Supreme Spirit or Being, a Thinker, a Willer, and a Being with moral feelings, hence a Person; that upon the intelligence of this personal Being rests the intelligibility of the world of experience; upon his infinite wisdom and will rests the conception of the truth—a complete grasp of reality by the Divine Mind of which our grasp and view are but as broken fragments. Thus the personalist justly claims to be true to experience—to the practical interests of our moral life. When rational speculation led him to the point where the problems of metaphysics seemed insoluble, instead of plunging into the abysses with the absolutists he postulated the truths which the moral life of man demanded, and, like Kant, saved his work from a barren outcome in skepticism. In other words, the personalists have found their way to the truth of a personal God, moral freedom, and the faith of personal immortality, by being true to this method now called pragmatic. And they have been true to it all the way the method leads, not shying at the idea of a personal Infinite, but welcoming it, since they have come to see the imperative need of larger conceptions of truth than particular finite interests, to save ethics from being merely a doctrine of systematic sagacity and individual expediency. Indeed, the personalists have been more true to all of life and experience—moral no less than mental and physical—than those who now have the method baptized with the classical name pragmatism and stand up as its godfathers. Let anyone

who questions this consider how largely this appeal to the whole life of man has guided Professor Bowne, the leading expounder of the personal philosophy in this country. This thinker is never weary of urging the necessary and practical demands of the moral life as valid philosophical justification of our beliefs.[1] The pragmatic method is not at all the possession of naturalistic philosophers. When employed by thorough thinkers it will bring forth yet richer and more fruitful results for ethics and sociology; but in the hands of persons who have not yet outgrown materialism it simply promises dark possibilities of a dangerous individualism in ethics and practical atheism in religion.

In closing, let us ask a pragmatic question: What is the practical outcome of this empirical thought which calls itself pragmatism? For, after all, philosophies find their final test in the moral realm. The true pragmatist will reckon with the whole of experience—moral and religious experience no less than mental. The lofty moral incentives of self-sacrifice nourished by religious faith, how does the pragmatic philosophy reckon with these? In other words, how will it conserve religion—no unimportant part of experience? We do not need to wait to find out. The history of thought tells us that religion on a naturalistic basis has always been a pretty slim affair practically, and has had a chronic way of lapsing into atheism and pessimism. Positivism, though claiming at one time to be a religion, brought no music of joy into the common chords of life, which are often minor and broken harmonies. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is a test pragmatic enough, and by this test religions of humanity have dismally failed. Matthew Arnold had a spiritual nature but a naturalistic philosophy. He was "tender-minded," but embraced the "tough-minded" creed, to use Professor James's picturesque phrases. And the religious outcome is read in the pathetic hopelessness and depression of many of his otherwise beautiful poems:

> The sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

[1] Theory of Thought and Knowledge, chapter on "Knowledge and Belief"; last three chapters of Theism; in his discussion of Society in Principles of Ethics; in the closing chapter of "Personalism" we find portions of his work where this practical method stands forth preëminently.

> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath of the night-wind
> Down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

The realm of philosophy is not that of religion, but they are adjacent country, and the outlook from the land of philosophy ought to be inspiring, not depressing. After reason has done its best, the great hunger of the human heart remains. The processes of logic leave us still in the shadows. But philosophy is for life; and the needs of the human spirit and the demands of a moral life are factors of experience that philosophy must reckon with. And here the personal philosophy brings what no other system of thought has given—inspiration, moral incentives, a broader outlook, a cherished hope for still larger living. It does this by making a personal God—the Divine Father of men—the source and center of all, thus paving the way for those warm assurances of love which revelation brings from the heart of Him whom we have not yet seen but love.

Francis J. Strickland

Art. X.—ISRAEL'S THREAD IN HISTORY

How far does Providence rule history? A most interesting inquiry. Look where he will, the student sees events, seemingly disconnected, that have combined to produce or assist certain results. Believing that the Divine Father had plans for the world, and that these plans were to be promulgated through Israel, can we trace in history's record of early times God's providence over the people through whom he designed to work?

About B.C. 2000 Egypt was invaded by a hostile people. Either by gradual ascendancy or by immediate and complete conquest the Hyksos kings became its rulers and held their own for some four hundred years. The power of these invaders was such as to fill with terror the hearts of the people. The former Pharaohs were allowed by them to assume some power in the South as vassals, not as independent princes. For years this Hyksos yoke was submitted to, but it was always galling. When, finally, Egypt rose in her might, the stranger people, probably weakened by self-indulgence, were soon ejected and a native dynasty again established. The Pharaohs of this eighteenth dynasty seemed possessed with the idea of territorial expansion. That greed for conquest and the extension of power which predominates in the governmental mind of so many nations to-day is a heritage from these Pharaohs. Just freed from dependence, the Egyptians thirsted for conquest. The reign of Thothmes III, one of the grandest in Egyptian history, is typical in its *motif* of all the Pharaohs of his dynasty. He made fifteen military campaigns. He subdued Canaan. He marched against Syria, then a nation perhaps superior to Egypt herself in civilization, and soon laid her under tribute. He captured Carchemish and Aleppo, and carried much rich spoil from them back to his native land. He erected monuments on the borders of the Euphrates River. He aspired to reach the Persian Gulf, and thus dominate the commerce of the world and almost its very life. A favorite rule of conquest was the deportation of conquered peoples in mass. The Pharaohs married Syrian princesses, their officers took to them-

selves Syrian wives, the people often followed their example, and on the monuments now we begin to see a different cast of countenance. No longer is the face distinctly Egyptian; infusions of foreign blood have left their impress. The result of this contact with foreign peoples and infusion of foreign blood is best seen in the history of the reigns of Amenophis III and Amenophis IV. From the Tel-el-Amarna tablets we learn that the reigns of these monarchs were times of commercial activity and of the cultivation of the fine arts. Amenophis III married a Syrian woman of great force of character, whose influence upon the king was great. When her son, Amenophis IV, began to reign, still a young man, his mother's influence was predominant. In the sixth year of his reign, apparently but two years after the death of his father, he announced himself a convert to the Syrian faith. In place of the worship of Amon he declared Aten, or the sun god, to be the deity of the Egyptian state. His very name he changed to Khu-en-Aten, "the glory of the solar disc." The capital, Thebes, was honeycombed with temples, altars, and inscriptions to the gods of the Egyptians. Amenophis IV built a new capital for himself at Amarna, and there devoted his time and energy to the conversion of his people and the establishment of the arts. War was of secondary importance, territorial expansion a minor consideration. Religion and art were the dominating ideas. Internal struggles with the powerful priestly hierarchy weakened Egypt's foreign power, and with the relaxation of her hold on her foreign possessions their princes began to assert themselves. Turning our attention once more to Syria, we see a new people scattered over the northern country. When Thothmes IV conquered all that land, and erected monuments on the Euphrates River, we find in his annals no mention of the Hittites. Now we see them in great power. They have come down from the Taurus Mountains, have overrun the entire northern country, have laid Syria under tribute, and are now living the life of a conquering people. Against this new enemy now threatening her vassals Rameses II, true to the traditions of his ancestors, marched. For twenty-five years they fought, with varying fortune. Rameses has left a record that he conquered

the Hittites; but since he has also left a treaty made with them, by which Canaan and Syria were divided equally between the Hittites and himself, we rather doubt his statement. By the terms of this treaty the northern half of the land was ceded to the Hittite confederacy, the southern half to the Egyptian nation. Egypt must surrender her fond hopes of reaching to the Persian Gulf. A powerful people now stands in her way.

In ancient times, as in modern, reports of wealth attracted men. The tribute levied time and time again by conquerors gives evidence that Syria was a highly civilized and rich nation. Rumors of this wealth, and of the riches belonging to the Hittites and to Egypt, penetrated to the Ægean Sea and aroused feelings of cupidity in the dwellers around its shores. What was to hinder marching down and capturing some of this wealth? Sicilian, Sardinian, Greek and Cypriote combined their forces for this purpose. In the graphic words of the historian, "The people of the North came leaping up; they spread themselves over all lands; they ate up all who opposed them." Marching first against Syria, this barbaric horde demonstrated its power by defeating the Hittites. So completely was this people subdued that a late edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica doubted their very existence. Marching down through Palestine, we are told that they left the land desolate. Then they threatened Egypt. A simultaneous attack on land and sea was met by the forces of Rameses III, who during several years had been preparing for this great struggle. Levies had been made on all his possessions, and he now had a great force. Justly proud of his power, he has left a complete account of this land and naval battle. His soldiers routed the barbarian forces, his ships simultaneously broke up and destroyed the hostile navy. As he has expressively stated it, "Those who reached my boundary never reaped a harvest again." The barbarians were not only checked in their career, they were annihilated. The few that remained became the obedient slaves of the powerful Rameses III.

Now see the Israelitish thread that runs through these historical narratives. Knowing the enmity the Egyptians had reason to entertain toward shepherds, it seems strange that a

desert stranger should have been placed in a position next to that of the king. With one of the pure Egyptian monarchs on the throne it is not easy to see how a wandering Bedouin family could be welcomed and honored. Reckoning, however, that the entrance into Egypt had occurred during the reign of the Hyksos kings, all difficulties are removed. We understand the honors paid to Joseph, the reception extended to Jacob and his family, the kind treatment vouchsafed during the years of these desert kings to fellow nomads. And it was imperative that during these years the children of Israel should be dwellers in Egypt. With Egypt marching time and time again through Palestine, plundering the villages and destroying the inhabitants, with the Hittites coming down from the North and conquering the dwellers in the land, the barbarian hordes descending upon the whole land of Canaan like a swarm of locusts and leaving behind a trail of ravage, desolation, and death, during the years of Israel's sojourn in Egypt the land of promise was a scene of ceaseless warfare. How could Israel have prospered or grown amid such tumults? Humanly speaking, she could not have survived. And Egypt was the only place of safety near Canaan. She was the only contiguous nation strong enough during all these troublous years to keep enemies out of her land. Can we doubt that Israel's bark was guided into this safe haven by an almighty Pilot?

At the beginning of this era both Canaan and Syria were strong and civilized peoples, rich and prosperous. The successive waves of conflict that rolled over the land destroyed the nation's civilization and sapped its strength. If an effort had been made to possess this land at the beginning of the era we are considering, say from B. C. 2000-1700, Israel would have been stoutly opposed by a strong, wealthy, and comparatively civilized people. But the inhabitants were decimated by the constant warfare, their wealth had been destroyed, their civilization devastated. When the barbarian hordes swept down through the land their ravages gave the final blow to all sturdy opposition. Following this calamity, Canaan lay an easy prey for the first comer. Suppose that these wars had not occurred. If Egypt's plans of conquest had not been interfered with by the conversion of her monarch,

and then prevented by the coming of the Hittites, she would have marched victoriously on to the Persian Gulf. Looking at the prospects from a human standpoint, what chance of success would Israel then have had to possess Canaan? Egypt would have struggled on till the final death throe to prevent a small, despised nation possessing the highway of commerce, the land between herself and the plain of the Euphrates River, her fruitful possession. The conversion of Amenophis IV and the coming of the Hittite spoiled Egypt's ambitious plans. Suppose the Hittites had remained unconquered and at peace with Egypt. Israel would have been directly between two powerful nations. Egypt first, then the Hittites, would have marched against her for plunder and tribute. Her lot would indeed have been a sore one. The barbarians destroyed the Hittites, the Egyptians annihilated the barbarians, but were so weakened themselves by this great struggle that they were in no condition to debate with Israel the possession of the land of Canaan.

Disregarding altogether, then, the benefit to Israel of dwelling in contact with the most highly developed nation of the world during the years of growth from a nomad family to an incipient nation, will we not agree that God's hand was manifest in her destiny? We may not think that the Almighty caused these wars that prepared Canaan for Israel's occupancy. Will we not say that God used history to further his projects? that he sheltered his people from the warfare and tumult that prevailed for so long a time, and that he used these storms of human cupidity and passion to clear the way toward Israel's safe and comparatively easy possession of the land of promise?

NOTE.—I have omitted dates because of their uncertainty. I am, however, well aware that the above view would place the Exodus a little later than is commonly accepted.

E. G. Richardson

Art. XI.—AN INTERPRETER OF BROWNING

Upon what does the interpretative power of Professor Corson[1] depend? Does the secret of it lie in his ability to see and explain more clearly than others the subtle meanings and relations of the thoughts of Browning? Would a reader find his notes on Browning's poetry more helpful than he would those of other critics? By what method has he won for himself a name that is almost unrivaled in America as an interpreter of Browning? These are some of the questions that are asked by faithful students of Browning—questions that the younger generation, who have not come under the personal influence of Professor Corson, would like to have answered. A description of an experience that took place in the home of the venerable scholar may give in a satisfactory, though unexpected, manner the information desired.

The short December afternoon was drawing to its close. The gray light was beginning to creep down the hillsides, and a shadow had already fallen over the library where we were sitting. With the fading of the light came a slight feeling of relaxation and a pause in the conversation. Very gently Professor Corson said, as if doubting the great favor he was conferring, "Shall I read to you before you go?" He opened his book apparently at random, but no other selection could have suited the time and circumstances so well as the one chosen. Nature had shifted the lights to the right degree of grayness, and our minds, tired from our long journey to this home, a little depressed because of circumstances, furnished at this moment the fit stage for the enactment of one of Browning's soul-dramas. When the poem was named we regretted that we were not familiar with it, but the fact that we did not know it, nor of the literary controversies over it, supplied just the conditions necessary for testing the powers

[1] Hiram Corson, LL.D., Professor Emeritus of English Literature in Cornell University; a beloved friend of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and widely known as an interpreter of Browning's poetry; author of many works on literary subjects; Handbook of Anglo-Saxon and Early English; A Primer of English Verse, chiefly in its Æsthetic and Organic Character; An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare; An Introduction to the Study of Milton; An Introduct'on to the Study of Browning; The Aims of Literary Study; The Voice and Spiritual Education, etc.

of the interpreter. We gathered ourselves together mentally, as almost any student of Browning thinks he must do in order to appreciate a new poem. As if the effort were divined, before beginning to read, Professor Corson said: "Do not try to follow this poem intellectually, but with the spirit. Follow it lightly, catch its spiritual meaning, and make it subservient to your own souls." Could we do this—relax mental effort, while listening to Browning, fail, perhaps, to catch the meaning of whole sentences, possibly of stanzas, and drift with the spirit of the poem into the realization of some wonderful truth?

The deep voice began reading with such a note of weariness and despondency in it as would find an echo in every heart that has striven long and hard and failed to attain:

> "My first thought was he lied in every word,
> That hoary cripple with malicious eye
> Askance to watch the working of his lie
> On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
> Suppression of the glee that pursed and scored
> Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby."

The voice, more than the words, made one feel the last insult offered to despair—the luring by the lies of the hideous cripple with skull-like laugh into an ominous tract where the Dark Tower hides. What was the Dark Tower? Neither question nor answer troubled us. We felt only the darkness that closes round one when hope dies. Hope may have died utterly, but something survived greater than hope. The faintest note of a far-off triumph sounded as the lines were read:

> "Yet acquiescingly
> I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
> Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,
> So much as gladness that some end might be."

Then, like a wave of warmth in the evening chill, was felt the grim endurance of the soul that was persevering under tremendous difficulties:

> "Thus I had so long suffered in this quest,
> Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
> So many times among 'The Band'—to wit,
> The knights who to the Dark Tower's search addressed
> Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed best,
> And all the doubt was now—should I be fit?"

The dim day of the poem settled about us. We were in the midst of the great gray plain, endless and dreary beyond description. Monotony and lifelessness were everywhere—worse than lifelessness, for the few signs of life, the grass that "grew as scant as hair in leprosy" and the "one stiff blind horse" only added to the horror of the scene. We hardly noticed the words themselves—there was something finer and more powerful accompanying them, something that works when a great actor, speaking in an unknown tongue, is able to bind spirit to his spirit and take it whithersoever he will. So now, not words, but unending grayness, weariness, and hopelessness were all that we were conscious of. Not a recollection, even, from the past could throw a ray of light on the pathway:

> "I shut my eyes and turned them on my heart.
> As a man calls for wine before he fights,
> I asked one draught of earlier, happier sights,
> Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
> Think first, fight afterward—the soldier's art:
> One taste of the old time sets all to rights."

But—"Not it"; the only taste of old times that came back brought with it the bitterness of defeat and disgrace:

> "Better the present than a past like that;
> Back therefore to my darkening path again!
> No sound, no sight as far as eye could strain.
> Will the night send a howlet or a bat?
> I asked: when something on the dismal flat
> Came to arrest my thoughts and change their train."

A break came in the monotony, but the change only brought worse things. A little river like a serpent crossed the path—

> "Which, while I forded—good saints, how I feared
> To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
> Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to seek
> For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!
> It may have been a water-rat I speared,
> But, ugh! it sounded like a baby's shriek."

The horrors grew worse, but the soul moved on, and ever "just as far as ever from the end"—

> "Naught in the distance but the evening, naught
> To point my footsteps further!"

The spirit of the reader, the spell of his voice held the listeners relentlessly to the plain, as if fascinated with the scene and the movement forward that never ceased. At last a change came. The plain gave way to ugly heights. The soul could go no further. What would be the end?

"Burningly it came on me all at once,
This was the place; these two hills on the right,
Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight;
While to the left, a tall scalped mountain . . . Dunce,
Dotard, a-dozing at the very nonce,
After a life spent training for the sight!

"What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart
In the whole world. The tempest's mocking elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers start."

The weariness in the voice was gone. As if stirred by distant notes of martial music, we were awake, alert, and intent on the great issue before us. The Tower had been reached—whatever it stood for—the dark end to which all the preceding had been only a prelude. Ugly, strong, unlike anything else in the whole world that mortal had ever approached—what would the soul do now in the face of it and its forces that had never known defeat? The day came back to kindle the scene. The air was full of noise, tolling like a bell, telling the names of adventurers—the strong, the bold, the fortunate who had come to this place and were lost, lost! Ranged on the hillside in a sheet of flame, stood the defeated ones, met to see the last of one more adventure—"a living frame for one more picture!" What could the end be with no memory save that of defeat and no prospect but of defeat, with the defeated living and the defeated dead waiting for one more to join their ranks? And yet—a bugle-note of victory rang through the room—

"Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew, 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came!'"

The great play was done. A drama of a soul that always "marched breast forward" and endured "unto the end," had been enacted before us. No lights were turned on, no voices were

heard. We passed quickly into an adjoining room for wraps, said a few words in parting, and, like David in "Saul" after the truth had come upon him, found our way through the dusk, how, we knew not too well. The message of the poem had been received. No papers from the Browning Society, no comments of any scholar were necessary in order to understand the spiritual meaning of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." The voice of the poem had spoken distinctly through the voice of the reader. His desire that the spiritual teaching of the poetry be made subservient to the spirit of the hearers had been realized. We knew now, as never before, the dramatic power of Browning. We knew also what was meant by the interpretative power of Professor Corson—a power that is distinctively his own, that cannot be imparted nor imitated—the gift, rather, the natural possession of a man whose attainments of mind have been allowed to pay tribute to the spirit, and spirit in turn trained to find perfect expression through the voice.

Ellen B. Hallock

Art. XII.—A STUDY IN LOCAL CHURCH FEDERATION

There are four kinds of Christian union which may exist with one or more churches in single communities, and each of these has been exemplified in the country township of Lincoln, Vermont. In the first place, one needs to read Uncle Lisha's Shop in order to know the "folksy" temper of the one thousand people who are still to be found in Rowland Robinson's rustic corner of Yankeeland. A visit to Lincoln, which has excellent trout fishing, and "Potato Hill," one of the three or four highest mountain peaks in Vermont, would be better still. I shall never regret two years of pastoral relationship in this place to four different local churches and to the people, the part of whom having any creed at all as individuals represent fifteen denominational creeds. The fond touch with nature and the breath of the everlasting hills give to some people a homely charm which makes them more prized than the people of the metropolis. Comity, or interchurch courtesy—just for the sake of expressing innate goodness—is not always to be discovered in remote and narrow country valleys where two or three churches find themselves where only one ought to be. Although the breaches of courtesy in local church affairs—not so much from the choice of the people as caused by the churchly customs which have been thrown at us from the bigger, outside world—are almost as startling and abrupt as the rocky gorges of the mountain streams, yet the aroma of Christian tolerance must always exhale from the flowers which yield the fruits of coöperation, federation, and union. The spirit of politeness has not always been lacking as a spontaneous, if not an unconscious, grace of the churches of Lincoln.

The period of definite church federation in Lincoln began four years ago. At that time three churches—the Christian, Free Baptist, and Methodist Episcopal—federated for work and worship. A pastor of the Free Baptist denomination served for the first two years. The executive interests of the federation were cared for by a federation committee of eight persons, representing equally the three churches and the community at large. Though

the active membership of the three churches as an aggregate was less than forty, and the nominal membership about eighty, the organic identity of the three churches was still maintained. The community had many decided moral and religious needs, and the federation was a recognition of them. One beautiful Sabbath morning in June at the first united communion which I witnessed in the churches—and no Christians were kept away by any barriers of form or ill will—less than twenty-five persons out of a Protestant population of eight hundred and thirty appeared at the table of the Lord. Worship was held during the six summer months in the union church building, which belonged to an association of citizens, and during the winter in the Methodist Episcopal building. Economic necessity was the primary occasion of the federation; the originators were public-spirited business men, and, as we shall see, an increased social and spiritual efficiency has been the result. During the second half of its history the federation had a pastor of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. It was not federation in itself which attracted the minister to this field, but the opportunity which was afforded by the federation of making an example of positive regeneration in decadent rural life. The brighter part of the story is the harder to tell. This is because real progress is only just begun. And it will be the harder to understand unless one learns at the outset that church federation, in communities of the rural and hamlet classes at least, is only a transitional process. Ideally it is a means to an end, a hospital experience. Why should federated churches constitute anything like a new denomination of churches, bunched off in a class by themselves? Let us get the story.

Within the first three years of the federation no new members were added to any one of the three churches. During the third year by death and removal of members from town there was a decrease of eight in the aggregate membership. This is probably a larger decrease than had occurred in previous years. But this third year witnesseed the turning of the tide. The pastor covered the whole township in more than seven hundred pastoral calls, the churches were brought into definite coöperation with the schools and the Grange, and evangelistic results began to appear.

The people came to realize the function of the Parish House, the ample two-storied building which was the home of the Grange, the Good Templars, the Ladies' Aid, the village library, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Grand Army Post, the mid-week prayer meetings, parish lectures, and all the worthy social entertainments of the churches and community. The accumulated forces of the whole mountain valley in the final year of the federation rallied for a campaign of betterment. And thus the scene changed. The old program of merely holding religious meetings was not sufficient. Standard life is apt to organize itself for permanence and conquest. The most intimate and real expression of the federal or unity principle among churches is that of organic union. People may be courteous to each other in everyday relations; that is comity. They may engage with the same employer and choose to exchange advantages; that is coöperation. As friends they may associate as companions and in economic partnership they may seek to realize common ends; that is federation. By marriage a new home is formed; that is organic union. What marriage is to individuals organic union is to local churches. New members were not added to the churches at Lincoln because the churches were not homes. Each by itself was more like a hovel. But evangelism, organic union, and increased church membership all sprang from the same source at the same time. The tide was rising and the ship was borne from its old rocky moorings. Surely there is something better than federation. There is the fruit of which federation may be the seed, or at least the tillage.

What was the actual transaction of local church union at Lincoln? At the unanimous request of the members of the federation committee the pastor wrote what was called "The Articles of Amalgamation of the Federated Churches of Lincoln." This document furnished a confession of faith and experience to which a body of Christians should subscribe. This body was to be composed of three classes: first, those available and willing persons from each of the three churches; second, those available and willing residents in town who were members of churches out of town; and, third, the new converts. The proposed new church into which this body of people was to be formed should be a church

of a denomination not already on the field but of a leading denomination which should be determined by a majority vote by sealed ballot of that portion of this body which was giving up the churches included in the old federation. Surely such a plan would mean equal sacrifice for equal gain. What could be more fair? But how did it work? Though the organic union of the three churches was first proposed by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the members of this church, due to attachment to former church associations, and nonlocal interference, did not proceed in the new movement. But as a means of conserving evangelistic results and of furnishing for the community at least one church home the Free Baptists and Christians became one regular Baptist Church with open communion. Thus in a country town among the hills where "pig-headedness" might be expected to exceed piety, a true ecclesiastical marriage has occurred, and the merrily ringing bells did not usher in the millennium even though a church of one denomination was organized, its creed written, and more than a third of its constituent members baptized by an ordained clergyman of another denomination.

The year in which the Lincoln federation of churches was eclipsed was a year of results. During the twelvemonth there were fifty or more professed conversions and twenty-two baptisms. The communicants at the Lord's table doubled in numbers over the previous year. There was a decided proportionate increase in money given toward pastoral support. Church attendance increased forty per cent above that of the year before. The outlying neighborhoods of the township became a part of the coöperating churches and Grange as the real social center. The Young Men's Christian Association, locally organized, has the supervision of the village athletics. The new Baptist Church and the Methodist Society are working in coöperative union. The community is a paradise compared to former conditions, and the work, though still under test, is moving forward.

George Frederick Wells.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR BOWNE

THIS letter, written October 1, 1900, to a sorrowing friend, expresses Borden P. Bowne's personal faith and may carry comfort to bereaved hearts anywhere:

MY DEAR ———:

My heart aches for you. It is no lonely experience that has come to you. In your special grief you but enter into the common fellowship of sorrow.

For some time you can only sit blind, dazed, and numb from the shock. But by and by faith will again remember the divine promise, and hope will begin to dream of the glad reunion of the better land. Meanwhile let grief have its way. It is natural and human and Christian to do so. But do not try to explain or understand or be reconciled. Leave all that and fall back on God. Go to God with the pain and the anguish and the overthrow and the desolate home and the life that seems worse than death, and wait for his salvation. Wait in the faith that God has not forgotten, and that he was never more your Father than just now. He is the only one that can help you. I pray that the tenderest ministries and consolations of the Comforter may be yours.

It will take time to readjust yourself in any case. Every familiar object and association will long give pain by recalling

> . . . the touch of a vanished hand,
> The sound of a voice that is still.

This we have to endure; but here too there comes a transformation. The pain becomes something tender and solemn—something at which the heart grieves, but from which we would on no account be divorced. It binds us to the dear ones gone. And gradually they too are freed in our thought from earthly limitation and imperfection and remain a perpetual treasure and inspiration.

There is only one person on earth from whom I get anything like the inspiration which comes to me from some who have passed on into the heavens. I have reference to them in my work. I expect

to meet them again, and I must do it with clear eye and face unshamed.

> My lost, my own and I
> Shall have so much to see together by and by;
> For I am sure that just the same sweet face,
> But glorified, is waiting in the place
> Where we shall meet, if only I
> Am counted worthy in the by and by.

In the midst of our sorrow let us also think of them, of their unfading and radiant life, and of the divine revealings which have come to them. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. They live there to him, and are with him. And I have no doubt they have a knowledge of us which we could not safely have of them.

> They "triumph in conclusive bliss
> And the serene result of all."

And the longest life is short when it is done. If we live faithfully, and then having learned by loss how much we loved them, we meet them again to be with them forevermore, I am sure that then we shall not regret the brief earthly separation.

You remember I said to the class in theism that we should be undergoing an examination in real theism all our lives—you are now passing an examination in Christian theism.

Yours in all sympathy,

BORDEN P. BOWNE.

PLEASURES AND PAINS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

MARY the maid with a book in her hand comes into the library where the lady of the house is sitting, and says: "I found this book upstairs, ma'am, and was told to bring it down to the library. Does it make any difference on which shelf I put it?" "Why, all the difference in the world, Mary. We have had the whole library classified—scientific works, religious, history, fiction, etc. What is the book you have there?" "The Pursuit of Happiness, ma'am." "Well, then," says her ladyship, "that goes right in with the books of travel."

This lady was not so far wrong as she might have been, for we all know that he who would overtake happiness must sometimes be a good deal of a traveler; and, on the other hand, well-conducted travel, when the duties of life leave us free to it, and conditions are favorable, is about as likely to be a successful pursuit of happiness

as anything earthly. To the prosperous pursuit of pleasure by travel a few things are essential: a consecutive outline plan of places to be visited based on an intelligent knowledge as to why they should be visited; the lightest possible luggage; a minimum of clothing, and that durable for the wear and tear of travel and rough weather—in the language of the great Dr. Johnson, "garments of abnormal spissitude and closely reticulated texture"; cheerful company of congenial tastes, habits, and purposes.

The traveler, in proportion to his intelligence and sensibility, will be full of keen interest and eager expectancy as he approaches the Old World, in which all to him is new. A man who has traveled in every State of our Union and in all countries of Europe declares that he never again can have on earth anything like the ecstasy he felt when he first sighted the coast and planted his feet on the soil of Europe. There is always a peculiar piquancy in a first time. Never again, perhaps, will land look so edenic as did green Ireland, the land of the shamrock, rising out of the gray sea; and later as we coasted up Saint George's Channel in sight of its sloping fields verdurous with May and flowered with yellow furze. Who can forget the first time he rolled in under the smoke of great London and rattled away through the narrow, somber, dingy streets, and the din of that vast city? One man can never forget what thoughts he had when he first noted the broken arches of ruined aqueducts fly past the car windows, and, looking out, saw the great dome of Saint Peter's far away against the sky; presently alighted from the train at the foot of the Viminal Hill and carried his satchel past the Baths of Diocletian; found himself riding where the Cæsars rode, under the identical walls which looked on Prisoner Paul as the soldiers took him along eighteen hundred years ago, among the seven petty little hillocks which tower so mountainous in history, from which an empire overlooked and overpowered the world; saying to himself with a thrill, "This is Rome, the Eternal City, and I am really here in old Rome." Who did not swoon into a delicious mental trance when he first stepped from the railway station into a gondola, sank back half-reclining on the low cushions, and lay there dreamily while the strange black boat swam away with him, silent and graceful as a swan, thridding the canals with its high polished beak, moving through the air and barely deigning to touch the water, gliding phantomlike under bridges and past the portals of picturesque palaces whose foundations have been lapped by soft

Adriatic ripples ever since the splendid days when Venice ruled the commerce of the world? Charles Sumner to the end of his life was full of rapturous reminiscences of his first visit to Europe, and especially of a solitary summer he spent in Rome in his young manhood: from early dawn till bedtime the long, sweet hours of study, the ramblings out on the Campagna and about the venerable streets of Papal Rome, life seeming to stand still in one blessed pause of peace and high intellectual reverie. He called that delicious Roman summer the "Lost Garden" of his existence.

When you travel carry your romance with you. Let nothing dampen it. Let nobody badger it out of you. Be strong-minded enough to keep it. Bring that victory home with you, and so show that you were not quite unworthy to walk where the Cæsars' chariot rolled, being something of a conqueror yourself. Never mind if some prosy person smiles at your enthusiasm. In Paris, the pastor of the American Chapel, who was, like Ulysses, a much-traveled man, told a certain young man he would get over his romance when he reached Italy. The fleas would take it out of him if nothing else did. The young man resolved on the spot that the Paris pastor should be a false prophet, and so he proved. That young man took the whole curriculum of fleas—lay in the Villa di Roma at Naples while the fleeting hours of the soft Italian night and other nimble things skipped over him; he tossed and squirmed, and at last, tired out, fell into uneasy slumber and dreamed that the poisoned shirt of Nessus had been put on him; he woke stung with a sense of outrage all over his body, and, defenseless against his foes as Macbeth against the ghost of Banquo, he cried, "Come, O mine enemies, as the 'rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,' take any shape that hath dimensions and is big enough to hit and we will lay you, heaps on heaps, as Samson did the Philistines!" He suffered all this, and many "moving accidents by flood and field," without having one drop of romantic blood bled out of his veins. Indeed, he even aspired to cultivate the tender philosophy of good Cardinal Bellarmino, who used patiently to let the fleas bite him, saying: "We shall have heaven for our sufferings, but these poor creatures have nothing except this present life."

Far better as a condition and channel of personal benefit and enjoyment are reverent sentiment and romantic enthusiasm than, for example, the flippant spirit of the baseball nine who went to see where the Pilgrims came ashore from the Mayflower and wondered

why the Fathers didn't land on the wharf; then they thrust their feet through the iron railing which now protects Plymouth Rock in an effort to touch the sacred stone, and expressed a historic doubt whether the Pilgrims had feet that were small enough to slip through that railing and land on that rock. Various other historic doubts, broached gravely, have no better warrant. And a disposition to positive rapture on slight excuse is preferable to a fault-finding temper. Coleridge tells of a smart cockney who could see nothing in Dannecker's beautiful statue of Ariadne at Frankfort-on-the-Main but the few blue spots in the marble, which made him "think," he said, "of Stilton cheese." Fault-finders and fretful people neither get good nor give comfort anywhere. The only advantage in their going abroad is that the folks at home get rid of them for the time being.

Enthusiasm needs to be a steady glow, and not a fitful spark, if it is to stand the strain of travel, for endurance will often be tested to the utmost. Unscrupulous rascals will exasperate your righteous soul, and a thousand mean vexations will try your temper. You will sometimes be utterly weary, as was one of a company who said, toward the end of a long, hard, exhausting day of sight-seeing, "I don't want anybody to speak to me to-night, for I'm too tired to be civil." A firstrate traveler should have fortitude like Mrs. Bishop's, who, when bitten by an Oriental centipede, screamed no screams, but coolly cut out the bite with a pen-knife, squeezed it, and poured ammonia recklessly over the smarting wound; and who, when her feet were so swollen with various bites that stockings were an impossibility, sewed them up in linen and traveled in that condition. This was fortitude fit to be called fiftytude.

After landing in Europe the first great city you strike will probably be London, the heart of an empire greater than the Roman, and the commercial center of the world. It contains more Jews than all Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, and more Roman Catholics than Rome. It has a population of six or seven millions. In its growth it has overlapped and absorbed over fifty villages, the names of which are still retained to designate the corresponding quarters of the city, as Chelsea, Whitechapel, Bloomsbury, Brompton, and Paddington. When you read the morning papers in the English metropolis, you may be surprised at the small space given to the affairs of your own great and glorious country, and that mostly occupied with the cotton crops, lynching of Negroes, election riots, reports from the cattle ranches, failure of

mining companies, and such like. You may sometimes be amazed at the ignorance that prevails concerning America. A few years ago a photograph could be seen in the Alexandra palace in London labeled, "A View of N. Y. City from the Illinois shore." You read of disastrous forest fires in Milwaukee. Dr. Chalmers once told Dr. S. H. Cox that if he ever visited our country, he would go first to Kentucky to see Yale College. Mr. Edmund Gosse says that even some highly educated people in England are very ignorant of the condition of society in the United States. He knows English artists who think Central Park a dangerous place to sketch in because of the Indians. Some years ago a great tragedian declined to come to New York lest the savages should take his scalp. A young Briton, newly landed in New York, asked a policeman the nearest way to the buffalo hunting grounds. The policeman sent him over to Buffalo Bill's Wild West show at the Madison Square Garden. Professor Silliman, of Yale, was asked by a lady in London society, "Professor, wherever did you learn to speak English?" Americans have been known to take a sly revenge on this foreign ignorance. "Do they speak English in your country?" said a young English lady to an American girl. "Yes," was the quiet reply, "many do. It is taught in some of the schools, you know, and I learned it before I came to England." A Harvard graduate was asked in Birmingham if Boston were not the seat of the American Parliament, and the rogue said promptly with a perfectly sober face, "Yes, it was, up to the beginning of the Christian era, at which time it was transferred to Saint Paul, Minnesota."

It may be a painful surprise to find that there are people who don't like Americans. Your idea of your personal importance may come into collision with the Englishman's consciousness of lofty superiority, and the first time you encounter the superciliousness of the full-blooded Briton you may have peculiar emotions and thoughts too deep for tears. You will understand what Tennyson means in his "Maud," when he speaks of people who,

> curling a contumelious lip,
> Gorgonize you from head to foot
> With a stony British stare.

You read in the London Telegraph that your dear native land is ugly to the eye because it is without hedges, and that no man's statement is worth two cents in America unless it is backed up by an offer to bet ten dollars. You take up Vanity Fair and find a letter

complaining to the editor against "the regular autumnal plague of wandering Yankees," who "as a race are simply unendurable, the vulgarest, shallowest, most uninteresting people under the sun"; and the letter closes mournfully with this lament, "Their nasal twang is heard in all our streets, and their keen vulpine faces stare from every hotel window." Or you may find in the London Times this amiable effort to enable you to see yourselves as others see you: "It is everywhere acknowledged that the crowd of tourists composed of the best English society is thinner this year than usual. It is swamped in the common variety of tourists and lower classes of American, whom even the republican aristocrats of New York would regard with doubt. The Americans follow the English by an unerring instinct into every pleasant retreat where we desire to sulk or amuse ourselves alone. Nice, Pau and Cannes, once English preserves, can now hardly be distinguished from American cities. The same thing is true of Homburg. The English sparrow is being pushed out of its nest by the Yankee cuckoo. Our only revenge is found in the conviction that, if we are disliked on the Continent, the Americans are more disliked. They inherit our unpopularity abroad, being more unsympathetic and aggressive, while the special aggravation of the Yankee voice and accent embitters their relations with less strident races. It is useless to have Chicago exhibitions unless the American people can by education or medical science uproot the national voice, which is at present a blight on all social relations and makes all American diplomacy at foreign courts impossible." Possibly you may have been prepared for such sweet language by reading in the New York Sun before leaving home the following letter from a burly Briton sojourning in the United States: "To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I know Englishmen, by personal acquaintance, to be more manly, more honest, cleaner in mind, and purer in morals than Americans. Of course, I speak of the average. You measure, or affect to measure yourselves, with Englishmen. It is absurd. You are fifty years behind in refinement, in civilization, and humanity. Your laws are a farce and your boasted Constitution a humbug. Your big criminals, your murderers, your thieves, your boodlers, tear through the meshes of your law provided they have money or influence, while your wretched poor are treated with Draconic severity. I know you. I know your young men, with their minds full of lubricity and rapacity, unspeakably foul; and conscious of your depravity you think to square yourselves by making faces at Englishmen." When you

have duly contemplated such pictures of yourself and your fellow countrymen, it may console you a little to take up the Fortnightly Review, in which Sir Lepel Griffin, just back from your native land, sweetly tells his countrymen that "The English are not popular in America," and that "there is no reason why they should be," "for," he says, "Englishmen have fought and bullied in every quarter of the globe; they are the most disagreeable race extant, and are often unendurable to each other; nor," he adds, "is there any part of Europe, except perhaps Hungary, where they are not even more disliked than in the United States."

In such blunders as you may happen to make in a strange land, you can take comfort by remembering some of the mistakes of foreign visitors to your own country. There was the wife of an English poet who said to another lady in Boston, "I'm so glad to get to America, for now I shall have the long-wished-for pleasure of tasting a canvas-back clam"; and there was the burly Briton who called on Longfellow at his home in Cambridge and introduced himself thus: "Is this Mr. Longfellow? Well, sir, as you have no ruins in your country, I thought—I thought—I would come and see you!" When Oscar Wilde drawled in the ear of the wife of a United States senator, "Ah, but you have no ruins, no curiosities in this country," the lady mischievously answered the long-haired æsthete, "No, but our ruins will come soon enough, and at present," looking straight at Oscar, "we import our curiosities."

In "misty, moisty England" you may soon learn to take an umbrella every time you go out, for "it rains, or it has just been raining, or it is just going to rain." Byron wrote of English weather: "I like the weather when it is not rainy; that is, I like two months of every year." You have heard that London fog is at times so dense that you can stick your cane in it and thereon hang your hat. Ruskin used to rave against London smoke, "sulphurous chimney-pot vomit of loathsome blackguardly cloud." We were told some time ago that "the weight of the great smoke cloud daily hanging over the city of London has been computed by Professor Roberts at 50 tons of solid carbon and 250 tons of hydro carbon and carbonic oxide gases for each day of the year, and its value at £2,000,000 per annum." And owing to clouds and fog and smoke, altogether it appears by carefully kept scientific records that London enjoys, on the year's average, less than three hours of sunshine a day. There is a good story about an eloquent English bishop who, in his anxiety to convert

a Parsee who was in London, said to him: "I cannot imagine how any man of intelligence, whose mind has been enlarged by travel and association with men of different opinions, can worship a created object like the sun." "O, my Lord Bishop," replied the fire-worshiper, who had not been fortunate in the weather since his arrival, "you should see it; you have no idea what a glorious orb it is." Yet a thoroughly Anglicized American like Henry James may pretend to find delight in the fog and smoke. Once, when spending August in London, he said, "There is no other pleasure in the world equal to that of a foggy day in the world's capital."

In foreign travel you will need all your wits, for you are likely to get into scrapes and be tossed on the horns of unlooked-for dilemmas. In the most God-forsaken places you will find yourself attended by a preying band—not of the religious sort—but guides, couriers, tooters, thieves, and human vampires of various kinds, all bent on bleeding you. Said a tourist to a peasant one fine day: "Not much farming around here. How do the people live?" and the veracious Hodge brightly answered, "On the visitors." Hartley Coleridge said Wordsworth was "a most unpleasant companion in a tour from his terrible fear of being cheated." But we can hardly blame Wordsworth, for the tourist finds enough to keep such apprehensions rampant, and eternal vigilance is the price of his self-protection. You will learn that Denmark is not the only European country where "a man may smile and smile and be a villain." Some day, when "every prospect pleases and only man is vile," you will enter into the feelings which made Richter say, "There are men with regard to whom nothing could be more refreshing than to give them a sound drubbing." Charles Dudley Warner, telling his experiences in trying to buy ancient coins of the Greeks, says: "I looked in the face of a handsome gray-beard, who asked me two thousand francs for a silver coin, which he said was a Solon, to see if there was any guile in his eye; but there was not. I cannot but hope that this race which has learned to look honest will some time become so." A Protestant affirms that in Italy ages of Jesuitry and imposture have made truth a myth and honesty a lost art. Victor Emanuel I, King of Italy, said of himself, "I don't pretend to be wise, but I always keep my word." He was an utterly honest king. One never understands what a rare treasure such a man was to Italy until he finds what a dearth there is of that sort of human stuff in that most lovely land. An English painter in Rome praises the beauty of a certain artists' model—a young girl—and

then says, "Pascuccia was somewhat apt to leave truth at the bottom of her well and use fibs for everyday wear and tear; so it was not always necessary to believe her." Mr. Buscarlet, pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church in Naples, told us not to take a guide from our hotel for our day at Baiae and Puteoli, but to stop at the gate of Pozzuoli and inquire for Gennaro Rocco, of whom he said, enthusiastically: "Gennaro is a good fellow. Best guide around here. O, of course he'll cheat you if he can." Two men remember an old Jew, named Moses, who piloted them in the region of Nazareth, who spoke twelve languages and could lie with equal fluency in all of them. But then, even in America there are Ananias Clubs.

Your itemized bill at the hotel may often interest you. There are hotel keepers that know how to charge for the amount which the reflection of your face, if you are a hard-featured person, has worn off the surface of the mirror. A visitor to Sicily writes that brigandage has ceased in that country, the brigands having gone into the hotel business, where they can plunder people legally and rake in more money with less risk. I heard once of a hotel where the rates were "$4.50 a day—board and lodging extra." An American gentleman says he found many hotels that were on the way to be first class—already so in their prices, and only needing to bring other things up to the rates.

When you travel abroad the custom of tipping and the almost universal expectation of backsheesh, trink-geld, pour-boire, buona-mano may trouble you not a little. A big Yankee from Maine paying his bill in a London restaurant was told that the sum did not include the waiter. "Wall," he roared, "I didn't eat any waiter, did I?" But he looked as if he would on slight provocation, so the restaurant man concluded not to continue the dispute. Mrs. Hope-Edwardes once complained to an Egyptian government official of high position as to a very superior person, "Everybody seems to want backsheesh." And the great man, extending his soft palm, gravely replied, "Certainly—I also." T. B. Aldrich said: "A man of ordinary agility might walk over the greater part of Europe on the outstretched palms of the lower classes." A fellow demanded four shillings of an elderly lady for showing her through one of the great churches. She remarked that she had read of the nave of the cathedral, but never saw him before. In your travels you may occasionally get caught in a shackly vehicle that will threaten to do the "One-Hoss-Shay" trick, as did a carriage that was carrying a load

of divinity from Athens to the Piræus one dark night; and you'll ride behind beasts that make you think of Mark Twain's Palestine horse which he called Baalbec because he was such a magnificent ruin. A literary gentleman who landed at Kingstown was beset by a throng of Irish jarvies, one of whom bid for his patronage with the statement that his horse was a poetic horse. The litterateur was captivated with the naïve wit of the fellow, and engaged him. He regretted it all the eight miles to Dublin, which it seemed he never would reach. When at last he was set down at his hotel, he asked his driver why he called that a poetic horse, and jarvie said, "Because, sor, his good points are rather imaginary than real."

When you travel abroad the customhouse examination of your baggage, as you pass from one country to another, may afford you much variegated enjoyment. No matter how abstemious and temperate you may be in your habits, your luggage will be persistently searched for tobacco and liquors. An officer has been known to turn a lady's trunk upside down and empty its entire contents on the floor. Mr. Whymper, the first conqueror of the Matterhorn, says the customhouse is the purgatory of travelers. It is true his luggage was more than usually mysterious. He had a light ladder in sections, several coils of rope, an ice-ax, and other things of use in mountain-climbing. At the Italian frontier the officers refused to believe his explanation of these articles, and put their heads together over them to solve the mystery. Shortly the brightest fellow guessed it thus: Whymper must be a street performer—he climbed this ladder, balanced himself on the end of it, lighted his pipe, stuck a baton in the bowl, and made the baton gyrate around his head; this rope was to make a ring and keep the spectators back. "Monsieur is acrobat, then?" queried the chief officer." "Why, certainly," said Whymper, impatient to get through on any terms. "Pass the luggage of monsieur, the acrobat." At the French frontier not only his mountain outfit but every article in his portmanteau was scrutinized. Presently the officer came on something he had never seen before. "What is this?" he cries, holding up a half-worn tooth-brush. Then he seizes the accompanying box. "What is this?" "Tooth-powder." "Ah, but it is forbidden to carry powder on the railway. It is dangerous!" Mr. Spurgeon, going from Nice to San Remo, was ordered by the officers at the Italian border to give up some choice fruit which he was carrying. The London preacher quietly retraced his steps across the border a half-dozen paces into French territory, sat down by the wayside and ate the

fruit, and then crossed the frontier untaxed, thus deducting the item from Italian imports and adding it to internal revenue in his own Department of the Interior. The traveling public sometimes suffer not a little bad treatment in the customhouse. A copy of the METHODIST REVIEW in a missionary's baggage was once detained under suspicion for thirty-six hours at the Turkish frontier, for fear it might contain incendiary matter. After examination the mysterious magazine was released as probably harmless, with the remark that it seemed to be something published for amusement! This incident shows the benighted condition of the Turkish empire.

When you travel abroad you may have some difficulty with foreign languages. Byron said, "Never go to France unless you know the lingo." A story is told of an American lady who at an inn in Normandy was deputed, as being the best French scholar in her party, to make the arrangements for their accommodation. She did her best, but the clerk could not catch her meaning, and his remarks were jargon to her. Finally, in desperation, she said slowly and with awful distinctness, "Do—you—speak—English?" "Wa'al, neow, you're jest a-talkin'," shouted the clerk. "Guess I'd orter speak English. I was raised ten miles from Bangor." The lone traveler wearies at times of hearing everybody around him—men, women, and little children—jabbering in tongues he cannot understand, and after months on the Continent the very signboards in London seem like old friends to him; he is glad to read the signs of Waukenphast the shoemaker, and Strongitharms, the tailor. An untraveled Yorkshireman on his first day in France was perplexed at hearing nothing but unintelligible gibberish, and retired at night completely disgusted. Next morning he was wakened by the cock-crowing, and cried out with his first conscious breath, "Thank goodness, there's English at last." A little New York girl, over in Germany, where nobody understood her talk, said, piously, "I'm so glad God is an American, so I can speak English to him." An English gentleman who was humiliated in Vienna on account of his poor French, by an Austrian lady who said, "How is it that your countrymen speak French so imperfectly? We Austrians use it as if it were our native tongue," took his revenge by retorting, "I really cannot say, madame, unless it be that the French Army have not been twice in our capital to teach it as they have in yours."

Many things beyond the seas say to the visitors, "This is the old Old World." Americans, who have not yet celebrated their

second century, discover that a hundred years is but as a day in the history of some transatlantic lands. You no sooner sight Ireland than you see from the ship, perched along the coast of Munster, ruins nine hundred years old, of the towers and castles of Brian Boruma, the warlike king from whom all the O'Briens derive their name. At the old haunted Alloway Kirk near Burns's home you notice that the stone steps are worn six inches deep by the feet of the generations. You venerate England when you look on her as ruling with increasing greatness her empire of a thousand years. You see the green snake slide into the ruins of Nero's palace and the she-wolf chained near by, and you think back to the founding of Rome nearly three thousand years ago, to the half-mythical time when Romulus drew his furrow at the foot of the Palatine Hill and marked the bounds of Roma quadrata. At Athens one looks on the rock-dwellings southwest of the Acropolis, and is told by Curtius that they are Pelasgic remains from prehistoric centuries. After tracing the mossy foot-prints of history, and wandering in the shadow of gray antiquities a few months, one realizes that the United States is but a raw and recent country, without any historic background to speak of. Whatever else our civilization is, it is not yet venerable.

The smoking habits of many parts of Europe are an astonishment and an annoyance to Americans. A tourist's notebook says two things are requisite in Holland—an oilcloth suit to protect one from being spattered by the everlasting scrubbing and splashing of the women, and a pocket-compass to steer through the tobacco smoke. The only place where a Spaniard does not smoke is said to be in his coffin. On continental railways ladies especially are vexed to find that, whereas in America smokers are limited to a single car on a train, in Europe the reverse is customary, smoking being practiced everywhere on the train except in two or three cars out of a dozen. A sarcastic passenger, in a car where everybody but himself was smoking furiously, arose and said in his most courteous tones: "Beg pardon, gentlemen. I hope my not smoking doesn't inconvenience you." In May, 1909, Queen Alexandra and her daughter, the Princess Victoria, came ashore at Naples from the royal yacht in the harbor and lunched at Bertolini's Palace Hotel. The queen of England and the Princess Victoria both concluded their luncheon by smoking cigarettes. Even in America as well as in Europe the tobacco-smoke nuisance increases, and nonsmokers have more and more difficulty in finding any place free from the brutal selfishness

and outrageous insolence of smokers. In some hotels there is not even a dining-room kept free from tobacco smoke.

It would be base ingratitude not to confess that the traveler's natural desire to see wonderful curiosities is magnificently catered to by Europeans. Nowhere are such rare relics shown as in the Romish churches, among which there appears a jealous if not laudable rivalry in those matters. One cannot help admiring, for example, the enterprise of Cologne. There in a little old chapel behind the cathedral choir they have the bones of the three magi, which you are forbidden to doubt because the inscription assures you that they are all verily there—not one missing. But the church of Saint Ursula leads on bones. In it they show you the bones of Stephen, the proto-martyr, with the skull of Saint Ursula. In fact, its interior looks more like a bona fide sepulcher than like a church, for it is literally walled with bones alleged to be those of eleven thousand virgins slaughtered by the Romans. They have too one of the water vessels which held the miraculous wine at the wedding of Cana. If those churches push their bold enterprise, they will in time be able to show us the remains of Balaam's ass, Cain's riding boots, feathers from the wing of Noah's dove, the jawbone that Samson used, Jehu's whiplash, and a long lock of Absalom's hair. There is really no reason why our curiosity to see these things should not be gratified when it can be done so easily. The untamed Yankee has been known to treat these Old World humbugs with disrespect. An Italian monk was showing a traveler a consecrated lamp which he said had never gone out during five centuries. The wild Westerner coolly gave the flame a puff and remarked with satisfaction, "Well, I guess it's out now."

While many things fill the sight-seer with wonder, some things disappoint him. You have heard of the "Blue Danube." Has not its blueness been set to music in a song? But afloat on its bosom, you behold that the blue Danube is yellow; yes, yellow as the Jordan is where its clayey waters near the Dead Sea. What a mendacious world this is, to be sure! Do they not tell us that Tell is a myth, and Homer not one man, but ten or twenty or an age of men? And Whately has his doubts about Napoleon Bonaparte. One is disgusted to find the Ilissus a river that he can jump across, the fountain of Callirhoe only one washbowlful of water, and the Danube looking like a mud-puddle in motion at the rate of five or ten miles an hour. Who was the blind man who called the Danube blue? Did he know what blue is? Had he ever been on the Mediterranean before he lost

his sight? Did he know the hue of a star gentian where it contrasts with the near white snow? or the color of the arrowy Rhone where it shoots under the bridges at Geneva, as blue as Calvin's Calvinism?

The best rule as to guides is never to take one where you can do without, though they are sometimes so pertinacious that it is well-nigh impossible to shake them off. Their sole object is to rush you through the regular round as fast as possible, and they jabber incessantly in your ears so that you cannot think your own thoughts. We saw a Californian on the train from Florence to Pisa. As soon as he stepped on the platform at Pisa he was picked up by a professional who rushed him around without mercy. He had done the cathedral, been up the leaning tower and down again, and was scudding off across the green lawn to the Baptistery before we had finished watching the swinging of Galileo's bronze lamp. We caught a glimpse of him again in Venice bolting around in the Ducal Palace, and rushing past the busts of Marco Polo, Dandolo, Paul Veronese, Galileo, and Dante, without giving them so much as a glance, while an unfortunate and exhausted young woman was panting along in his wake. Above all, never take a guide with you into a picture gallery. Think of trying to compose your soul to take in some masterpiece of art, with one of those fellows dinging in your ears and dragging you along. While one man sat for an hour before Titian's "Assumption" at Venice, six or eight generations of sightseers came and went—entered at the door, were spun round on their heels by the guides, swept a wild staring glance along the wonderful picture-covered walls, and eddied out to be whirled about just so all day, and at night pay their guide his fifteen francs, sink dizzily with bewildered brains into their weary beds, with only such memories as a humming-top might have when it stops spinning and falls over on its side. A fair sample of sight-seeing *a la mode* is seen in the remark of an American tourist, overheard by Mr. H. G. Wells near Christchurch gate near Canterbury: "Now, does this Marlowe monument really and truly matter? We've no time for sideshows and second-rate stunts, Mamie. We want just the big, simple things of the place, just the broad, elemental Canterbury proposition. What is it saying to us? I want to get right hold of that, and then have tea in the very room that Chaucer did, and hustle to get that four-eighteen train back to London"—a remark rather more intelligent than the average.

Whatever countries are passed by, Switzerland and Italy should not be missed. One can have more delight in them than in any

other part of Europe. They are small but full of wonders. Switzerland has the area of Maryland and the population of Ohio. It has more surface in proportion to its size than any other land in Europe. A large part of its surface is set up on edge and stacked a good ways into the sky. Italy is a peninsula reaching from Mont Blanc to Cape Spartivento, and from its ramparts of ice on the crest-line of the Alps to the capes that breast the warm Calabrian seas is eight hundred miles. In charms for the eye and the mind no land in Europe is so rich as Italy, and especially no other country has so much of picturesque and varied interest in its cities. Ruskin said, "Everybody's education should include the history of five European cities—Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, London." Three of the five are in Italy. As a woman wears on her arm a bracelet of Roman mosaics and turns them round to show, stone by stone, the different designs, saying, "This, you see, is the Colosseum, this is Titus's Arch, this Trajan's column, and these Pliny's doves," so Italy wears her cities; and on the face of each some one thing of distinction is inlaid as fit to be beheld in the beauty and lastingness of precious stones. Naples has its volcano and its wondrous bay bordered with loveliness and founded in fire; Bologna its seven-churches-in-one and its Saint Cecilia; Padua its metropolitan pile of San Antonio with seven domes and five towers, and Giotto's frescoed chapel; Verona the Gothic tombs of the Scaligers and its old amphitheater; Venice its Doges' Palace and the Bucentaur, emblems of her ancient glory; every town its own peculiar treasure.

Each place also casts upon the traveler the spell of some human memory like a spirit presence. As you might take a queen's necklace of cameos carved in pink and white and umber with the heads of gods and goddesses, and say, "Here is the head of Flora, here you see Minerva, this cameo keeps the features of Apollo, and this is Jove," just so you go the round of Italian cities, finding them linked together by golden bands of common pride, but each one cherishing and presenting its own favorite face, its household god of genius. Thus at Mantua you think of Virgil; at Ferrara of Ariosto, Guarini, and Tasso; at Verona of her great painter, Paul; at Padua of Catullus and Cornelius Nepos.

If one has any interest in the wonders of antiquity, he must linger around the Pantheon and the Colosseum; one the most perfect pagan building remaining in Europe, the other the most majestic ruin on the face of the earth. The Pantheon, built by Marcus Agrip-

pa, son-in-law of Augustus Cæsar, B. C. 27, was described with admiration eighteen centuries ago. Two friends in Rome lived near the Pantheon and every day about sunset they spent an hour with it, caressing its old stones with eyes and hands. Once at high noon they saw the planet Venus in the sky through its open dome. It seemed like the old pagan goddess revisiting her ancient shrine, and one friend wrote an exquisite poem about it with a refrain like this: "The iron gates do shut men out; the gods have always open doors." The other called it a heathen poem, and the poet said, somewhat resentfully, with the air of one unjustly accused of heresy, that it wasn't pagan enough to do any harm. Here is a glimpse of the interior of the Pantheon from Hawthorne's Marble Faun: "Hilda now looked up into the dome. It was to her as if she beheld the worship of the priest and people ascending heavenward, purified from its alloy of earth. . . . She wondered if angels did not sometimes hover within the dome and show themselves, in brief glimpses, floating amid the sunshine and the glorified vapor." In the niches where the statues of the old gods were, seven altars were afterward reared for the sacraments of the Christian faith. Raphael and Victor Emanuel and Humbert are buried in the Pantheon. Standing in the center of the circular floor, you are directly under the twenty-eight-feet opening in the summit of the dome, through which the rain falls freely on your face as you look up at the scudding clouds. The tapping of your foot on the porphyry pavement rings in the paneled canopy sharp as the distant crack of a musket.

As for the Colosseum, what dreams a man may have when, climbing to its ragged highest wall and lying outstretched on its topmost stone, he overlooks the hills that propped the throne of Rome's huge empire, and in the sunny stillness hears the watchdog bay beyond the Tiber, while the hum of many a century of history murmurs in his mind, then turns and looks down within on the vast amphitheater, from whose massive seats one hundred thousand spectators at once could witness the bloody sports, sees a cross planted in the center of the arena where gladiators fought and Christians were butchered to make a Roman holiday! The ferocious revels, with their retinue of savage witnesses, are long gone into oblivion and the triumphant cross of Jesus has the peaceful place all to itself. That stupendous Flavian Amphitheater, finished by Titus on his return from the destruction of Jerusalem in the eightieth year of our era, stands the most imposing ruin in the world.

No one who cares for the masterpieces of architecture can fail to see what Italy has to show in Milan, Venice, Florence, and Rome. The marvel of Christian Rome is the basilica of Saint Peter's, the largest church ever built. It stands on the site of a temple of Jupiter Vaticanus. Constantine the Great reared a church there. The present structure was begun over four hundred years ago. The main building without the chapels cost fifty millions of dollars, and requires thirty thousand a year to keep it in repair. To meet the expense of its erection Pope Leo X resorted to the sale of indulgences, which roused the wrath of Luther and led to the Reformation. It is the most splendid edifice ever raised to the uses of religion.

Venice holds that exquisite pile, the Church of Saint Mark's, Mr. Ruskin's idol, which he could never speak of except with rapture. He called it "the most precious building in Europe standing yet in the eyes of men and the sunshine of heaven." He described it as "a sea-born vase of alabaster, full of incense of prayers; a purple manuscript—floor, walls, and roof blazoned with the scrolls of the gospel." He pictured it as "a jeweled casket and painted reliquary —chief of the treasures in the kingdoms of Christendom." England, he said, has nothing so venerable, for the shafts and stones of Saint Mark's were set on their foundations so long ago as when "Harold the Saxon stood by the grave of the Confessor under the fresh-raised vaults of the first Norman Westminster Abbey, of which now only a single arch remains standing." The great basilica of Saint Mark's uplifts its sculptured front above the square, rich with Byzantine mosaic, marvelously delicate carvings, and no end of colors and columns. Over the portal stand the famous bronze horses with gilded hoofs and distended nostrils. Above, against the sky, the building breaks into a spray of fretwork with domes, spires, and crosses indescribable. There is no more poetic place than the Piazza of Saint Mark's at midnight, drenched with moonlight, forsaken of its crowd of chatting promenaders, the music ended, the bands gone, the cafes closed—all still save that the dreaming pigeons drop now and then a cooing murmur into the silence from shadowed cornices and gargoyles where they nestle. Straight and tall between you and the stars the slender campanile gleams like a shaft of frosted silver; but not a sound now falls from its slumbering family of lofty bells which at sunset shook down on the city a melodious canopy of sound. On this utter stillness the midnight strikes from the clock tower above

the old gateway, where two bronze vulcans with ponderous sledges hammer the hour upon the brazen bell. There, by the marble margin of the Grand Canal, in what Lowell calls "Venice's moonlight of gold" shining on the column of the winged lion and the Doges' palace, behind which in deep shadow is the Bridge of Sighs, one would not wonder to meet Antonio or Othello, the merchant or the Moor, Shylock or Bassanio, Portia or Desdemona.

Nearing Florence, Mr. Ruskin's third Italian city, you catch across the Tuscan valley the golden gleam of Brunelleschi's dome, of which Mrs. Browning writes, aloft in diamond air above the Arno; and you pay your reverence to Giotto's campanile, "that serene height of mountain alabaster, colored like a morning cloud and chased like a seashell," of which Robert Browning says:

> Of all I saw and all I praised,
> The most to praise and the best to see
> Was the startling bell-tower Giotto raised.

But after seeing Rome, Venice, and Florence, it remains a question whether Italy's most wondrous architectural treasure does not stand northwest in the middle of the Lombard plain; for in Milan is one superb unequaled pile, towering white and stately over the heart of the city, seeming to occupy all vision and appropriate the sky; roofed with a forest of pinnacles and turrets, thronged with hundreds of snowy statues like a flock of migrant angels settling to rest undefiled upon this stainless temple, or a regiment from the armies of heaven camped in holy bivouac in the blue tenting-field of the upper air. Milan's miraculous Duomo is "piled like a mountain and finished like a jewel—mass and minutiæ alike matchless." Night and day I could not keep from seeing it. No building ever so bewitched me. Its buttresses seemed to crowd into my room. It floated in the heavens above my bed, a celestial vision, all radiant in the dark, when I tried to go to sleep at night. It has been called the eighth wonder of the world.

When you visit foreign lands you will be amazed at the great variety of experiences that may be crowded into brief time. Within a few months one man paid Vienna-exhibition prices for dust, heat, and cholera—and received for nothing the hospitality of the monks at Alpine hospices; lounged in the glittering parlors of the Grand Hotel in Paris, and slept in a damp bed of musty moss on a wharf in the Zuyder Zee; lunched in the rain among the driftwood of the Dead Sea, the lowest water-level on the globe, and ate hasty omelette

in the hut of the Matterjoch, the highest human habitation in Europe; roasted eggs by putting them in red-hot lava in the hissing crater of Vesuvius and breakfasted on a glacier near Monte Rosa, watching the sun come up from behind the Strahlhorn; sipped sherbets on the luxurious cushions of soft divans in Damascus, and drank milk at lone chalets in high Alpine pastures; lay flat on the top of Cheops the Great Pyramid, dreaming over the vision of Cairo, the Nile, the Sphinx, and the desert, and leaned over the icy crest of the Breithorn, nearly fourteen thousand feet high, looking down on the dazzling prospect of snow-fields and around on an Alp-rimmed horizon; saw the tall aloes blooming below the Athenian Acropolis, and the Soldanella Alpina swinging its frail bluebell in the very snow at the southern base of Mont Blanc; the oleanders bright red and pink by the sea of Tiberias, and the edelweiss, white and velvety, on the almost inaccessible peaks of Switzerland.

When you travel abroad you will feel a new interest in geography. The dead old study that you learned to detest in schooldays begins to live as you journey through lands which before were but patches of color on a map. History too moves into the region of reality as you visit scenes where great events transpired, and live them out in imagination on the spot. For example, the battle of Solferino is fixed in memory when you have looked on the scene where it occurred, riding across the space of fifteen miles, where, from Lago di Garda on the north to the village of Solferino on the heights to southward, raged that obstinate fight in which the Italians, aided by the French, broke the grip of Austria and forced her to the peace of Villa Franca in 1859. Arnold of Rugby maintained that history and geography could only be taught in connection with each other; both can best be learned by travel. Goethe thought the Hydriote shipowners gave their sons the best possible education by simply taking the boys around with them in their voyages to see and to learn. Nothing so enriches and illuminates memory as travel, and it enlarges vastly the mental sky, in which, often at mention of a word, suggestions play like heat-lightning around the horizon of a summer night. In after life a thousand things will start up reminiscences like a flock of quails. A fig will make a traveler see Smyrna lying on its sloped crescent on Asia Minor's coast. Dates revive the vision of Damascus green and well-watered on the desert's edge. Pour sweet-oil on your salad and the old olive trees shimmer their little gray-green leaves in the sun, while it seems like the very essence of the yellow Orient itself that

you are pouring, and forthwith the Mediterranean swings its shores through your memory. An orange can put one once more under the loaded boughs and in the scented shade of the orchards of Joppa. A small fig-banana carries me again through the Nile delta, and I see the naked brown herd-boys and hear the sakias creak as they slowly lift water from the river to the trenches to irrigate the plain. The smell of grapes is enough to anchor me off Chios, where the balmy air is spicy and fruity with odors from steep vineyard slopes along which the potent sunshine of summer days is stored up in tiny wine-skins that hang in clusters of purple and gold, and where the sea is rippled with fragrant winds that whisper together like lovers loitering by rose-bannered garden walls. It was T. B. Aldrich, was it not? who said: "See here, three flowers pressed in one book. This white daisy I plucked one June on Keats's grave in Rome, in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius. This blue bell-gentian I found one July day blooming heroically through the edge of the snow on the Col de Seigne, in the high Italian Alps. This scarlet poppy I gathered one blue-and-gold April in the green valley of Eshcol in sight of the towers of Hebron and Abraham's oak at Mamre."

When you have traveled beyond seas you may come home with some respectable reasons for loving your own country more than ever. You will come, let us hope, with some fuller knowledge of the contents of other lands (not to mention veracity) than had the lady to whom Dr. Beadle, of Philadelphia, spoke of the beauty of the Dardanelles, and who responded, "O, yes! I know them well. They are intimate friends of ours. We met them in Paris."

And when at last from the steamer's deck your eyes see again the stars and stripes flying in the sea-wind above the Highlands of Neversink, you may be forgiven if you say within yourself with a thankful heart, "There is the best land under heaven and the finest flag that floats!"—a sentiment not unshared, it would seem, by the rest of the world; else why do so many millions, born in other countries, forsake their native lands for ours?

THE ARENA

WHAT WESLEY SAID ABOUT CALVIN

In the Calvin Fourth Centennial it seemed worth while to turn to Wesley's works and see how he looked upon Calvin and what he had to say about him. I am not here concerned with Calvin's doctrines, but only with Calvin himself.

"Being in the Bodleian library, I light on Mr. Calvin's account of the case of Michael Servetus, several of whose letters he occasionally inserts, wherein Servetus often declares in terms, 'I believe the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God.' Mr. Calvin, however, paints him such a monster as never was—an Arian, a blasphemer, and what not; besides strewing over him his flowers of 'dog, devil, swine,' and so on, which are the appellations he gives to his opponents. But still he utterly denies his being the cause of Servetus's death. 'No,' says he, 'I only advised our magistrates, as having a right to restrain heretics by the sword, to seize upon and try that arch-heretic. But after he was condemned I said not one word about his execution.'" (Journals, July 9, 1741, *Works*, Lond., 14 vols. ed., i, 318). Let us bring together here all the references to the Calvin-Servetus matter. "An instance of which [that is, of the "dismal fruit" of the doctrine of "unconditional election and reprobation"] we have in Calvin himself, who confesses that he procured the burning to death of Michael Servetus, purely for differing from him in opinion in matters of religion" (A Dialogue Between a Predestinarian and His Friend, 1741, x., 266). In Remarks on a Defence of Aspasio Vindicated (1766), Wesley makes the same point about Servetus not being an Antitrinitarian, quoting the above confession and the additional words: "But I [Servetus] dare not use the word 'Trinity' or 'Person.'" Then Wesley adds: "I dare, and I think them very good words. But I should think it very hard to be burned alive for not using them; especially with a slow fire, made of moist green wood." Wesley then advises those who "love the memory of Calvin to let Servetus alone," and refers to Chandler's book on the whole affair (x., 350-1). In his sermon (55) on the Trinity (1775) he quotes the same words of Servetus on the Father, etc., being God and deprecates being burned alive for them with "moist green wood" (vi., 201). Of course Wesley was speaking in an offhand way, not intending to give a scientific judgment based on careful study. He seems to claim Servetus here as a Trinitarian, but he was misled by words. Servetus was really a kind of pantheistic monist. The so-called persons of the Trinity were only historical manifestations of the one idea of Deity. He denied that the Spirit and Son were eternal existences, but only successive masks in which God temporarily revealed himself, reminding us, as Professor Emerton well says (Harv. Theol. Rev. Ap. '09, 148), of the Monarchian thinkers of the second century. By a sentence whose meaning Wesley did not understand he really does Calvin

great injustice. Servetus utterly rejected the Trinity as held by the church. Harnack (Hist. Dogma vii., 133, n. 1) calls him the "most outstanding Antitrinitarian of the sixteenth century," and says that "his opposition to the doctrine of the Trinity was ultimately based on pantheism." In regard to Servetus being a "blasphemer," Calvin would have said that anyone who derogates from the honor of Christ as the eternal Son of God blasphemes; but besides that he would have pointed to actual expressions used by Servetus which were exceedingly offensive. As to the flowers, "dog, devil," etc., these were the controversial epithets of the time. Calvin did not hesitate to use them on occasion, nor did Servetus.

As to Calvin procuring the death of Servetus, with the contradictory report by Wesley of what Calvin said, both expressions may represent words used by Calvin, for both represent Calvin's real relation to the tragedy. (1) Calvin had Servetus arrested in Geneva and became his chief prosecutor. His fundamental reason for doing this was Servetus's religious errors. Calvin was profoundly convinced that he ought to be put out of the way. (2) But when once the judges had condemned him to death—in which condemnation Calvin had no part as judge or jury—then Calvin tried to have his sentence commuted to a speedy and painless death. There is truth, therefore, in both of the apparently contradictory statements of Wesley in regard to Calvin's part in the matter. (I judge Wesley's quotations are from memory.) The "slow fire, made of moist green wood" was something with which Calvin had absolutely nothing to do. Wesley's point that those who love the memory of Calvin better let Servetus alone is well taken. Calvin's part in the affair, especially his threat uttered years before that if he ever got Servetus in his power he would not let him depart alive, his communicating to the Catholic authorities in Vienne, France, materials for his condemnation, and his having him arrested when a transient, unknown guest of the city on his way to Naples—all this reflects no credit on Calvin even according to the standards of that age.

What was Wesley's general judgment of Calvin as a man? "I believe that Calvin was a great instrument of God; and that he was a wise and pious man" (Remarks on a Defence of Aspasio Vindicated, x., 351). "John Calvin was a pious, learned, sensible man" (What Is an Arminian? 1770, x., 360). Wesley makes a reference to Calvin in his defense of lay preachers. "Was Mr. Calvin ordained? Was he either priest or deacon? And were not most of those whom it pleased God to employ in promoting the Reformation abroad laymen also?" (A Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion, 1746, viii., 222). Wesley was right. Calvin was never ordained, and the great theologian of the Lutherans, Melanchthon, was also a layman. Wesley places himself on Calvin's side in a protest against overstraining the doctrine of the imputation of Christ's merits (x., 310, merely mentioned, 316). In his book against predestination Wesley quotes from Calvin on the subject, though without personal comment (206-7, 260-4). Also in regard to imputation (v., 240). Finally, in sermon 104 ("On Attending the Church Service") he refers to the statement that Calvin and Luther separated from the Church of Rome. "I answer: They

did not properly separate from it, but were violently thrust out of it. They were not suffered to continue therein upon any other terms than subscribing to all the errors of that church and joining in all their superstition and idolatry" (vii., 182). JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER.

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THE EARLIEST TRACEABLE ASTRONOMY

DIVERS readers of the new book, The Earliest Cosmologies, having asked for the most recent light on the earliest traceable astronomy, the undersigned takes pleasure in calling their attention to the following publications: E. Walter Maunder, of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, The Astronomy of the Bible, 1908. Same author, The Bible and Astronomy. The Annual Address Before the Victoria Institute, 1908. Same author, Article in the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomic Society, vol. lxiv, pp. 488-507. E. W. and A. S. D. Maunder, The Oldest Astronomy. Three Papers. Journal of the British Astronomical Association, vol. viii, p. 373; vol. ix, p. 317; vol. xiv, p. 241. "Ages of the World," in Hastings, Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics (1908), vol. i, pp. 183-210. R. Brown, Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks, Phœnicians, and Babylonians, 1900. Two vols. W. W. Bryant, A History of Astronomy, 1907. E. M. Plunket, Ancient Calendars and Constellations, 1903. Franz Boll, *Sphaera: Neue Griechische Texte und Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der Sternbilder*, 1903. E. Bischoff, *Babylonisch-Astrales in Weltbilde des Thalmud und Midrasch*, 1907. Epping, *Astronomisches aus Babylonien*, 1899. F. Hommel, *Aufsätze und Abhandlungen*, p. 350ff. Dreyer, History of the Planetary Systems from Thales to Kepler, 1906. B. G. Tilak, Orion: Researches into the Antiquity of the Vedas, 2d ed., 1903. Same author, The Arctic Home in the Vedas, 1903, pp. 245ff, 454ff. J. R. Harris, The Cult of the Heavenly Twins, 1906, Otto Weber, *Göttersymbole*, in the Hilprecht Anniversary Volume, 1909. H. Gruson, *Im Reiche des Lichtes, nach den ältesten ägyptischen Quellen*, 2d ed., 1895. F. Hommel, *Das Tierkreislicht in der Symbolik des alten Orients*, 1910. E. Stucken, *Astralmythen der Hebräer, Babylonier und Ægypter*, 1896-1907. H. Winckler, *Himmels- und Weltenbild der Babylonier*, 1901 (2d ed. 1903). F. X. Kugler, *Sternkunde und Sterndienst in Babel*, vol. i, 1907. In criticism of Kugler, A. Jeremias, *Das Alter der babylonische Astronomie*, 1908. Rejoinder by Kugler, in *Anthropos* iv, Heft 2. Reply by Jeremias in 2d ed. of *Das Alter*, etc., 1909. Kugler's vol. ii, 1909. C. Virolleaud, *L'Astrologie chaldéene*, 1903ff. H. de Genouillac, *Tablettes sumériennes archaiques*, 1909. F. Hommel, "*Zur Geschichte der Astronomie*," in *Beilage Münchener Neu. Nachr.*, 1908, Nro. 49. E. Mahler, in *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, September 25, 1909. F. A. Jones, The Dates of Genesis, 1909. Also his article, "The Ancient Year," in Proceedings of Society of Biblical Archeology, 1908. Franz Boll, "*Zur Erforschung der antiken Astrologie*," in *Neue Jahrb. klass. Alt.*, xxi, pp. 113-123. G. Schiaparelli, "*I Primordi dell' Astronomia presso i Babilonesi*"; and his "*I Progressi dell' Astronomia*

presso i Babilonesi," both in *Revista di Scienza*, 1908. Fritz Wilke, *Die astralmythologische Weltanschauung und das Alte Testament*, 1907. "*Astronomisch-Mythologisches,*" in Winckler's *Altorientalische Forschungen*, 3 Reihe, Bd. 1 and 2. H. Gressmann, "*Winckler's Altorientalisches Phantasiebild,*" in *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie*, 1906, S. 302ff. Robert Eisler, *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt. Religionsgeschichtliche Untersuchungen zur Urgeschichte des antiken Weltbildes*, 2 vols, 1910. Among less recent works the following deserve mention: Lockyer, The Dawn of Astronomy. (Gives special attention to the astral orientation of the Egyptian temples.) Tannery, *Recherches sur l'Histoire de l'Astronomie Ancienne.* R. Wolf, *Geschichte der Astronomie*, Munich, 1877.

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

Boston University, 2418786th day of the Julian Period.

"SERVICE IN PLANT LIFE"

IN the November-December, 1909, number of the METHODIST REVIEW appears a most interesting and suggestive article on "Service in Plant Life," by the Rev. K. D. Beach. His main idea of service being maintained by continuous self-sacrifice is most clearly and beautifully set forth. He chooses the wheat plant as a concrete illustration of the truth that all the energy of the plant is directed for the propagation of its kind; and the final words of the illustration are, "All growth is stopped, in fact, the whole plant is killed, for the propagation of its species." Following this, other plants are placed in the same category, among them the "banana." To such inclusion I take exception. It is quite true that while the banana fruit is being produced other young plants are springing from the roots ready to carry on the succession. But when the fruit has ripened and is gathered, the plant does not die, nor does it voluntarily, directly or indirectly, serve its future progeny, or provide for further propagation. It has become a cumberer of the ground. If left to itself, it would not render any further service, but would die out, together with all the young shoots around it. The energy of that plant is rather for self-preservation than for service. It does not serve, it does not give its life; rather, its life has to be taken away from it by force. Man has to cut down the plant that has produced the fruit, or it would cease to exist. Then, having been deprived of its life, the young plants have a chance to grow up into full fruition.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

MINISTERIAL FIDELITY

THERE are two passages of Scripture very suggestive of the minister's work and of an essential qualification for his success in performing it. The first is found in 1 Cor. 4. 1: "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." Paul has previously in this letter spoken of the wisdom of God, which he describes as "not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to naught; . . . but the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." The passage is a striking illustration of the apostle's high conception of the ministerial office, and especially of the apostolic office as understood in the early church. The mysteries of which the apostle writes here are defined by Ellicott as "the deep truths of the gospel dispensation formerly unrevealed to man, but now made manifest by Christ Jesus. . . . These holy truths are dispensed by the preachers and teachers of the gospel as the goods of an earthly lord are dispensed by the steward." They are truths not unknowable, but unknown until the fitting time in the order of God's providence when the world was ready for them: "When the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son." It is a mistake to understand the mysteries here mentioned as the sacraments, as there is no scriptural authority for such interpretation. If there is such reference in the Word, it is certainly not clearly defined. The gospel, then, is the mystery of God. The incarnation of Christ for the salvation of sinners, and the wonderful rescue of mankind through his life, death, and resurrection are the profoundest mysteries in the universe. They are mysteries which man could not have originated, which mere human intellect could never have revealed, but which have been announced by the direct inspiration of God through the apostles and prophets in the Holy Scriptures. These sacred mysteries constitute the substance of the minister's message to a lost world.

The second passage is the second verse of the same chapter. "It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful." Fidelity is an essential quality of the steward of God's mysteries. 1. He must be faithful in the study of the Book whose mysteries he is called upon to unfold. There are many good and great books, but there is no book but the Bible which contains the mysteries of God. Called to dispense these mysteries, of which he is the steward, he must know them, and he can do this only by study, meditation, and prayer. The Holy Scriptures are well worth the minister's study as literature, but profound acquaintance with them is essential to interpret the deep things of God. Paul's advice to Timothy is equally needful now, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine" (1 Tim. 4. 16); and he cannot know the doctrine unless he is the faithful student of the only source where it can be found, namely, the Holy Scrip-

tures. The doctrines which he is to preach are among the profoundest and most interesting that can engage the attention of men, and should be sought with the eagerness which is proportionate to their importance. The Scriptures abound in doctrinal suggestions and statements. The teachings of Christ and of John, of Paul and of Peter and James, are permeated with the wondrous truths which are the substance of these sublime mysteries, and they will always command attention when they are thoroughly understood and clearly expounded. It is a mistake to suppose that doctrinal preaching is without interest to the people. It is deeply and tremendously interesting when proclaimed in the power of the Holy Spirit and by one who has a profound acquaintance with the vitalities of the faith. Many of Bishop Foster's great sermons, which almost electrified his audiences, were on the deep doctrinal subjects of the gospel. The great evangelists of the world have made doctrine the basis of their appeals; Finney and Moody and many others might be cited who under God have been instrumental in saving men by first presenting to them the profound mysteries. The method of Paul uniformly was, first, doctrine, then life. 2. He must be faithful in the presentation of the mysteries. To the elders of the church at Ephesus Paul said, "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you. . . . For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God" (Acts 20. 27). He must present the mysteries in their proper proportion; he may not enforce one doctrine to the exclusion of all the rest; he may not proclaim doctrines that are pleasing merely and omit those that are not pleasing. The prophets of the Old Testament and the apostles of the New were brave men; they hesitated not to attack sin in its strongholds; they proclaimed unflinchingly the law and the gospel side by side. This aspect of fidelity is greatly needed in an age when so many neglect fundamental truth for the more popular aspects which appeal to the caprices of the times. The gospel is for all times and is not confined to time or place or local circumstances. 3. The minister must be faithful in enforcing the great ethical principles of the New Testament. A distinguished preacher once said: "Study theology; preach ethics." This is not an adequate statement. The full statement would be, "Preach theology and ethics in their proper proportions." The Old and New Testaments in ethical and moral teachings cover all the needs of our humanity. They meet every demand of our complicated life, both commercial and social. The study of the ethical teachings of the Scriptures will show their breadth and their depth, and it is surprising that so many ethical teachers in their writings seem to forget there was once an ethical Teacher, even Jesus, who announced for the first time in their fullness all the principles that are found in the most recent ethical systems. It seems strange that so many ardently devoted to the progress of the social and ethical life of mankind should so strangely have failed to acknowledge their indebtedness to the Master of them all. Fidelity to the proclamation of the ethical teachings of the New Testament will meet every exigency of modern life and touch all the activities of our human nature. 4. The true minister will be faithful to his ordination vows. When he assumes his high office he takes upon himself obligations of the most

sacred character; he pledges himself to the maintenance of certain doctrines and the performance of certain duties. These vows cannot be held lightly. He may not neglect them, he may not antagonize them; he must obey them until released from them. Here there is no room for doubt—fidelity must be his watchword. He must also be faithful to his ordinary ministerial duties. There are certain things which the church has assigned to him as a part of his professional life. He is to preach the gospel, superintend the meetings, bury the dead, lead men as opportunities occur into communion with Jesus Christ, and perform all those sacred functions ordained by the church which so closely touch the lives of men and women. In all these fidelity is required. Fidelity is the best possible substitute for genius. Genius may shine brilliantly for a season, like a meteor passing across the face of the sky, but the man of fidelity is like the sun shining in its strength, which though sometimes clouded is always somewhere enlightening the world. The highest tribute that can be paid to a minister is not that he is a great scholar, a great preacher, a great pastor, but that he is faithful in fulfilling all parts of his great mission. Fidelity will meet its own reward. It is approved of men, it is honored of God. "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

THE "LOS-VON-ROM" MOVEMENT IN AUSTRIA

According to the report of the Protestant High Church council in Vienna, 4,585 persons came in 1908 from the Roman Catholic Church (or other religious bodies) into the evangelical church. Of this number 3,964 entered the Lutheran Church and 621 the Reformed. Of these 4,585 there were 4,099 who came directly from the Roman Catholic Church and a part of the remaining 486 came from that communion by some indirect way. In the same year 1,286 persons severed their connection with the evangelical church (963 leaving the Lutheran and 323 the Reformed Church), of which number 1,091 persons intimated their purpose of going into the Roman Catholic Church. It is noteworthy that the movement away from Rome is far strongest in the purely German dioceses. As compared with the year 1907 the number of transitions to the Protestant churches shows a considerable increase (there being 4,197 in 1907). This "Loose-from-Rome Movement" began fairly in 1898, in which year 1,598 persons passed over into Protestant churches; in 1899 the number rose to 6,385; in 1900 the number was 5,508; in 1901 the highest point was reached with 6,639; in the subsequent years the average has been about 4,500. Thus ten years after the beginning of the movement 51,177 persons have passed into the Protestant churches in Austria, almost wholly from the Roman Catholic Church.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

HILPRECHT'S DELUGE TABLET

DR. HILPRECHT, professor of Semitic philology and archæology at the University of Pennsylvania, and probably the most eminent of American Assyriologists, has recently published what he calls "The Earliest Version of the Babylonian Deluge Story." The fragment on which this is written was accidentally discovered by him last October while unpacking a box of cuneiform tablets and fragments, secured by the "Fourth Expedition" of his University from the ruins of Nippur. Or, to be more definite, the fragment was taken out of the so-called "Tablet Hill," or the famous Temple Library, which has already yielded about 50,000 inscriptions, more or less perfect. From the large number of inscriptions unearthed at this spot, and from their contents and character, it has been justly inferred by scholars that they formed a part of an extensive royal library connected with a state institution of learning. This becomes evident when it is remembered that a large portion of them are just such books as pupils would use in learning the cuneiform script, signs and ideograms, phrases, definition of words and expressions in the Sumerian, or the language of "Sumer and Akkad." There are, too, geographical lists of provinces, mountains, rivers, and cities, as well as arithmetical tables; then there are lists of gods and temples, hymns, prayers, incantations, magic formulas, and medical prescriptions. Of all the cuneiform fragments so far discovered bearing upon the great catastrophe which destroyed the world, none, according to Professor Hilprecht, possesses as great a value as this newly published Deluge fragment. It is provokingly brief and fragmentary. It measures in its greatest width only two and three fourths inches and two and three eighths inches in length. In its original form the tablet must have measured about ten by seven inches, and had from 130 to 136 lines. Unfortunately, the piece is very imperfect. Enough, however, remains to warrant the conclusion that it is a portion of a Deluge tablet. It was the word *a-bu-bu* (deluge) on the fragment that first attracted Professor Hilprecht's attention to it.

We can do no better, before proceeding any farther, than to subjoin Professor Hilprecht's translation. The words in brackets are not on the tablet, but inserted by the professor, as, in his opinion, representing the original text, if not in the very words, at least in sentiment:

1. . . . thee.
2. [the confines of heaven and earth] I will loosen.
3. [a deluge I will make, and] it shall sweep away all men together;
4. [but thou seek l]ife before the deluge cometh forth;
5. [For over all living beings] as many as there are, I will bring overthrow, destruction, annihilation.
6. . . . Build a great ship and
7. . . . total height shall be its structure.

8. . . . it shall be a house-boat, carrying what has been saved of life.
9. . . . with a strong deck cover(it).
10. [The ship] which thou shalt make.
11. [into it br]ing the beasts of the field, the birds of heaven,
12. [and the creeping things, two of everything] instead of a number.
13. . . . and the family . . .
14. . . . and . . .

Professor Hilprecht has printed in parallel columns his translation of this late tablet and the biblical version as found in Gen. 6. 13-20; 7. 11.

Nippur Version	*Biblical Version*
Line 2: . . . "I will loosen.'	Genesis 7. 11: "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened."
3: "It shall sweep (or take) away all men together."	6. 13: "behold, I will destroy them with the earth."
4: . . . "life (?) before the deluge cometh forth"	18: "but with thee I will establish my covenant."
5: . . . over] "as many as there are, I will bring overthrow, destruction and annihilation."	17: "And, behold, I do bring the deluge upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; everything that is on earth shall perish."
6: "build a great ship and"	14: "make thee an ark."
7: . . . "total height shall be its structure."	15: "And thus thou shalt make it . . . and thirty cubits its height."
8: . . . "it shall be a house-boat carrying what has been saved of life"	16: "A roof shalt thou make to the ark, in its entire length thou shalt cover it; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; (with) lower, second and third stories shalt thou make it."
9: "with a strong roof cover it."	19: "And from every living thing, from all flesh, two from everything, shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female."
10: . . . "the boat] which thou shalt make . . . into it [br]ing the beasts of the field, the birds of heaven,"	20: "(two) from the birds instead of a number thereof; (two) from the beasts instead of a number thereof; (two) from everything creeping on the ground instead of a number thereof;"
11: . . . "instead of a number"	18b: "And thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee."
12: . . . "and family" .	

It will be noticed that our learned professor does not follow the English versions of Genesis in the above citations, but gives his own translation in two or three places. Whether he is justified in this is questionable. But the fragment as amended by him nevertheless agrees in a remarkable degree with the Mosaic account of the Noachian Flood as given in Genesis, and stands in marked contrast with the other two Babylonian versions of the Flood, which came to us from the library of Ashurbânapal, king of Nineveh B. C. 668-626. The first of these two is an Assyrian copy of a Babylonian original, not yet discovered, and forms the eleventh tablet of the great epic of Gilgamesh, king of Erech. A fragment of this same text, perhaps fifty or one hundred years later, is preserved in the British Museum, and is known as "S.P., ii, 960." The second version bears the name of "D. T. 42," D. T. standing for Daily Telegraph,

because brought to light by George Smith, the correspondent of this paper. This copy is very imperfect and in a bad state of preservation. It is usually believed that Berosus, a Babylonian priest of about B. C. 300, got his account of the Deluge from the second of the above-named versions.

Mention should be made of another small fragment of a Deluge tablet, acquired by Professor Scheil, and now in Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's collection in New York. This is supposed to have come from about B. C. 1868. Unfortunately, it is so imperfect that it throws no additional light on the Story of the Flood.

The new fragment deciphered by Professor Hilprecht is, according to him, from one of the three lower strata of the Nippur library; thus from one of the strata where a large number of inscriptions of the time of Rûn-Sin of Larsa (c. B. C. 2000) were found. To use Hilprecht's own words: "The small collection of tablets" (to which the one in question belongs) "was inscribed during the second half of Ur-NIN-IB, and ending with Damiq-ilishu, some time between B. C. 2137 and 2005." If this be correct, Hilprecht's new tablet is fifteen hundred years older than the copies above mentioned, found in the royal library of Ashur-bânapal at Nineveh, or six hundred years older than the time usually assigned to Moses, and, indeed, earlier than the age of Abraham and Hammurabi. The age of this fragment is based upon the general character and make-up of the tablet, the style of the inscription, and the stratum in which it lay buried. Here, too, it might be added that there are but few persons in any land who have had as great or long an experience as Professor Hilprecht in paleography and cataloguing, deciphering, and dating cuneiform inscriptions. We say this because there are those of high scholarship who think that our learned Assyriologist has allowed himself to become intoxicated with this new discovery and willfully or ignorantly places far too high an estimate upon the importance of this little bit of inscribed clay. When doctors disagree, what is a layman to do? Who is to decide? The unprejudiced intelligent student of the Bible, without doubt, will fail to see nearly as much in this new fragment as Professor Hilprecht does. Some will object not only to the emendations of the Babylonian text but also to the proposed changes in the translation of portions of the sixth chapter of Genesis. To supply the original words on the tablet or even a probable substitute is, indeed, a risky piece of work, and can have but little or no scientific value. The translation of לְמִינָהּ and לְמִינֵהוּ (Gen. 6. 20) rendered in the English versions, "after its or their kind," by "instead of a number," must be taken with great allowance. It is to be hoped that when all the tablets and fragments of this new collection brought from Nippur shall have been examined and deciphered, there may be other inscriptions which may throw additional light upon the points under discussion.

It will be perhaps admitted by scholars everywhere that this new fragment of a Deluge tablet was executed before the days of Abraham, and that the "father of the faithful" was perfectly familiar with the story of the Flood as related in the first book of the Hebrew Scriptures. This being true, there can be no reason for any school of critics to

assert that the writer of Genesis borrowed the Deluge story not only from Babylonia but from the age following the captivity. Had Professor Hilprecht not tried to emend the broken or missing part of the tablet, the fragment as it stands, notwithstanding its gaps and omissions, bears a striking similarity to the Pentateuchal version. It is simple and straightforward, free from that mythological prolixity so apparent in the other Deluge versions.

It is a source of comfort to every earnest Christian student and lover of the Bible that the more we study the cuneiform inscriptions and other monuments of antiquity, the less reason we have for doubting the genuineness and authenticity of the Bible, and, indeed, the less reason for depressing the dates of the Old Testament books, or for underestimating the high grade of civilization which, according to conservative scholars, prevailed among the Hebrews at the time when Moses is supposed to have lived and given his wonderful legislation to a people then in the process of development.

Finally, we may say that it is very unfortunate for American scholarship that a controversy has arisen and is still in progress concerning this fragment. It was especially uncalled for that the charges made against Hilprecht in 1904, but not substantiated, should have been brought before the public again in 1910. Whatever the end of this controversy may be, jealousy has played too prominent a part in the matter, for, say what we may, Professor Hilprecht is no fakir, but a man of ripe scholarship and the peer of any living Assyriologist.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

RECENT PERSONAL CHANGES IN GERMAN PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL FACULTIES

THE intense and widespread interest of the German churches in the appointment of theological professors (see the Foreign Outlook in this REVIEW, September-October, 1909) finds from time to time fresh and striking illustration. Indeed, a lively interest in the particular cases is never wanting; but under some conditions the interest rises to a sharp conflict. Such conditions exist, for example, where one party seems about to gain, or has gained, a place previously held by the other; or where the conservatives, feeling that in the past they have not had a fair proportionate representation in a faculty, are eager to gain such representation. Sometimes also a faculty itself complains, as when the government, influenced, perhaps, by the ecclesiastical High Council, disregards its recommendations, or surprises it by erecting an additional professorship and sending to fill it an unwelcome "*Strafprofessor.*" Several of these phases are illustrated by recent events. Thus there is general acquiescence when Mühlau, retiring from the New Testament professorship at Kiel, is succeeded by the able young Privatdocent Leipoldt, of Halle, for both are reckoned as conservatives. And when Zahn, of Erlangen, indisputably the most learned conservative scholar in the field of New Testament and patristic literature, became *emeritus* in 1909, it seemed perfectly fitting that his colleague Ewald, who hitherto had taught both systematic theology and New Testament exegesis, should be transferred to the New Testament professorship, while Hunzinger, professor extraordinary for apologetics at Leipzig, was called to Ewald's chair. Inasmuch as Bavarian Protestantism is overwhelmingly orthodox, no voice is raised against the conservative monopoly at Erlangen.

The appointment of a successor to the late Professor Pfleiderer, of Berlin, is an event of more than ordinary significance, not only because every Berlin professorship is relatively important, but especially because Pfleiderer's professorship for systematic theology and New Testament—both departments being otherwise abundantly provided for—has been changed to one for "the science of religion." A marked tendency in Pfleiderer's own work had in a great measure prepared the way for this step. But it is a noteworthy fact that this is the first professorship for the science of religion in Germany. In this (exceptional) respect Germany has lagged behind Holland, France, Great Britain, and America. And it is significant that it is not a German, but a Dane, Eduard Lehmann, of Copenhagen, who has been appointed to the professorship. The choice of the faculty was Troeltsch, one of the ablest theological thinkers of the time. But if Troeltsch had come, it is doubtful whether the present limitation of the professorship would have been quite acceptable to him.

In the year 1909 Heidelberg lost by death two active professors of theology, Merx and Bassermann, besides Hausrath, *emeritus*. Now the conservatives of Baden had long felt that with but a single "positive" professor (Lemme) at Heidelberg their equitable claims had not been duly regarded. So they immediately undertook to bring about the appointment of at least one conservative theologian. They made a special effort in behalf of the appointment of Sellin as successor to Merx in the Old Testament professorship. The faculty, however, had recommended *primo lovo* for that chair Gunkel, of Giessen, and for practical theology Baumgarten, of Kiel. These are men of unusual power and of great distinction. But they are exceedingly "modern." The liberals of Baden were elated over the prospect of getting such men. Gunkel in particular was desired; for whatever objections might be raised against his theological standpoint, few will question his right to be regarded as the most brilliant and attractive teacher of Old Testament studies now occupying a theological chair in Germany. But Gunkel and Baumgarten were not appointed, nor was Sellin. The passing by of the former two was caused by objections on the part of the ecclesiastical High Council of Baden. The government then called men whose names were indeed included in the lists of the faculty's nominations, but not in first place. These are Beer, of Strassburg, for the Old Testament, and Bauer, of Königsberg, for practical theology. They are recognized as excellent men, but certainly they are not to be ranked with Gunkel and Baumgarten. These appointments are the result of compromise, and they satisfy neither the conservatives nor the liberals in Baden nor the Heidelberg faculty. The new professors are liberals, yet the liberals are displeased because their favorites were passed by. The conservatives are displeased because, although the appointments were made in a spirit of partial concession to them, they see that they really got nothing; and they have expressed their displeasure by many communications to the press and by public demonstrations in various places. It was inevitable that the whole matter, being an affair of a department of the government, should be critically reviewed in both chambers of the Baden diet. The situation is so serious that some prophesy that it will lead to the downfall of the minister of education and worship.

ARTHUR DREWS AND THE "CHRIST MYTH"

DREWS (who is professor of philosophy at the polytechnic school in Karlsruhe) has produced a real sensation by his recent utterances concerning the so-called "Christ Myth." Some time ago he published a pamphlet entitled *Die Christusmythe*. The pamphlet, however, though contending for the amazing thesis that Jesus never lived, made no very great impression, for therein others—especially Kalthoff, a liberal preacher in Bremen, and Jensen, the Assyriologist of Marburg—had anticipated him. The sensation came when, a few months ago, Drews began to present his views before popular audiences in various German cities (Frankfort, Jena, Berlin, etc.). Inasmuch as at these lectures the speaker per-

mitted and even invited free discussion—and not a few availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded—the public interest in them was naturally great. And it is not without significance that those who participated in the discussion were for the most part liberal theologians, such as Förster and Bornemann in Frankfort, Weinel, Thümmel and Stärk in Jena, Von Soden and Hollmann in Berlin, where also a leading social democrat spoke against Drews's position. Drews set up five theses which he sought to maintain. These (in abbreviated form) are as follows: 1. Even before the Jesus of the Gospels there was a Jesus-God and a cult of this God in circles of Jewish sects. 2. The earliest witness of Christianity, Paul, knows nothing of an "historical" Jesus. 3. The Gospels do not contain the history of an actual man, but only the myth of the God-man Jesus clothed in historical form, and that in such a way that not only the Israelitish prophets and the Old Testament types (*Vorbilder*) of the Messiah (such as Moses, Elijah, Elisha, etc.), but also certain mythical notions of the heathen neighbors of the Jews connected with the belief in the Redeemer-God, have made their contribution to the "history" of that Jesus. 4. Granting that, after all, there remains for this way of explanation an "undiscoverable" residue, that cannot be derived from the sources named, still this affects only nonessentials which do not touch the religious faith in Jesus as such, whereas all that is important, religiously significant, and decisive in this faith, as baptism, the Lord's Supper, the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, is derived from the symbolism of the cult of the mythical Jesus, and owes its origin not to an historical fact but to the pre-Christian Jewish-heathen belief in the Redeemer-God. 5. The "historical" Jesus is at all events, according to the settled results of the critical theology, a so uncertain, elusive and faded-out figure that faith in him cannot possibly longer be regarded as the indispensable condition of religious salvation.

Many pamphlets in reply to Drews have been published, some of the most important by representatives of the critical school. Particularly noteworthy are the following: Bornemann, *Jesus als Problem;* Von Soden, *Hat Jesus gelebt?;* Jülicher, *Hat Jesus gelebt?;* and Dunkmann (from a more conservative standpoint), *Der historische Jesus, der mythologische Christus und Jesus der Christ.* On Sunday, February 20, there assembled in the Circus Busch in Berlin, at the call of the "Positiv-kirchliche Vereinigung," a throng of seven thousand men and women, who, over against those who declare, "*Jesus never lived,*" raised the battle-cry, "*Jesus lives!*" A living faith must affirm something more than the historical existence of Jesus. Addresses were made by several pastors and a layman. Then a demonstration was made before the Cathedral, which being then opened was filled to the last bit of standing room, multitudes being turned away. Here again addresses were made, essentially the same as in the Circus Busch. These addresses have been published in a pamphlet under the title, *Jesus lebt!* Many have expressed themselves as thankful for the agitation, for it seems that good must come out of it.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Westminster Review (London), for May, presented fourteen contributed articles varying in length from two and a half pages to ten. One of the longest was on "Darwinolatry." The Rev. Drew Roberts, asking if Socialists are opposed to religion, answers that they are not. He says: "There is a large number of Socialists who are sincere and faithful believers in God, and much of the Old Testament, especially of the prophets, is well known to them, and so are the Gospels. And the teaching that emphasizes the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of the human family, the true humanity of Jesus, and its vast implications, is among their deep convictions. A world-wide movement that possesses so many men and women of deep faith, of sincere conviction, and of undying hope, and the will and capacity to suffer for what they hold true, is a challenge to the church in every land, and cannot be denounced as opposed to religion without the implication that the religion to which they are opposed has lost its savor." A mystical article, entitled "Truth and the Mind of Man," begins thus: "At times, maybe unconsciously, we wander from the beaten track of life into a byway, decked with beauteous thoughts and strewed with quiet reveries. The rippling of a hidden stream runs through our consciousness, and slowly our earth-laden soul is lulled to peaceful meditation; and a dim conception of the hidden source of life steals through the outer mind, and faintly touches into passing life the dim perception of diviner elements. And thus, emotion, born from the whispering voices, which enwrap our thought, awakens into inspiration, and our gaze will penetrate within the veil of life, and see the hand which shapes and guards our destiny. But only for awhile—a transient glimpse of glowing light—and then the shadow of an overshadowing life obscures the sight—and we enter once again the humdrum streets of life, and taste the embittered waters of its manifold experiences, and wander fretfully on the confines of an unexplained existence. So do we touch the poles of life; the very sweet is merged too soon into the commonplace, and sinks beneath the load of paradox. And yet the power is ours to firmly grasp the Truth; to retain within our heart the firm conviction of divine intention, to feel perpetually the singing note of joy. So too these transient moments lead us to survey the shadowy outline of a final happiness: a goal we gradually attain by calm acceptance of conflicting cares, a strong adherent faith in mystical conceptions; a glimpse of God within the soul, a conscious flash of truth across the mind of man." The closing article in this excellent number of the Westminster is on "Poetry and its Opportunity," part of which we transcribe without quotation marks: Poetry is the attempt to pass behind the surface, and see things in the light of eternity, *sub specie æternitatis*. And he who opens a new door or window, however humble, into this wonderland should surely be praised for the attempt. A few succeed and bring back a good report from the

better world, and make earth brighter for the vision they have seen. In an effete society like the present, a society of week-end parties and desecrated Sundays and gambling, we ought to be grateful for any effort in a higher direction. The best commentary on the period, with its glorified vice and squalid magnificence, is the fact that thousands and tens of thousands of honest men and women are underfed and underclothed and overworked or unemployed, and children are starving, while England does nothing for them, though other countries have found remedies. Poetry, in one chief elemental aspect, comes forward as a protest against the disharmonies of life. It assures us, with unfaltering tones, that beauty and truth, and even love, do really exist, and (if in some places and at some times they appear only to be for the benefit of the upper classes, as toys and trifles among many more), yet, nevertheless, exist in the service and for the interests of all, especially the sad and suffering. Poetry means a return to nature, to such fundamental facts as this—that God reigns and rules, not merely *de jure* but also *de facto*, and in spite of appearances to the contrary, still overrules. There can be no better way of looking at things, at everything, and not least at the sin and sorrow of the world than this—to see the particular in the category of the universal, and all as interpreted by the cross of Christ. True poetry has always operated as the hunger for eternity and the thirst for God. "One thing is needful." By a true instinct poetry has felt this, and endeavored, however dimly and distantly, to incarnate the sentiment in song. It demands room, more room, and nothing short of infinity itself. Its "conversation is in heaven," and therefore from heaven and of heaven. "Like as the hart desireth the water brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God. My soul is athirst for God—yea, even for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the Presence of God?" "O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee, in a barren and dry land, where no water is." The poet who makes mere happiness his aim and theme can never be really great, and quite misunderstands his divine mandate. Happiness arises, if it arises at all, incidentally and by the way, and is not worth singing about. And the sole happiness we may seek is wisdom or knowledge of God and man. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding." But this may be better described as blessedness. Poetry, then, does not concern itself with that splendid fraud, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and being essentially nonutilitarian, proves, therefore, to be essentially useful and of most service. It expresses itself, as a function of life, in a search for the all-inclusive, in the abstraction of the elemental, and in the pursuit of the One Supreme Category. As a sense of dissatisfaction with pure or impure earthly conditions, as an angelic unrestfulness in a strange land, as a thaumatalgia, a divine discontent and homesickness, it implies a conviction of an other-worldly, higher citizenship. "We look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." It means a passion for the permanent, not the hap or happiness of a passing moment, though a century long, but for perfection. It is the initial and yet the ultimate expression of everything. For men always

sang first in the fundamental language of love, before they wrote laws or recorded history. The cosmos itself around them, not merely or mainly a stupendous structure or piece of potent machinery, but a picture of beautiful thoughts, opened at once to their eyes and ears and hearts a ready-made poem, which required interpreting or translation into human hopes and fears. Children still and ever are all born poets, but of each, alas! it may be said, and with terrible truth,

> Full soon thy soul shall have its earthly freight,
> And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
> Heavy as frost and deep almost as life.

We begin life equipped with a cosmic consciousness, with universal cravings for a bedrock reality, and the anchorage of an assured harmony, and self-fulfillment in the great Whole. Feeling the presence of the Infinite immediately, we long with an insatiable desire to fall into the order of things, to place ourselves in touch with the underlying truth. Poetry is religion. All men's wildest delirations, the vices of the voluptuary, the self-murder of the sot, the worst debauches of the most debased, as well as the efforts of the "Christian Endeavor Society," are just so many vain or valiant attempts to *get more life and get the utmost out of life*, that men may realize themselves in all they have and are and do, and thus extend their being and consciousness, and thus multiply their powers and personalities. But the wrong turn at the outset, the false conception that confuses evil with good, stultifies the conclusion. The first movements were all from God, but they lost the right connection. Poetry gives us the true direction, shows man his entirety. It wants to make him whole, to complete his nature, and set his relations with God and his neighbor right. Revelation, the perception of the poetry at the heart of all, most frequently outflashes from suffering. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial, which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth on you." "As ye are partakers of the suffering, so shall ye be also of the consolation." Yes, Christus Consolator is Christus Consummator, and in his heavenly school of suffering, "we are his workmanship," or his poem. Poetry emphatically belongs to the church militant, or it could not be religion, and poetry as a crusade forever carried on against sin must be a warfare, and signifies at bottom the fighting of God's eternal battle with wrong and unrighteousness and misrule. Saint Simon said, "To do anything really great and true and good and lasting one must be a poet, with an appetite for the universal and a cosmopolitan soul." Here, as indeed often enough, doing and suffering, being and knowing, are identical. The passive and the active coöperate and blend. Our Lord and Master Jesus Christ came not merely as a Redeemer, but as a Poet, and his burden was threefold, as we should have antecedently expected, in exact correspondence with the triplicity of everything in heaven and on earth. The message which he

brought to build the ruins of a broken-down world and restore the forfeited paradise was repentance, faith, and love. Beyond these doctrines, beyond this great trinity of the Christian commandments, we cannot go. Here, if anywhere, we discover finality. Though in other more advanced states or stages of the eternal process, the evolution of character, or the development of latent Divinity, we may reasonably suppose that even these giant factors while remaining substantially the same will resolve themselves into yet other forms and forces, yet always in strict accordance with their present differential spirit. And so we have ready to our hands immediately a supreme and searching criterion of true poetry, or the best poetry. Does it embody a sense of sin and sorrow for sin, and abhor unrighteousness? Does it express and encourage a creative faith, which calls new spaces and times into being, to redress the balance of the old? And does it breathe the inspiration of a quickening love, transcendent, compulsory, immortal, which gathers the universe in its arms, and if there was no God and no heaven, would yet inhabit the one and adore the other? Now, it may be urged that such messages would be sermons or (in the proper sense) prophecies, and not poems. But if the poet may not preach, who may? Not that he assumes a didactic office of set purpose, or wears even an immeasurable white surplice, but he sings because he must, and what he must. Truth teaches of itself, shines by its own light, necessarily, automatically. Poetry illuminates, transfigures, transforms, interprets, reveals. It energizes as a universal force and factor of the cosmos, as the speech alike of man and God. It brings the fire from heaven for every heart and every home and every hearth. It carries the "everlasting gospel" of repentance and faith and love. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of God is at hand." "God hath commanded all men everywhere to repent." And unless poetry makes us at once and forever the sworn enemies of sin, it has not fulfilled its divine function. When we read poetry, we ought to hear the voice of God addressing us, and find the earth and ourselves transported into the higher regions of truth, coarse and conventional duties dignified, the crudest, lowest life idealized, and our muddy habitations turned to marble palaces. Pessimism has no gospel but that of despair, and the good news of eternal damnation (or annihilation) for all of us. Its supreme good is evil. It worships a crowned Death, whose throne is the grave, whose scepter is decay. Poetry believes the best, and "hopeth all things, and endureth all things," like charity. It can conceive of no message worth telling but that of an infinite and eternal optimism. It believes things just because they are impossible, absurd, unthinkable. "This is his commandment, that we should believe—on the name of his Son Jesus Christ and love—one another as he gave us commandment." Yes, as poetry keeps perpetually teaching us, so Christ proclaimed, we must repent and believe and love, all to order—*quod est absurdum et impossibile.* Any foolish prophet or preacher can bid us do the contrary, the easy and superficial and practicable. God says, do the impracticable, and find it, as you approach and enter in, a parted Red Sea, a divided Jordan, a Jericho walled up to heaven, but with open doors. The evangel of doubt or despair, the fashion-

able evangel of to-day, has no life in it, and no promise and no permanence. It contemplates its own sores and infirmities or imperfections, and falls down before them and worships a deity of dust. It is the leper making an apotheosis of his leprosy. True, clean, sane, and sincere poetry, religious to its last syllable and latest breath, dethrones distrust, loves all men, friends and foes alike, and thereby, in the sheer greatness of its confidence and charity, seats itself by the side of God, ranges its powers on the lines of fundamental evolution, and shares in the orderly government of the world. While the mere artist polishes his transfigured platitudes, the poets sings that eternal song, which haunts the hearts of men. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

———On the last page of the Westminster for May are some lines quoted from Paul Hookham which find notable illustration in the career of Charles E. Hughes, governor of the State of New York:

> There's somewhat in the upright principle,
> High-handed and high-minded attitude,
> Determination to stand by the right,
> Not out of policy but for right's sake,
> That is the best and final policy;
> That may fence off from daring to oppose it
> Those who feign to look on it as feigned,
> But faintly dread it as a thing suspect;
> And gathering strength from union with its like,
> And crushing wrong and wiping weakness out
> That hindering catches at the skirts of Time,
> May make his country the world's masterpiece.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Tendency. By JAMES I. VANCE, DD. 12mo, pp. 247. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THIS is the latest book by the author of a half-dozen or more volumes, the best known of which is probably The Young Man Four-Square, now in its seventh edition. The effect of trend and drift in the development of life is the general subject of the nineteen chapters of Dr. Vance's present study. Like the author's other books, this one is well thought out, well arranged, and its illustrations are apt. Here is one of the Saviour's love and compassion: "Among the charming stories written by Mr. S. R. Crockett is one of the days of Henry of Navarre, the greatest of the French kings. One of the characters in The White Plume is a Scotch-Spanish girl, Claire Agnew, who, because of her Calvinistic faith and for other reasons, had fallen under the ban of the Inquisition, that terrible and infernal institution of the Spanish Jesuits. A band of rough men had been sent secretly to compass the young girl's arrest and carry her across the border. Claire Agnew had won the love of a noble French youth, although as yet no word of troth had passed between them. This youth determined to deliver the maid from peril. Without her knowledge he secured her mantle, and disguising himself in it, he had himself arrested in her place and taken into Spain, where his identity was not discovered until he stood before the awful and hated tribunal. He was tortured, thrown into the horror chamber of 'the Eyes,' where he almost lost his reason, and at last was condemned to service as a galley-slave, where, chained to the weary oar, he toiled through the long hot days and sleepless nights, in the worst of bondage. In the meantime the girl had made her escape to a place of safety, but she suspected that all was not well with her lover, and by close questioning she at last forced from the old man who was protecting her the true story of her lover's devotion. Then, flashing her 'wet, splendid eyes' on the old man, and abandoning herself to the rapture of the thought of a love that had suffered so much for her, she cried: 'And all this he did for me, simply because he loved me, and he did it without my knowing it, and he did it knowing that I did not know it!' Give that story infinite measures, and let it have an eternal accent, and we shall at least begin to have some faint suggestion of the length and breadth and height and depth of the devotion of the Saviour's compassion, which passeth knowledge." Here is the story of a horrible dream: "What would the world be if Christ had not come and lived in it? We have grown so used to our blessings that we take them for granted. We forget that they came with Christ and are the product of his ministry among men. Among the cards which came to my table one Christmas was one entitled, 'The Birthday

of Hope.' It is the story of a minister's dream on Christmas Eve. He is seated in his study and hears in the street below his window a band playing the old Christmas hymn, 'O, come all ye faithful.' His New Testament is open before him and he has read in the Gospel of the beloved disciple to the line 'If I had not come,' when he falls asleep and dreams of a Christless world. The first thing to impress him about this world into which Christ had not come was that it was a world without Christmas. He steps into the street, but there is no Christmas cheer in the air. Instead of the salutations of good will, there are the curt nods and hurried greetings of those who are absorbed with their own plans. He enters the homes of the people and finds that the children have not hung up their stockings in glad anticipation of Christmas morning. He looks in upon the poor and finds that no one has been there with baskets of good things for the Christmas dinner. The faces of the children are pinched by poverty and pale with want. Turning to the street again, he sees a great bare spot on the top of the hill where had stood the splendid Cathedral overlooking the town with its protecting benediction. It had disappeared, for it was a world into which Christ had not come. As he went on, he came upon other vacant spaces, where had stood other churches, the hospital, the orphanage, the asylum, the dispensary, and various buildings erected as an expression of faith in the Man of Galilee. The people whom he met seemed anxious and weary, and as he looked closer he discovered that each carried on his shoulder a burden. One man as he passed him was saying: 'O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' He was about to tell him of the cross where burdens roll away, when he remembered that there was no cross, for it was a world into which Christ had not come. Sick at heart, he entered his study again, to find that during his absence, a great change had taken place. Whole rows of books had disappeared from his library shelves. Every book about Christ was gone. He opened his Bible and found that it ended with Malachi. There was no New Testament, for Christ had not come. He took down Browning and Milton and found many blank spaces in these poets. He discovered that everything in his books prompted or inspired by Christ and his teachings had vanished. He turned to find an empty space over the mantle where had hung a picture he dearly loved. It was the picture of a man, blood-stained, footsore, in torn garments, bearing in his arms a tired lamb. Often, when worn and weary in his work as an under shepherd of the flock, he had gone to this picture of the Good Shepherd and thought of his Master and been comforted. Now it was gone, and as his eye went around the room, he found that almost every picture he loved had disappeared. With tears of disappointment, he sank into his chair, when a tap at the door told him that a child below was asking to see him. He went down to find a little girl, her eyes swollen with weeping, who said: 'Won't you come to see father? He is very ill.' Hand in hand, they went through the night to the home where the lights in the upper windows told of sickness. When he reached the bedside, the dying man said: 'Can't you help me?' 'I think I can,' he replied, and put his hand in his pocket for his New Testa-

ment to find that there was no New Testament and that he had no Gospel with which to comfort the last hours of a dying man. The man died a Christless death. At the funeral there was no song of hope, no blessed promise of the resurrection, no message of the mansions prepared for them that love Him. The only words of the funeral service were 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' As the hard clods fell on the coffin lid he awoke from his horrible dream to find that this cruel, pitiless, Christless world was false, and to hear the band a little further up the street still playing the old hymn, 'O, come, all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant!' It was only a dream, and yet there is a sense in which the dream is true, for if Christ had not come, the world would be all and worse than the dream. Society would go back to chaos and existence would become intolerable." Dr. Vance tells this story of a father's great love: "Recently in New York city a baby's life was saved through the transfusion of blood from the body of the father into that of his child. The operation was one of the most remarkable of its kind and has excited the keen interest of many outside the medical profession. Because of the delicate and dangerous character of the operation it was impossible to use either anesthetics or a connecting tube uniting the body of father and child. When the operation began, the child was in a dying condition, and before the operation was finished, to ordinary appearances, it was dead. The father's arm was opened from the wrist to the elbow and a vein lifted out. An opening was then made in the child's leg and the blood-vessels of parent and offspring stitched together. An attending surgeon said to the father, 'Does it hurt?' With a face livid with pain he said, 'It hurts like hell, but if I can save the baby, what of it?' At last everything was ready for the red tide from the father's heart to enter the apparently lifeless little body lying across his slashed arm; and the instant the blood rushed into the child's body it revived. What had been practically a dead body was quickened. On a divine scale this is the story of Calvary. Christ's death on the cross was the transfusion of God's life into the dead soul. There on the tree God opened his veins that the blood might save us. The life is in the blood. Christ came that we might have life. He has quickened us at tremendous cost. There is no suffering like that which pressed from him the bloody sweat in the garden. He suffered death itself and the pains of hell forever, and he did it to reveal God's great love. Some day, that baby will be old enough to hear and understand the story of how the father opened his veins to save his child. With that knowledge, there will come a stronger, deeper, truer love for the father. The child will say: 'I must not disappoint my father. I must not grieve him. With a great love he gave me my life, and I must try to live so that he will never regret the hour he opened his heart and shed his blood to give me life.' Man must not disappoint God. He has quickened him. We have heard the story of the suffering that saves us. We know how one was wounded for us and how his precious blood was shed that we might live.

"And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do."

The chapter entitled "The Altar and the Choir" begins thus: "Life is part a song and part a sob. It is half *jubilate* and half *miserere*. It is never far from a smile to a tear. Christianity's finest symbol of the victorious life is a cross encircled by a crown. The story of the ancient liturgy of religion is that 'when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also' (2 Chron. 29. 27). The ceremonial of worship consisted of two parts—the offering of sacrifices and the service of song. The two went together. It was the gospel of the altar and the choir. In the ancient temple there was an altar, a place where sacrifice was offered. Beside the altar stood the officiating priest, with reverent attitude and awesome ritual, laying upon the flaming hearth the sacrificial gift of the sinful soul seeking peace with God. The altar was the shrine of the tragedy of religion. The story behind it was the tale of the ruin of the race, and around the altar surged the sorrows and woes and weaknesses of mankind. In the ancient temple there was also the choir, the service of song, the great chorus of praise to Almighty God, whose mercy blessed the sacrifice and whose pity spared the penitent. The choir was the shrine of the ecstasy and triumph of religion. There the holy Psalms were chanted which voiced the people's adoration of Jehovah. With sins forgiven, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, with sorrows comforted, and with woes and weaknesses cured, the hosts which thronged the temple courts worshiped God in holy song. Life must have these two great shrines of the soul for its highest development. It must have the altar, the sacrifice, the propitiation. True religion must have an adequate remedy for sin. It must cleanse the guilty heart and regenerate the dead soul. When the sinner comes with his burden of guilt, his load of woe, tormented by remorse of conscience and affrighted with the terror of an angry God, what he needs is not a creed that will set him to mortifying the flesh and mumbling phrases, but one that tells him that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins; that takes him to an altar where the sacrifice is the 'Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.' The sinner needs far more than a ritual; he needs a Saviour. It must also have the choir. Christianity is the one musical religion of the world. The great musical composers have come either directly or indirectly under the spell of Christianity. They have gotten their inspiration from the religion whose altar reconciles man to God, and makes of sinners the children of the Most High. Heathenism has no song. Paganism and infidelity are not musical. It is the gospel of the love of God that sets the heart singing. It is Christianity's heaven that is filled with an innumerable throng, singing 'the song of Moses and the Lamb.' The altar and the choir are related as cause and effect. It is the sacrifice that starts the song. If there were no propitiation for sin, there could be no forgiveness. If religion were only a ritual or a form of penance, it would depress us; but because it is salvation, it thrills us, it exalts and exhilarates us, it fills the soul with melody and wakes the world with song. Life is to be built around these two great shrines of sacrifice and song. God's temple is not so much these houses built of steel and stone, which we erect as places of worship, as it is the building whose invisible walls are the life

experiences of the immortal spirit. In each such life-temple there must be an altar, a shrine of sacrifice. If there is, there will also be a choir, a shrine where invisible voices chant symphonies of joy and peace and hope. These two shrines of tragedy and ecstasy express life." The following illustration applies itself: "Among the great paintings in Florence are the angels of Fra Angelico, which he is said to have painted when he was kneeling prayerfully at his work. A man who spends his time copying these angels says that he has little difficulty in the work when he is in a devotional frame of mind; but that, after a night at cards or a wine supper, he finds the work most difficult. He can get the outlines and colors, but after a night's carousal, it is days before he can get the expression in the faces of Angelico's angels. The peril which threatens many a man, in the awful rush and contact of modern life, is that he will lose his own soul, his ideals, his responsiveness, his aspirations, and become hard and cold and stale. Christ calls us aside to the meditative hour, that we may learn anew what makes true success; 'for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' "

Belief in a Personal God. By the Rev. Professor A. V. C. P. Huizinga. Pp. 52. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

This book is one of the early products of the author's pen, and deals with a live subject in a live way. It consists of only fifty-two pages, but the amount of thought which has been stowed within the limits of so small a scope is truly surprising. The author approaches the subject by the way of Matthew Arnold's scoffing version of the popular notion of "the magnified non-natural man whose chief function is to dispense *arbitrary* punishments and rewards," but at once confesses his inability to discover Arnold's warrant for the assertion that people believe that God distributes punishments and rewards in arbitrary fashion, and distinguishes between arbitrariness and unfailing and inerring equity. But Arnold also bewails his inability to share the ancient faith. He perceives the incomparable grandeur of Christianity. He sees no connection between the belief in the crude notions of traditional Christianity and the envied Christian dispositions reared under the influence of these inadequate representations of God and the world's government. Yet one thing Arnold perceived clearly. This he proclaimed with sympathetic warmth, to wit: The good must triumph. For there is "a Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." Lyman Abbott is next quoted as saying that he believed God to be impersonal. The God of the fathers . . . was impersonal, an it, a power; without even Arnold's addition that it is "making for righteousness," which at least brings it out of the force-and-power conception of the exact sciences and introduces a personal element by giving the power an ethical flavor. But this impersonal attitude which characterizes monism "shatters the three central dogmas of the dualistic philosophy—the personality of God, the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of the will." In literature the impersonal attitude has worked equal havoc. The mere registration of facts has a significance which the author asserts requires the personal element and its valuation.

In his "Roman experimental" Lola may say: "We live only upon science. . . . We shall be more virtuous and happy in proportion as science abolishes the ideal, the absolute, the unknown"; or he may declare boastfully: "We authors give instruction in the bitter science of life: we teach the lofty lessons of reality. This is what exists, we say; reconcile yourself to it. I know no school more moral or more austere." The trouble is, as the author remarks, that morality has not shone forth particularly bright from the pages of naturalism. Human life engulfed by vicious tendencies and passions appears driftwood, aimlessly tossed about, and the naturalists gloat over it. Distorting reality in disproportion to fit a morbid taste, they pretend to give artistic pictures of reality: "Art a corner of nature seen through a temperament." This art, however, is the result of the temperament of the small philosopher who has done away with the incomprehensible. And here the author comes to the heart of his subject as he leads his readers to recognize back of environment the personal element and influence which subtly pervades it all." As Hugh Black puts it in his sermon "Listening to God," "*The chief environment of a human life does not consist of things but of persons.*" "The beginning and the middle and the end of all influence is really personal if we probe deep enough into its seat." Human personality suffers no undervaluation. Its suppression is the destruction of life. The elimination of the personal equation as a legitimate factor in the appreciation of author or reader has now been declared by literary critics, almost with one voice, to be not only impossible but in its attempts and influence degrading. Hence, as the first step toward the realization of the personality of God, the native dignity of the human soul, together with its priceless value, is once more to be affirmed. It is the reign of materialism in which "man poses, along with capital and land, simply as a factor of production, a means and not an end." Kant's valuable contribution against the materialistic and commercial attitude which tends to slight personality is his famous ethical formula: "So act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of any other, in every case as an end withal, never as a means only." The old query of Matt. 16. 26, is still in place, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Goethe once remarked, "We never know how anthropomorphic we are." In the light of which remark it is comforting to think that when "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," it is of short duration, because, as the author adds, as human beings we must for that reason needs get our every conception humanized. And is not this anthropomorphic conception, which we of necessity have of God, who is enthroned at the heart of things, and most potently manifest in our own heart, a reliable one? "Who by searching can find out God?"

> Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
> And folded far within the inmost heart,
> And deep below the deeps of conscious being
> Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art!—(Eliza Scudder.)

The importance of conscience for theism was especially emphasized by Cardinal Newman. Conscience, the author tells us, is nearer to us than

any other means of knowledge. Daniel Webster's famous saying is familiar to us all, namely, that the greatest thought he ever conceived was the awful idea of his personal responsibility to a personal God. All ethics require a belief in God the Father Almighty. Sidgewick speaks of that "unanalyzable Ought-feeling" in every breast. "The revelation of God at the heart of man is the original source of all oughts and duties of whatever specific content they may be." "Ethics derives from religion its motive and basis." Only if ethics rests on a religious basis have the old English words "duty" and "ought" sense in bringing in One who is Creator and Judge, to whom is *due*, to whom is *owed*. To a something nothing is owed or due. To a mere power we cannot pray, and we cannot try to please it. Let God be reduced to a blind, heartless force, and prayer becomes a futility. We might have ethics and laws of justice, but there would be no dynamic goodness, no sacrifice. Sacrifice is the heart of our holy religion. It is but natural, therefore, that "Christianity for the lowest bidder" does not make conquests. In these days people incline to worship only as it is seen to be a utilitarian act. The great difficulty experienced in all rationalistic movements and tendencies, as our author further states, is that it does not suffice to reason oneself into a deep-felt obligation. Rationalism, disregarding the personal God as revealed in Christ, sinks necessarily into a conventional morality; and then conscience is naturally belittled and, as a matter of fact, robbed of its authority. Morality, strictly speaking, then resolves itself into adaptability, always with the determining norm in the subject. We stand over the conscience, instead of the conscience over us. The spirit of social morality is evidently not as overawing and imperative as when the Holy Spirit breathes upon the heart of man and Christ is enthroned as Lord of the conscience. This sharpens our moral responsibilities, when spirit meets with spirit in our personal dealings with our personal God. This is the sphere of genuine Christian religion. All other is sham and counterfeit. The personal element must be prominent, subjectively and objectively. I feel that I am alone in my individual aspirations and responsibilities. It is my private concern. Moral obligations are not discharged by proxy, and I also feel that I am not accountable to the world. With my God I may rise in sovereignty against the world to conquer even in apparent defeat. I may tremble before the judge at the bar of the inly written law in the midst of the greatest worldly success and applause. Our deepest insights into the heart of reality are born of an ethical nature. Personality is the reality of reality. As the claims of conscience are allowed freer scope over our lives the world's claims are losing power over us. We may view Christianity from its inward, positive, dynamic side—Christ at work on the hearts of the believers, as contrasted with its formal, external, its social and historic course. Christ buttresses Christianity. Christ as Lord of the conscience vitalizes the God-consciousness. We cannot, even in theory, be good without God. When man feels small, God looms up large; when man feels big, God loses his awful majesty. In proportion as God is our main concern, we will be less concerned about the opinions of men. He who stands in fear of men cannot obey God. Where we face God the

world's claims and its wisdom are lost on us. Religion is taking our duties as divine commands. The author continues to emphasize the personal self as a reality, the inner life as a fact, and again quotes Newman as saying, "In religion we have to deal with concrete, living realities, namely, the soul of man and God." Now, if the personal elements are slighted, the recognition of personality is not easy. "So long as we deal with the cosmic and the general we deal only with symbols of reality, but as soon as we deal with private and personal phenomena as such we deal with realities in the completest sense of the term," says William James, and adds the author: "We acknowledge this reality in dead earnest. As Lotze said in his Microcosmos, 'We are immediately conscious of self as thinking and energizing; that is, as a substance with power. If we are not conscious of this, we are conscious of nothing. We cannot think and not be conscious of a thinking self, and a thinking self is a substance.'" The first point of all certitude is in consciousness. The home of truth is in man. Says Browning, "Truth is within ourselves." Hence within we have the distinctions between right and wrong. Within are built the primordial truths on which we build all our knowledge. If we do not know ourselves as persons, and kindred to the Spirit, who upbears our own, then of course we fall into the impersonal atmosphere of pantheistic or materialistic thought. But in such a system morality has hardly a place. If we accept the truth of personality, we must grant free agency. It is personality's soul. Conversely, if we sufficiently recognize the fact of free agency, we have to acknowledge personality within and without. As Victor Hugo puts it, "the 'me' below is the soul, the 'me' above is God." "No man," says Calvin, "can take a survey of himself, but he must immediately turn to the contemplation of God in whom he lives and moves. . . . Religious life is at a low ebb. . . . People have lost interest in the supreme issues of life, hinging on their soul concern, and such is the case with the belief in a personal God. . . . The rejection of the belief in a personal God in our times is of a materialistic flavor. Standing four-square on the seen, the Unseen is less potently in evidence to the mind of the average church member. The conception of a personal God may assume crude forms, but it is always infinitely superior to the fallacy of making impersonal our triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, because then the moral relationship has an end." Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, fittingly remarks: "The individualistic conception of life and the religious conception of the world favor each other. The more that an individual's religious temperament sees this earthly life merely as a preparation for the heavenly, the more he puts all his efforts into the development of his individual personality. General concepts, civilizations, and political powers cannot as such enter the gates of heaven. The perfection of the individual soul is the only thing which makes for eternal salvation. And that effort implies intercourse with the personal God of Salvation." But we must close. Enough has been quoted to show that this little volume of only fifty-two pages is a notable contribution to the Christian literature of our day, and that the thoughtful reading of it by clergy and laity alike must go toward deepening of that life of inter-

course with the personal God of Salvation by which, in the words of the author, the believer grows in grace and becomes more obedient unto God than unto men.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Spirit of America. By Henry van Dyke, Professor of English at Princeton University. 12mo, pp. 276. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

This book contains the first seven out of twenty-six lectures delivered by Dr. van Dyke on the Hyde foundation at the University of Paris. The object of the lectures was to promote an intelligent sympathy between France and the United States. They aimed to set forth the things that seem most vital, significant, and creative in the life and character of the American people. Dr. van Dyke describes the real people of America as "a nation of idealists engaged in a great practical task." He notes some signs that America is not fully understood nor very well known in Europe. An English lady inquired, "Have you any good writers in America?" The answer was: "None to speak of. We import most of our literature from Australia by way of the Cape of Good Hope." Another English lady once asked Eugene Field if he knew anything about his ancestors. "Not much, madam," he replied, "but I believe mine were living in trees when first caught." To Europeans who inquire whether the Germans, or the Irish, or the Scandinavians, or the Jews will dominate the United States in the twentieth century, Dr. van Dyke would reply: "I can take you into quarters of New York city where you might think yourself in a Russian Ghetto, or into regions of Pennsylvania which would seem to you like Hungarian mining towns. But if you will come with me into the public schools where the children of these peoples of the Old World are gathered for education, you will find yourself in the midst of fairly intelligent and genuinely patriotic young Americans. They will salute the flag for you with enthusiasm. They will sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' with more vigor than harmony. They will declaim Webster's apostrophe to the Union, or cry with Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'" Professor Barrett Wendell says that the first ideal to take form in the American consciousness was "the ideal of liberty," Professor Hugo Münsterberg calls it "the spirit of self-direction," Professor van Dyke calls it "the spirit of self-reliance." Telling the Parisians about religious liberty and the peaceful independence of the churches in the United States, Dr. van Dyke says: "The religious bodies include the large majority of the American people. Twelve millions are adherents of the Roman Church. The adherents of the Protestant churches are estimated to number between forty and fifty millions. It is true that the different churches are sometimes very jealous of one another. But, bad as that is in some respects, it is rather a safeguard from a political point of view. It is true that some ecclesiastics have schemes that look toward obtaining special privileges or powers or appropriations for their own organization." But, we will add, the religious bodies in general are vigilant enough to see to it that no one organi-

zation overreaches to take an unfair advantage. Dr. van Dyke goes on: "In our country, which, as a matter of fact, is predominantly Christian and Protestant, there is neither establishment nor proscription of any form of faith. In the President's Cabinet [1908] are a Jew, a Catholic, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, and a Methodist. The President himself is a member of one of the smallest denominations in the country, the Dutch Reformed." Professor Münsterberg says: "The entire American people are, in fact, profoundly religious, and have been from the day when the Pilgrim Fathers landed down to the present moment." Speaking of real democracy of feeling in America, and the sense of the essential equality of manhood, Dr. van Dyke says: "It is pleasant and wholesome to live with men who have a feeling of the dignity and worth of their own occupations. My guides in the backwoods of Maine and the Adirondacks regard me as a comrade who, curiously enough, makes his living by writing books, but who also shows that he knows the real value of life by spending his vacation in the forest. As a matter of fact, they think much more of their own skill with the ax and paddle than of my supposed ability with the pen. They have not a touch of subservience in their manner or their talk. They do their work willingly. They carry their packs, and chop the wood, and spread the tents, and make the bed of green boughs. And then, at night, around the camp fire, they smoke their pipes, and the question is, who can tell the best story?" These guides have some racy and graphic expressions. One of them described the life of a certain village as being "as calm as a clock." A certain American author writing about his country says that in her emotional life there is "conventional sentimentality," in her religious life "spiritual feebleness," in her social life "formlessness," and in her political life "self-deception." He goes on as follows: "We accept sentimentality because we do not stop to consider whether our emotional life is worth an infusion of blood and vigor rather than because we have deliberately decided that it is not. We neglect religion because we cannot spare time to think what religion means rather than because we judge it only worth a conventional lip service. We think poetry effeminate because we do not read it rather than because we believe its effect injurious. We have been swept off our feet by the brilliant success of our industrial civilization; and, blinded by vanity, we enumerate the list of our exports, we measure the swelling tide of our national prosperity, but we do not stop even to repeat to ourselves the names of other things." On this Dr. van Dyke comments thus: "This rather sweeping indictment against a whole civilization reminds me of the way in which one of my students once defined rhetoric. 'Rhetoric,' said this candid youth, 'is the art of using words so as to make statements which are not entirely correct look like truths which nobody can deny.' This description of America given by her sad and angry friend resembles one of those relentless portraits which are made by rustic photographers. The unmitigated sunlight does its worst through an unadjusted lens; and the result is a picture which is fearfully and wonderfully made. 'It looks like her,' you say, 'it looks horribly like her. But, thank God, I never saw her look just like that.'" And then Dr. van Dyke re-

marks upon the vast number of noble lives that are freely consecrated to the service of ideals and to promote man's religious, moral, intellectual, social, and physical welfare, and says that in America there is no lack of men and women ready and willing to undertake such a life of slightly paid service. And then this illustrative incident: "I was talking to a young man and woman the other day, both thoroughbred Americans, who had resolved to enter upon the adventure of matrimony together. The question was whether he should accept an opening in business with a fair outlook for making a fortune, or take a position as teacher in a school with a possible chance at best of earning a comfortable living. They asked my advice. I put the alternative as clearly as I could. On the one hand, a lot of money for doing work that was perfectly honest, but not at all congenial. On the other hand, small pay in the beginning, and no chance of ever receiving more than a modest competence for doing work that was rather hard but entirely congenial. They did not hesitate a moment. 'We shall get more out of life,' they said with one accord, 'if our work makes us happy, than if we get big pay for doing what we do not love to do.' They were not exceptional. They were typical of the best young Americans. The noteworthy thing is that both of them took for granted the necessity of *doing something* as long as they lived. The notion of a state of idleness, either as a right or as a reward, never entered their blessed young minds." Dr. van Dyke tells the Parisians that the place to see an American crowd in its most extraordinary aspect is a political convention for the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Here is his description: "The streets swarming with people, all hurrying in one direction, talking loudly, laughing, cheering; the vast, barnlike hall draped with red, white, and blue bunting, and packed with twelve thousand of the two hundred thousand folks who have tried to get into it; the thousand delegates sitting together in solid cohorts according to the States which they represent, each cohort ready to shout and cheer and vote as one man for its 'favorite son'; the officers on the far-away platform, Lilliputian figures facing, directing, dominating this Brobdignagian mass of humanity; the buzzing of the audience in the intervals of business; the alternate waves of excitement and uneasiness that sweep over it; the long speeches, the dull speeches, the fiery speeches, the outbreaks of laughter and applause, the coming and going of messengers, the waving of flags and banners—what does it all mean? What reason or order is there in it? What motives guide and control this big, good-natured crowd? Wait. You are at the Republican Convention in Chicago. The leadership of Mr. Roosevelt in the party is really the point in dispute, though not a word has been said about it. A lean, clean-cut, incisive man is speaking, the chairman of the convention. Presently he shoots out a sentence referring to 'the best abused and the most popular man in America.' As if it were a signal given by a gun, that phrase lets loose a storm, a tempest of applause for Roosevelt—cheers, yells, bursts of song, the blowing of brass bands, the roaring of megaphones, the waving of flags; more cheers like volleys of musketry; a hurricane of vocal enthusiasm, dying down for a moment to break out in a new place, redoubling

itself in vigor as if it had just begun, shaking the rafters and making the bunting flutter in the wind. For forty-seven minutes by the clock that American crowd pours out its concerted enthusiasm, and makes a new 'record' for the length of a political demonstration." Our Paris lecturer concedes that sometimes when we read the "yellow journals" with their flaming exposures of social immorality, commercial dishonesty, political corruption, and unpunished homicides we are tempted to discouragement. Yet he says that a steady look into the real life of the typical American home and the normal American community perceives that the black spots are on the surface and not in the country's heart; for the "heart of the people at large is still old-fashioned in its adherence to the idea that every man is responsible to a higher moral and spiritual power—that duty is more than pleasure; that life cannot be translated in terms of the five senses, and that the attempt to do so lowers and degrades the man who makes it; that religion alone can give an adequate interpretation of life, and that morality alone can make it worthy of respect and admiration. This is the characteristic American way of looking at the complicated and interesting business of living which we men and women have upon our hands. It is rather a sober and intense view. It is not always free from prejudice, from bigotry, from fanaticism, from superstition. It is open to invasion by strange and uncouth forms of religiosity. America has offered a fertile soil for the culture of new and queer religions. But on the whole—yes, in immensely the larger proportion—the old religion prevails, and a rather simple and primitive type of Christianity keeps its hold upon the hearts and minds of the majority. The consequence of this is (to quote again from Professor Münsterberg, lest you should think me a prejudiced reporter) that 'however many sins there are, the life of the people is intrinsically pure and devout.' 'The number of those who live above the general level of moral requirement is astonishingly large.' "

Egoists. By JAMES HUNEKER. 12mo, pp. 372. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

MR. HUNEKER is well described as an enemy of dullness and a man of brains. His writings are helped to be vivid, brilliant, and intense by the human subjects he chooses—in this volume Baudelaire, Flaubert, Anatole France, Barrès, Huysmans, Nietzsche, Blake, Ibsen, and others of like ilk. The author calls it A Book of Supermen. A Group of Abnormals would seem to us a fitter title. We cannot accept these as supermen; they are erratic rather than superior, nervous freaks rather than consummate flowers of human development. If they fore-type what our race is to become, then this will be "a mad world, my masters," a revel of numerous and various fantastical insanities. The superman, of whom the figures in this book are given as forerunners, is to be, it seems, when he arrives, a gentleman whose superness will consist in being superior to all established rules and customs, contemptuous of conventionalities, entirely disembarrassed of moral prejudices; not merely queer, uncanny, morbid, neurasthenic, but revolutionist, anarchistic, demoniac, the unrestrained expression of anti-social, dissolute, and world-wrecking individ-

ualism. We are of opinion that to all sane and normal people Mr. Huneker's Egoists, taken on his own definition and evaluation, will seem an unsound, unwholesome, sinister, and dangerous lot, a company of "undesirable citizens" for any community that values stability and security as conditions of human peace, comfort, and well-being. Some diagnosticians would classify them as perverts and degenerates. For a sample of gay, light, airy description of one of the "supermen," take haphazard this bit, which happens to be part of the author's picture of Anatole France: "An art, ironical, easy, fugitive, divinely untrammeled, divinely artificial, which, like a pure flame, blazes forth in an unclouded heaven . . . *la gaya scienza;* light feet; wit; fire; grace; the dance of the stars; the tremor of southern light; the smooth sea —these Nietzschean phrases might serve as an epigraph for the work of that apostle of innocence and experience, Anatole France." Really it takes a superman to appreciate and sympathetically describe these supermen; and, while Mr. Huneker makes a fair try at it, he is too near normal to succeed; the reader is aware of a sound-minded criticism cutting sharply along through the eulogies and sometimes drawing blood; and we notice that in the brief bit just quoted about Anatole France our essayist had to help himself out by borrowing some phrases from Superman Nietzsche. The Egoists will sometimes agree to play what Henley called "the sweet old farce of mutual admiration," though in general egoism is promotive of aversions and antipathies—electrolytic, solvent, and centrifugal. So far as life means organization, and society depends on agreement and regulation, egoism encouraged means presently the bursting of the fly wheel and life's machinery running wild to inevitable crash and smash. Mr. Huneker's epithets and criticisms never lack piquancy whether in his Iconoclasts, or his Melomaniacs, or his Visionaries, or his latest art essays, Promenades of An Impressionist, the motto of which is "Let us trot out our prejudices." His brilliant or pungent and salty phrases are always ready and often incisively apt. Thus Renan is "a cork soul"; Edmond de Goncourt "a sublime old gossip," Huysmans "the Schopenhauer of the cook-shops, a Hamlet doubting his digestion," Baudelaire "a poet of ideals, spleen, and music"; Stendhal, "an imposing, vulgar, and preposterous little pot-belly"; Ibsen, "a lofty thinker, moralist, and satirist." So far as this book aims to be critical it can hardly live up to Matthew Arnold's definition of the business of criticism as "simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world and, by making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas," for the best of knowledge and of thought is not found in Mr. Huneker's supermen. Nor, with such subjects, can our essayist let himself go under Swinburne's loose notion that the critic's sole legitimate opportunity is the indulgence of noble praise. Yet with what gusto he can write about a superman when his mood is more fervid than critical is illustrated in the following: "It was some time in the late spring or early summer of 1879. I was going through the Chausée d'Antin when a huge man, a terrific old man, passed me. His long, straggling, gray hair hung low. His red face was that of a soldier or a sheik, and was divided by drooping white mous-

taches. A trumpet was his voice, and he gesticulated freely to the friend who accompanied him. I did not look at him with any particular interest until some one behind me—if he be dead now, may he be eternally blest!—exclaimed, *'C'est Flaubert!'* Then I stared; for though I had not read Madame Bovary, I adored the verbal music of Salammbo, secretly believing, however, that it had been written by Melchior, one of the three Wise Kings who journeyed under the beckoning star of Bethlehem—how else account for its planturous Asiatic prose, for its evocations of a vanished past? But I knew the name of Flaubert, that magic collocation of letters, and I gazed at him. He returned my glance from prominent eyeballs, the color of the pupil of a bit of faded blue sky. He did not smile. He was too tender-hearted, despite his appreciation of the absurd. Besides, he knew. He too had been young and foolish. He too had worn a velvet coat and a comical cap, and had dreamed. I must have been a ridiculous spectacle. My hair was longer than my technique. I was studying Chopin or lunar rainbows then—I have forgotten which—and fancied that to be an artist one must dress like a cross between a brigand and a studio model. But I was happy. Perhaps Flaubert knew this, for he resisted the temptation to smile. And then he passed from my view. To be frank, I was not very much impressed, because earlier in the day I had seen Paul de Cassagnac, and that famous duelist was romantic-looking, which the old Colossus of Croisset was not. When I returned to the Batignolles I told the *concierge* of my day's outing. 'Ah!' he remarked. 'M. Flaubert! M. Paul de Cassagnac!—a great man, Monsieur P-paul!' He stuttered a little. Now I only remember 'M. Flaubert,' with his eyes like a bit of faded blue sky. Was it a dream? Was it Flaubert? Did some stranger cruelly deceive me? But I'll never relinquish the memory of my glorious mirage." Of Superman Stendhal we are told that a volume of witty and immoral maxims could be gathered from his writings. "I require three or four cubic feet of new ideas per day, as a steamboat requires coal," is supposed to be witty. What are these?—"Modesty is the virtue of the mediocre," "My country is wherever there are most people like me." We are told that "Stendhal first etched the soul of the new superman, an exalted young man and young woman, both immoralists, exceptional souls, who in real life might have been sent to prison." Stendhal disliked America because he hated democracy. He loathed the mass and despised the doctrine of equality. The only use of the French Revolution was to evolve one strong man—Napoleon. We read that when something happened that particularly pleased him, Stendhal "threw himself on his knees and passionately thanked the God in whom he did not believe"! His nonchalance is illustrated by the fact that being at Jena to witness the battle and see what war was like, he coolly asked, when the fighting was fiercest, "Is that all?" It is comforting to think that this particular superman did not do very much harm through literature, since we read that exactly seventeen copies of his book were sold in eleven years. Napoleon is called the superman of his day, one who bothered little with moral obligation; his smile was wicked, "the smile of the theater, in which one shows the teeth, but with eyes that

smile not." Stendhal disliked "the ingrained Hebraism of English character and literature," and "the rhythmic illuminated thunder" of Victor Hugo's writings. Cynical and sensual, ironical and blasphemous, Stendhal was an atheist: "he left the soul out of his scheme of life; never did he knock at the gate of her dwelling place; spiritual overtones are not sounded in his work"—all of which comports into consistency, part with part. Finally he is called a "protean old faun," a "seductive spiller of souls." Is it improper to suggest that for such as he there should be in some world a penitentiary or reformatory? Even to glance through Mr. Huneker's gallery of a dozen supermen is impossible. But before we leave his book we hear Baudelaire speaking of Wagner's music with irony: "I love Wagner; but the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by his tail outside a window, and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an odd grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating, and singularly harmonious." This superman so delighted in paradox that he might have written against Browning's lines, "The devil is in heaven. All's wrong with the world." Through sheer perversity he posed as a worshiper of the devil; but Huneker says that his litanies to Satan ring childish—he was a pretender and a hypocrite in evil—in his heart he was a believer. When he is in trouble we overhear him talking of prayer's dynamic force, and resolving to "make every morning my prayer to God, the reservoir of all force and all justice." As Paul Bourget said, "he saw God." Our essayist speaks of him as "the most sorrowful of sinners." Barbey d'Aurevilly had prophesied that Baudelaire would either blow out his brains or prostrate himself at the foot of the cross; and at last he brought the wreck of soul and body to his God. Such is the sort of stuff which these essays contain. We cease with the record of what is called Huysmans's conversion. We read that the operation of divine grace in his case began with his writing of his book *A Rebours*, which is the history of a conversion, and that the explosion of grace in him, after years of unconscious mining, the definite illumination on some Damascus road, took place after his other book, *La Bas;* that, being temperamentally pessimistic, some of his sayings made his coreligionists question his sincerity. Nevertheless, "through the dreary mists of doubtings and black fog of unfaith the lamp of the church, a shining point, drew to it from his chilly ecstasies this hedonist. Like Taine, he craved some haven of refuge from the whirring wings of Wotan's ravens; and in the pale woven air he saw the cross of Christ." On the whole, a pitiable, bizarre, maleficent set are these abnormals; but this is a sparkling book.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Ten Great and Good Men. By Henry Montagu Butler, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 313. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

Ten Englishmen are here labeled by an Englishman as great and good. No one is likely to quarrel with his adjectives or his selections. He calls these lectures unpretentious sketches. He publishes them

because he thinks they may be of service to men or women who are called upon to make addresses, as examples of how, without deep research, the lives of great and good men may be made interesting, instructive, and uplifting subjects of discourse. The men he presents are Edmund Burke, the second William Pitt, George Canning, John Wesley, William Wilberforce, Lord Shaftesbury, John Bright, Charles George Gordon, Thomas Arnold, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen. Asking wherein lies the charm of Edmund Burke, our lecturer replies: "In this, that he touches the public life of man at so many points and with so much depth, dignity, and grandeur. If you wish to test a writer's greatness, note how he deals with the commonplaces of life. The psalmist shows this greatness when he says, 'The days of man are but as grass; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field.' Shakespeare shows it when he says,

> 'We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.'

Gray shows it when he writes, like a scroll on the tomb of human pride,

> 'The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour,
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

And Burke shows this same note of greatness again and again when dealing with the commonplaces that he has made his own, the commonplaces of politics. What are some of these? I suggest the following: the nature and limits of liberty, the responsibilities of empire, the influence of tradition, 'the divinity which doth hedge' historical institutions, the true conception of a people, the meaning of political rights, of representation, of compromise, the value and the danger of party, the influence in politics both of morality and religion, the small part played by theory and speculation as compared with the large part played by custom and acquiescence? Those who study Burke will find that on such subjects, such commonplaces as we call them, he has said something, and said it well—said it in the grand style, with 'the large utterance of the early gods.'" When Burke's constituents at Bristol were criticising his course in Parliament and asking him to explain, he replied to them, as an honest pastor might appeal to his flock for their forbearance, sympathy, and confidence, "Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on." Some of Burke's wise sayings survive as maxims: "By an eternal law Providence has decreed vexation to violence and poverty to rapine"; "I have no idea of a liberty unconnected with honesty and justice"; "Your ancestors did not sit down *alone* to the feast of Magna Charta"; "Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself"—which recalls Canning's kindred saying, "It is one thing to have a giant's strength, but it would be quite another thing to use it like a giant." Of course no selection from the great sayings of Edmund Burke can omit the loftily wise words of his appeal to England to

deal calmly, fairly, honorably, and magnanimously with the American colonies: "Magnanimity is not seldom the truest wisdom and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *Sursum Corda*, Lift up your hearts! We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us." In Burke's day as in our own the souls of good men were sorely tried by "the profane herd of vulgar and mechanical politicians; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn the smallest wheel in the machine." William Pitt when prime minister said a significant thing concerning Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterward Duke of Wellington): "I never met any military officer with whom it was so satisfactory to converse. *He states every difficulty before he undertakes any task or service, but none after he has undertaken it.*" To forecast cautiously—even hesitatingly, to take the measure of all obstacles, to count the cost fully beforehand—this is wisdom; and then, when the decision has been made and the enterprise has been entered upon, to signal "Full steam ahead," to drive on with ardor, force, and intrepidity as Wellington did at Waterloo, to plunge in with might and main, giving no place to doubt or hesitation—this also is wisdom. There was wisdom as well as wit in Canning's lively image when he cried, "Away with the cant of 'measures, not men'—the idle supposition that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draw the chariot along." Fourth in the list of Ten Great and Good Men presented by this Church of England clergyman is John Wesley, concerning whom this head of Trinity College, Cambridge, says at the outset of his lecture: "It may be said with literal truth that among all the men of light and leading living in England in the eighteenth century, not one—unless it be Lord Chatham, who secured the North American continent for the English race (instead of for the French)—not one has left so widespread or so deep an impression on mankind as John Wesley. . . . He has lain more than a century in his grave, but he still stirs the heart and molds the faith of many millions of Christians." Our lecturer names Wednesday, May 24, 1738, as the central date in Wesley's history. On that day, at the age of thirty-five, John Wesley entered on that life of unclouded faith which made possible his mighty career through fifty-three subsequent years. It was at a meeting in Aldersgate Street and while listening to the reading of Luther's Preface to Paul's letter to the Romans that something forever momentous and boundlessly influential happened in Wesley's soul. Then and there he felt his heart strangely warmed, and afterward wrote of it in his journal: "I felt I did trust in Christ and in him alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even *mine*, and had saved *me* from the law of sin and death." And the difference he noted from that hour in his spiritual strivings was that, whereas, before, he was sometimes conquered, after that experience he "was always con-

queror." This College-master of Cambridge University says that by the empowering which came in that supreme hour, Wesley "rebuilt a crumbling church," "removed mountains of apparently hopeless impossibilities," and "gave, under God, peace to thousands upon thousands in life and in death." W. E. H. Lecky is a cool and critical secular historian, far from likely to overrate the significance of any religious event, yet he attaches such national importance to the pivotal moment in Wesley's life as to write: "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place at that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms *an epoch in English history.*" This lecture, which was delivered more than once at Cambridge University by one of its chief officers, closes thus: "The work of Wesley still survives and still advances. . . . It is said that already the Methodists far outnumber every other Nonconformist body in England and every other religious body in the United States of America. But the eye which surveys the work of Wesley refuses to be bounded by the limits of earth. We are carried in thought backward and forward—backward to the vast multitudes who owe it under God to 'the spirit and power' of this man that they have lived lives unspotted from the world and then fallen asleep in Jesus; and forward to the day when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed, when the fire shall have tried every man's earthly work of what sort it is, and the word of promise is no longer a human hope but a divine event: 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that have turned many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'" The lecture on William Wilberforce illustrates the fact that no great and good work is ever carried to success except by resolute and patient persistence through many moments of doubt and discouragement. Wilberforce, feeling himself called of God to secure the suppression of the slave trade, fought twenty long years before his righteous efforts won. In 1796 he carried the measure through the House of Commons on the second reading by a majority of more than two to one; and his heart was glad at the prospect of victory close at hand. But when the time came for the third reading the bill was lost by the inexcusable absence of four of his supporters, whose votes would have carried it. Many a pastor knows exactly how Wilberforce felt, when under that cruel disappointment, defeated by heedlessness and indifference, he wrote: "Ten or twelve of our friends absent in the country or on pleasure; enough of them were at the opera to have carried it if they had been in their places in the House." But after seven more years of toil and conflict there came a night when this great lover of his fellow men laid his head on his pillow knowing that the diabolical slave trade was no more. A saying of the great Commoner, John Bright, is worth quoting: "Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions do not make or house the nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage." No really strong man is made without some severity in his training. When Charles George Gordon was a young engineer in the Crimean war, he wrote: "For thirty-four days I have been twenty hours a day in the trenches." He was learning his trade in that stern school the curriculum of which is "cold, hunger, toil, and misery," which Na-

poleon said is the only process for making real soldiers. As wonderful a character as has lived in our day was "Chinese Gordon." When commanding the "Ever-Victorious Army" in China, his soldiers were bent on loot and plunder. He forbade it and added, "Any man who disobeys my orders shall be shot." The soldiers were angry and sent him word that unless they were allowed to do some looting, there would be trouble. Gordon summoned them to the barrack yard. They came growling and cursing. "Fall in," commanded Gordon. They refused. This was mutiny. "Give me the name of the ringleader—quick," cried he. "Out with it, or within an hour one man in every five of you shall be shot." They answered with a defiant yell. One ruffian yelled louder and fiercer than the others. Gordon spotted him as a leader, and instantly had him dragged from the ranks and shot. The men were cowed. The mutiny stopped then and there. Gordon was not a man to be trifled with. When he was set to govern, he did it with a strong hand. When his work in China was done this man went back to England and for six years was no more the soldier, the planner of forced marches, the leader of forlorn hopes, the queller of mutinies, the deliverer of China; but a shy, quiet gentleman, spending himself in acts of sympathy and love for the poor, the weak, the friendless, repeating often his favorite saying, "Love is the badge of Christian discipleship." He haunted the workhouse and the infirmary. When the poor were dying they sent for him rather than for a clergyman. He befriended sailor-boys and chimney-sweeps, and they chalked on the fence before his house, "God bless the Kernel; he's a jolly good feller." Here is one picture of him: "He would sit on a low form in a crowded Sunday school room, teaching a group of urchins, on a summer afternoon, in a temperature sufficient to parboil any except the thickest skins." Set it down as a fact that the bravest man alive was also the gentlest, the shyest, the most unselfish, and loving. So shy and modest was he that only once could he be induced to address the school. Then he opened his pocket Bible and read as his text, "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him." God indwelling in every child of man because he is also a child of God—made in God's image—this was the central conviction of Gordon's religion. Queen Victoria got possession of the little Bible out of which Gordon read that passage to the Sunday school, and kept it in an enameled case, lying open at that text, with a bust of him on a pedestal beside it. An army officer who knew Gordon well said: "He was the nearest approach to the man Christ Jesus that I ever saw." In 1884 this gentle Christian was sent by the British Government to the Soudan to quiet the region and rescue beleaguered garrisons. Departing, he wrote his sister: "I leave for the Soudan to-night. May God be glorified, and the people of the Soudan be blessed, and may I be as the dust under his feet." He did many mighty works in the Soudan, but in the end his force was outnumbered and surrounded in Khartoum. The English government was shamefully slow in sending troops to his help. Gordon was killed by the rebels and his head was stuck up in a tree as a target for stones. It is said that Gladstone was sleepless for several nights after learning that General Gordon had been

sacrificed by the neglectful tardiness of his government. Gladstone, or whoever else was most responsible for this tragedy, ought never to have had a night's rest after that. Kipling was not too harsh in what he then wrote about "England's awful way of doing business." To serve God, to serve man, and to neglect himself—these were the passions which ruled Charles George Gordon's life and death, "of whom the world was not worthy."

Western Women in Eastern Lands. By HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, 50 cents, net.

NOTHING equals a face. To the glancing eye the finest things in this book are faces; the delicate, exquisite face of Mrs. Doremus as frontispiece; the serious, sweet, ineffably lovely face of that divine woman, Dr. Eleanor Chestnut, who entered heaven through the martyr gate; the maternal benignity of Mrs. William Butler's countenance, looking ready to mother-comfort the woes of all the world. Such spiritually high-bred faces proclaim and present to men and angels the aristocracy in a kingdom that is supreme and everlasting. The light that men saw in the face of Jesus Christ shines in them. The stories that go with these faces fill this book and help to redeem and glorify human history. How incredible it seems that when Christian women began to form their missionary societies there were some old fossils who distrusted and discouraged the movement! Can it be true that one pastor gave as a reason for always attending the women's missionary prayer meetings that "There was no telling what those women might take to praying for if left alone"? For, you see, they might get the Lord on their side; and then what? Why, their work might go forging ahead of the men's work, which would be clearly out of order. Now, "the women that publish the tidings are a great host"; and in many lands an Ever Victorious Army, very different from the one which General Gordon commanded in China, is on its march of relief and rescue. The most inspiring spectacle on earth to-day is the missionary movement, and the most convincing apologetics grow on mission fields, glimpses of which are given by this book, which is the tenth volume in the series issued by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions. This series, published yearly, has had a great circulation, the first volume, Miss Louise M. Hodgkins's *Via Christi*, having sold more than fifty thousand copies. These books were preceded by Mrs. J. T. Gracey's admirable volume, Eminent Missionary Women, which is quoted from in the book now before us. Such literature, scattered broadcast, is seedcorn for future harvests which will feed the manifold hungers of starving millions. A reminder of what schools and colleges have done for religion and missions is in the fact that Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, during the six years of her principalship, saw not one graduate leave her school unconverted. Naturally enough, seventeen of her pupils became wives of foreign missionaries, as did thirty-six more in Mount Holyoke's early years, while literally hundreds married men who were carrying the gospel to Western frontiers. The Student Volunteer Missionary Movement is to-day not only a recruiting agency for the

missionary army, but the most powerful influence for spiritualizing the life of our schools and colleges. The mission field produces the most superb results in character, among both missionaries and native converts. Even Theodore Parker, though belonging to a non-missionary church, could not help seeing this, and said that if foreign missions had produced only one such character as Adoniram Judson they would have justified themselves as well worth while. And with like perception of greatness ex-President Harrison, listening to Lilavati Singh, at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, was moved to say that if he had given a million dollars to evangelize India, and if that wonderful woman were the only convert, he would feel that his money had been well expended. Such was the impression made on Benjamin Harrison by the winning sweetness, humility of spirit, breadth of vision, intellectual mastery, and practical sense of Lilavati Singh, who was one of Isabella Thoburn's trophies won for Christ out of the turbid abyss of woman's degradation and misery in India. Two of the advance guard of women missionaries in China were Beulah and Sarah Woolston, founders of our Girls' School at Foochow. It so happens that while we are writing this book notice, with Mrs. Gracey's book open on our desk at the story of the work of the Woolston Sisters, the morning paper brings notice of the death at Mount Holly, New Jersey, on June 11, of Miss Sarah H. Woolston, at the age of eighty, having survived her sister Beulah by twenty-four years. It was by the importunities of missionary women in China that an edict against foot-binding was secured from the throne. For ages the men of China had crippled their women to keep them from gadding about, maiming them with as little compunction as if they were animals, in harmony with the pagan notion, "Woman is a buffalo, man alone is human." Now ladies of the highest rank are setting an example by unbinding their own feet and are actively promoting the reform. And, what is more remarkable, fathers, husbands, and brothers are saying, "Take the bandage from the feet of our women, and the veils from the eyes of their understanding." The book we are noticing justly characterizes the woman's movement in missions as "a great league of pity and sisterhood of service." The swelling volume of its resources and its power brings to mind Ezekiel's vision, wherein the prophet saw a river flowing out from the sanctuary; first a trickle of bright drops, then a streamlet, then waters to the ankles, to the knees, waters to swim in that could not be passed over, a river gladdening wherever it flowed. Contemplating this, the book before us says that if we are to realize this vision, we need *two convictions* burned into our souls—*the world's need of Christ* and *the life-giving power of the Divine Redeemer.* If our sense of the first is weak, the sorrowful and shameful story of woman without the gospel may arouse and strengthen it. If we are in doubt about Christ's power to destroy the works of the devil, to flood with light the dark corners of the earth that are full of cruelty, to make the desert blossom as the rose, to recreate and make all things new—if any question this, why, the story of the miracles continually wrought by Christ through the hands of our missionaries may put assurance in the place of doubt, enthusiasm in the

place of apathy, and activity in the place of indolence. And the stream of missionary effort will continue to swell, and "everything shall live whither the river cometh." This year marks the first half century of women's work for foreign missions. And these missionary women call for its celebration with a great thank offering, and ask the women of American churches to pour out their offerings at the feet of the Madonna's Son as a jubilee gift. And their motto is, "We can *if* we will: We can *and* we will." Such books as this, and the work it reports and incites to, make glad the Heart that broke on the point of the Roman soldier's spear.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne. By Joseph Hocking. 12mo, pp. 376. Cincinnati; Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.50.

Judged by the number and aggregate sales of his books, Joseph Hocking is the most popular author in England. The story before us has had an enormous sale. A fair description of it is the following: "This book is a study of a condition which exists within the Anglican communion; and it is also an account of the growth of one true man's soul amid the trials and dangers of such a condition. The condition is that brought about by the endeavors of the so-called Catholic Party in the Church of England to undo all that the Reformation has accomplished and bring that church back to Rome. The study of the soul is the story of Dominic Wildthorne —the story of his adoption as an orphan boy into the Community of the Incarnation, a monastic order of Church of England priests who belong to the Catholic Party; of his growth to manhood trained only in the false doctrine of these self-deceived thinkers and living under their threefold vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience; of his entrance at last into the world of men and women, where his artificial tenets and doctrines fall flat in the face of everyday facts; of how love comes and the inheritance of a fortune; and how, finally, tortured and harassed by the doubts and fears of an expanding intellect, he is tempted to seek peace in the Church of Rome itself—but does not—and why!" If any one unfamiliar with the writings of Joseph Hocking (a Wesleyan Methodist) wishes to make acquaintance with them, this is a good book with which to begin.

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1910

ART. I.—SOME PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN INDIA'S EVANGELIZATION

"WRITE a book; you know more now than you will later," is often said in pleasantry to new missionaries and tourists, for many such have at once a solution for India's problems; but after they have faced them long enough to really estimate their immensity and complexity, solutions are not so glibly proclaimed. The writer has waited until he has come of age in India, and therefore hopes that he may be excused for having a youthful conceit that he knows something of her problems, and further excused, because of his youth, if he makes mistakes. After over twenty-one years of service and observation in "The Land of the Vedas," the writer firmly believes that in India's evangelization tremendous and unprecedented missionary problems are to be solved, and at the same time rejoices that even now there are many encouraging tokens, which should cause the church to "be of good cheer" and full of hope. He presents here a few of these complex problems, because he believes nothing is to be gained by underestimating obstacles, and with an earnest hope that the home church may see yet more clearly that the very best of her heart, brain, and brawn will be required before the evangelization of India is accomplished.

1. *India's vast populations, with their conservative and enduring characteristics, present a great problem.* The Christian Church rightly rejoices over the great success of missions in the Fiji Islands, where "when missions began there was not a Christian, and now there is not a heathen." In India, even now, there

are over thirty-five times as many Christians as the entire native population of the Fiji Islands, and yet that only means that one out of every hundred is a Christian. Twenty years ago Bishop Thoburn said in Boston that he hoped to live to "assail the gates of hell in that old historic country with a million Methodists at his back." The church was thrilled; God grant that he may; but even that will only mean one Methodist in every three hundred; but it would be over twelve times as many Methodists as the entire native population of the Fiji Islands. We have, at a safe estimate, even now, a quarter of a million Christians in our own Southern Asia Mission field, or more than three times the eighty thousand native population of the Fiji Islands. The conservative and enduring characteristics of this vast population have also to be considered. A caricature, "the mild Hindu," has caused some to think of the Hindu as lacking force and power. A brief comparison of the people of India with those of other nations will correct this mistake. The primitive people and civilizations of Persia, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and other countries belong to ancient history, and we know of their peculiarities chiefly through the revelations of excavations; but the people of India, who were their contemporaries, have continued to exist and thrive, though in a land that has been, through all these centuries, devastated by famine, fever, cholera, and repeated invasions. More difficult to endure than all these have been their caste rules, child marriage, etc., which have made *mukti* (salvation) mean to the Hindu only release from the awful burden of existence. Nevertheless, they have not only maintained their existence and civilization, but they have marvelously multiplied. Besides all this, other countries have grown rich from the crumbs that have fallen from India's table, and while other ancient peoples are extinct, the Indians, with their Aryan blood, number almost three hundred million, and are passing through a revolutionary awakening, with every indication that their real history is yet in the future, and that they are to play an exceedingly large part in the oncoming greatness of the Oriental world. Every fifth baby born into this world looks up into the face of an Indian mother. To evangelize India is to evangelize one fifth of the human race. The problem is further

complicated by the fact that this great people speak one hundred and forty-seven classified languages and many dialects. Such a conservative people, with such force and persistency, will not easily give up the religion of their ancestors, and herein lies the problem.

2. *The marvelous power inherent in Hinduism to both resist and absorb other religions creates another great problem.* The apostles, at Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, or Rome, never encountered systems of philosophy and religion with such powers of resistance and absorption as the missionary encounters in India. Those which they encountered in these particulars, as well as others, were infantile as compared to Hinduism, and those religions have been so long dead that references to them are references to ancient history. Hinduism, on the other hand, has been growing in power with the passing centuries. Rival religions have not only been unable to destroy it, but, on the contrary, it has first resisted, then absorbed them, and thus became more powerful. Buddhism, to illustrate, rose five hundred years before Christ to destroy the Brahmanical caste system, sacrifices, incarnations and idolatry, and under King Asoka, who was emperor twenty centuries ago, was made the state religion of India. Hinduism first resisted, and the struggle for supremacy continued between these two great religions throughout fifteen centuries; then masterful Brahmanism, with its unrivaled astuteness, absorbed into Hinduism nearly every doctrine of Buddhism, except its atheism and its opposition to caste distinctions. The Brahmans compelled Buddhists to acknowledge their supremacy, accept idol worship, and conform to the rules of caste. This amazing absorbing power appears more strikingly when it is remembered that Buddhism has disappeared from India, the land of its birth; but Buddha, its founder, whose special mission was to destroy caste, idol worship, and incarnations —fundamentals in Hinduism—has himself been incorporated into Hinduism as the ninth incarnation of Vishnu, and has become a popular god in the Hindu pantheon. This inherent power becomes yet more manifest when it is further remembered that Hinduism is a religion which may be described as all theology, for it makes God everything and everything God; and yet it absorbed Buddhism, an atheistic religion, without "sacrifice, priest,

or prayer." This is even yet more remarkable when it is remembered that Buddhism itself is a religion of such power that although driven out of the land of its birth, it now holds in its power, outside of India, more people than India's entire population. How gladly would Hinduism place Christ in her pantheon as an, not the, incarnation, and that is the tendency of the Brahmo Samaj, and the use Hinduism makes of all Unitarianism. Sir Monier Williams, than whom no other European has studied Hinduism more thoroughly, in explaining this marvelous power, says:

> It is all-tolerant, all-compliant, all-comprehensive, all-absorbing. It has its material and spiritual aspect, it is esoteric and exoteric, it is subjective and objective, it is rational and irrational, it is pure and impure. It may be compared to a huge polygon, or irregular multilateral figure. It has one side for the practical and another for the severely moral, another for the devotional and imaginative, another for the sensuous and sensual, and another for the philosophical and speculative. Those who rest in ceremonial observances find it all-sufficient; those who deny the efficacy of works and make faith the one requisite need not wander from its pale; those who are addicted to sensual objects may have their tastes gratified; those who delight in meditations on the nature of God and man, and the relation of matter and spirit, the mystery of separate existence, and the origin of evil may here indulge their love of speculation.

This unparalleled religious condition is the outgrowth of the absorption by Hinduism of all the demonolatry and fetichism of all the aboriginal tribes of India. "Come along," the Brahmans said, "we will take your demons and demonesses and give them shrines and worship in our temple." Thus all the best and much of the worst of all the centuries they have absorbed and assimilated. Let the reader imagine preaching to a Hindu audience, face to face with wide-awake Hindu pundits, who are there to show that everything spoken of is already in Hinduism, and that it is better than Christianity, they being ready to throw at you all the sins of the so-called Christian nations, and then think of the millions of such, and the problem will become real.

3. *Vedantic philosophy presents many doctrinal and philosophical problems.* I have chosen Vedantic philosophy not because it is the only philosophy of India, nor because it is accepted by all, but because it is by far the most pervasively influential.

In this philosophy Christianity will find in India its last, its subtlest, most alert and tenacious antagonist. Here are a few of its dogmas:

(*a*) "The Impersonal One," the outstanding characteristic of Vedantic philosophy, is its conception of God. The formula of its leading dogma is *Ekam Eva Advitiyam,* which means "Only one without a second." Brahma exists truly, the world illusively. Brahma is the sole reality, and it is essential to the sole reality "that there shall be nothing like it, nothing different from it, and that within itself there shall be no variety. If there be anything with which to compare it, anything with which to contrast it, or if it be itself dividable into parts, unity is destroyed and duality is begun." Brahma is the supreme soul of the universe and is a neuter noun. "He is the impalpable and the immutable, the unbeginning and the unending, who neither apprehends nor may be apprehended; the unthinkable, the unspeakable, selfless, timeless, spaceless, causeless, the Sole Entity, the final reality. Beside him there is no other, nothing else." That is the Everest of Vedantic philosophy, and most readers will feel that on that peak the air is so rarefied that it is almost impossible for common lungs to breathe. He is presented "without any moral qualities, without form, without difference, without limitations." Brahma's bliss is said to be that of dreamless sleep. Here we have the supreme philosophy of India. But, like the sacred banyan tree of India, which from a single trunk sends out long branches destined to send roots to the ground and become themselves attached trees, till the central trunk is lost in a dense forest of offshoots, so has this pantheistic creed rooted itself all over India, and has spread its ramifications with such tropical luxuriance that the original root dogma is lost in an exuberant overgrowth of mythological monstrosities. Starting with only an Impersonal One, in dreamless sleep, as the Sole Entity, it becomes interesting to follow this philosophy into its explanations of how the world was created. This is solved by denying any real creation and declaring that all else is illusion. Thus, just as passing through the Suez you look across the desolate, dry, treeless waste, then suddenly you behold lakes and ships and life, and

fertility and beauty where all had been waste, it is a mirage—real enough to your perceptions though it vanishes when you approach. That, says the Vedantist, is what you and I are, and all the world besides—vivid and interesting as a mirage, and as unsubstantial. Or take another of their ways of stating it: "You dream, and in your dream suppose yourself another. You receive his honors, sob over his griefs, live his life, and then awaken to find that you are not him but you." Yet how real and impressive it all was while it lasted. An illusory existence, real enough from the standpoint of daily experience, but from the standpoint of metaphysical knowledge a wild hallucination. In order to get the Impersonal One, whose bliss is dreamless sleep, to dream, a something called Maya is invented. This mysterious Maya conditions the unconditional Brahma, "that is to say, this strange principle first of all hides Brahma from itself, veils it to its true nature as a cloud might veil the sun, so that it becomes capable of the conceit of personality; and then it leads Brahma, as a method of realizing its illusory personality, to project the phantasmagoria of a world." That is, Brahma under the influence of Maya becomes like one endowed with complete personality. Thus worlds appear as things appear to one in a dream, or a mere slight of hand on an infinite scale.

(*b*) Pantheism and idolatry, the Impersonal One, who, according to Vedantism, is all there is really, is not therefore separated from any part of the universe; and here we come upon pantheism. It reasons, "Is not God like the sunlight—everywhere, in man, in beast, in tree, in stream, in the mountain, and the snow upon the mountain top?" Therefore all things may be worshiped, for God is in them all, and the only things that need regulate one's worship are custom and convenience. Hence idolatry is everywhere present in India and finds its justification in the dogma of pantheism. On every mountaintop and by every roadside there are idols inviting the people to worship. This philosophical creed has suffered at the hands of the people of India the most degrading translation. Images not larger than a man's finger, and forms more foul than bacchanals, more monstrous than the fancies of nightmare, are worshiped with low prostitution. Indian pantheism began by

sublimating everything into God, and has continued by transfusing God into everything. The subtlest monism in the world lives in open alliance with the grossest idolatry. This by many of the people is interpreted to mean that God is also in every action, as much in evil actions as in good. The criminal about to go to the gallows, when spoken to as having committed a crime, with flashing eyes, replied: "I didn't kill the man; it was God who did it. Don't you know that all we do is God's doings?" Herein lies the great difficulty in producing conviction of sin. When one sees a pantheistic Indian under powerful conviction of sin, then he says, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," for here in a miraculous manner is his work manifest. God in everything has so taken possession of the thought of the common people of India that, let the missionary proclaim the helplessness of the idol and explain that God is a spirit and should only be worshiped in spirit, the people will listen, but answer: "You have spoken true words; God is one. He is here in this image; here, then, as custom dictates and convenience suggests, we worship God." In this way this pantheistic philosophy has captured the imagination of India's millions. On the other hand, nowhere is the influence of missions more clearly seen than in the fact that it is now often claimed that the educated classes of India have ceased to worship idols. A growing thought among the educated of India was recently expressed in the saying of an educated Indian to a missionary: "India must have a personal God; our impersonal one no longer satisfies." While this is encouraging, on the other hand, the slowness with which the villagers of India, and even the Indian village Christians, in times of sorrow and trouble, and the zenana women forsake idolatry, sets forth one of the greatest problems. One comes after living in India to better understand the slowness with which the children of Israel forsook idol worship, and their oft falling back into it, and becomes more sympathetic and patient with Indian Christians in their efforts to get rid of all forms of idolatry. When it is remembered that it is only a worship of fear, of the evil spirits, the case is sadder and forms a tremendous problem.

(4) *Transmigration, a doctrine regarded as self-evident in India for twenty-five centuries, presents another problem.* It has

been fully indorsed by Vedantists, and is an attempt to interpret the mysterious problem of suffering, and the inequalities of life. It starts on the assumption that the soul is simply the vital principle that runs through nature, and that salvation means a release from the awful burden of existence, and union with the universal soul, or Impersonal One. In accomplishing this the sages speak of "the eighty-four." I have never heard of anyone who knows how the calculation was made; it is only generally known that it means "eight million four hundred thousand rebirths." In this process the soul "may crawl as a snake, bloom as a flower, roam as a tiger, writhe like a demon, or reign as a god. No embodiment is incongruous or impossible." How far anyone is in this no one knows; how much longer he may continue no one can tell. In whatever state one is born he is to die; but to die is to be born again; the wheel turns on, and the soul is projected into another existence.

> Only while turns the wheel invisible
> No pause, no peace, no staying place can be;
> Who mounts may fall, who falls will mount; the spokes
> Go round unceasingly.

That this doctrine is neither proved nor provable does not hinder its almost universal acceptance. Its only possible proof would be recollection; but the masses only say, "Why should we question what our great forefathers believed?" Is there any law back of this in the Hindu mind? Yes, it is what is called the law of *Karma*. The word *karma* means, as near as we can get it in English, "action," or, "the deed determines the destiny," which means that whatever one has, or is, or is not, in the present existence, is all because of something done in a former existence, and the future existence will be determined by the present deeds. This doctrine requires an eternity behind as well as before. There is a chain of cause and effect each link of which hangs on the preceding and the first on——? Recollection being the only possible proof, and the fact that no one recollects, entirely does away with any moral responsibility. The people so interpret it and attribute their sufferings not to fault but to fate. Therefore, whether a Hindu loses property, or a limb, or a loved one, or his honesty, or

his purity, he can find refuge in the same defense—"It is my fate." Further, it makes suffering always penal. All the comfort that the Christian gains in the belief that the highest qualities are developed through suffering, and often the very highest service rendered, is entirely outside of the Hindu thought. In the great problems of life, with all their mysteries, transmigration has not a single gleam of light to throw on Christianity, while it checks and almost entirely excludes sympathy. Every sufferer is believed to be suffering the penalty of his own deeds; why, then, should pity be wasted on a criminal? But, saddest of all, the word "forgiveness" lies outside of its vocabulary. Karma never errs and never spares. Logically, "repentance is useless, resentment irrational, escape impossible."

> The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
> Moves on; nor all your pity and wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

Sitting in an Indian train, a well-educated professional Indian gentleman entered, and recognizing me as a missionary, he soon turned the conversation on religion, and, in perfect English, remarked, "There is one doctrine which you missionaries preach that forever makes it impossible for me to accept the Christian religion." "What is that?" I inquired. He replied, "You teach that sin can be forgiven; that is impossible," and declared his belief in that, "What I have sowed, that—not more, but never less, and never otherwise—must I reap." Compare this merciless philosophy with "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin," and you have the contrast between this merciless philosophy and our merciful God. In contrast with the high-caste, cultured philosopher, proud of intellect, may I tell of a simple village woman of India? She had learned of the Lord's Prayer only the words, "Our Father who art in heaven." The gospel in that much of the Lord's Prayer, in contrast with the loveless Impersonal One of Hinduism, captured and entranced her entire being, and gave her a new world in which to live, to such an extent that when the native

pastor wished her to go on and learn the rest of the Lord's Prayer, she positively refused, saying: "What is the necessity? Have I not enough?" Her faith had seen in that much provision for life, death, and eternity, and in the fullness of her new-found joy she could not imagine that she needed more. Here one sees the happy freshness and fullness of such a revelation. Herein is the missionary's joy; but how to get the thronging conservative millions to let go of the old and take the new is the problem.

5. *Caste, the zenana, child marriage and enforced widowhood, create problems found only in India.* Caste has well been called "the devil's masterpiece." Caste holds sway in India even over the outcasts. Those who are so low in the social scale as to be counted outside of Hinduism, even they are bound in caste. "Caste! caste! caste!" is before the missionary in India day and night, year in and year out. It holds India's millions subject to caste laws for such details of life as sipping, drinking, eating, washing, sitting, rising, reclining, visiting, traveling, speaking, listening, marrying, reading, singing, working, fighting, acquiring, dispensing and losing merit, inheritance, conveyance, possession and disposition of property, gain, loss and ruin, death, burial, burning; in short, with all the relations of life and with all that is supposed to precede and follow. The women are as completely bound as the men. Lest some might think the missionary disposed to exaggerate, I shall quote from the Gaekwar of Baroda, a Hindu who has been around the world, and is India's greatest social reformer: "The system which claims to divide us into innumerable castes, claiming to rise by minutely graded steps from the pariah to the Brahman, is a whole tissue of injustice, splitting men, equal by nature, into divisions, high and low, based not on the natural standard of personal qualities, but on the accident of birth. There seems to be no country in the civilized world save India where the power of religion has been used as a force to divide man from his kith and kin. The slave was never an untouchable being, whereas the very touch or even the shadow of a panchama is considered as pollution by a large section of the Indian people." Caste is weakening, in some places, but there "remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." As to the zenana: Much

has been done to relieve the zenana, but, according to the last census there are now forty million Indian women in the zenana—just about equal to the entire womanhood of the United States. Is that not a mighty problem? Child marriage and enforced widowhood I connect purposely, because infant wives become lifelong widows. Among the Hindus all girls must be married as children. Practically all widowers remarry, hence all widowers of all ages up to seventy, and even eighty, marry child wives. These husbands die when their wives are yet children and leave them to be lifelong widows and worse than the slaves of the deceased husband's relatives. There have been a few widows remarried under reform movements, and over this there has been great rejoicing, but the census shows that there are left twenty-six million widows; one hundred thousand of them are under ten years of age, and five thousand are widowed babies of one year old and under. There was great rejoicing recently in one corner of the empire when some pundits consented that in that section the age of marriage might be raised to five years, and well there might be rejoicing; but think of what lies back of such conditions. I shall not harrow the reader with this at length, but will let one widow's cry represent the cry of the millions. "The English have abolished suttee, but, alas! neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes. And Hindus not only don't care but think it good. If the widow's shadow is to be dreaded, why do they darken and overshadow the whole land with it? I am told that in England they comfort the widows' hearts, but there is no comfort for us." Who shall complete the work of their deliverance? That is the problem.

6. *The Mohammedan population in India is larger than in any other country, and this constitutes another problem.* The statistics gathered for the great Cairo convention on Mohammedanism estimated the Moslem population of the world at 252,966,170. Nearly one fourth, or 62,458,007, are in India. If we add Malaysia, included in our Southern Asia mission field, we have 29,289,440 more, or a total of 91,747,447. Africa comes next with 58,864,587. When last at home I saw maps and heard lectures on the shadow of Mohammedanism pressing down over

the great African continent. My heart was warmed with sympathy for our missionaries and the great work in Africa; but how could I forget that there are over thirty-two million more Mohammedans in our Southern Asia mission field alone than even in Africa, and that they are pushing their campaign with equal enthusiasm? The world-wide church is waking up to the greatness of the task of the evangelization of the Moslem world, and in recognition of the great fact that there are more in India than in any other land the next world's convention on Moslem evangelization, on the invitation of the writer, is to be held at the beginning of next year in Lucknow, the very city in which these words are being penned. In contemplating the problem of India's evangelization it should ever be kept in mind that the world's largest Moslem population is in India. Our mission has had some very excellent converts from among the Mohammedans. Mohammedanism as it is in India, added to all the problems of Hinduism, makes an Indian missionary, just coming of age, believe that there are no more vital nor complicated mission problems to face, on the face of the whole earth than those with which he is surrounded.

"Can such problems be solved?" I hear the reader ask. We hasten to answer, yes! A thousand times *yes!* These problems, as seen by the writer, are not pessimistically presented, but with a desire to help the home church to more clearly realize the greatness of her task, and to recognize that the great and decisive battle between Christianity and these powerful religions has yet to be fought, and to prepare her to give not only her good but her best. The following will briefly outline some of what has already been accomplished.

Missionaries from various countries have gone up and spied out the land, and have come back showing a thriving Indian Christian Church as the luscious fruit of the land, and they bring no pessimistic report; but, believing that "nothing is too hard for God," thousands of faithful Calebs and Joshuas are crying out to the Christian world, "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it." The longer missionaries have been in India the more hopeful they become. A recent traveler

through India gave this testimony: "I have not found a discouraged missionary."

The Bible has been translated into all the leading languages and most of the dialects, and millions of copies have been sold and read, some for spiritual light, some to learn English, some that the reader may be prepared to oppose the missionaries; but, as Paul said, "whether in pretense or truth, Christ is preached," and we rejoice. In accomplishing this the languages have been reduced to writing and new missionaries, instead of having to begin where the first ones did, find grammars, dictionaries, Bibles, hymn books, tracts, and much other literature already to hand. This is the fruit of over a century of hard, consecrated, unheralded but faithful work, and its advantages for all the rest of the campaign cannot be overestimated.

Educational, medical, and zenana missions have reached many thousands and inclined some of them favorably toward Christianity. When Dr. Duff introduced scientific education into India he said, "I am laying a mine that will tear up the very foundations of Hinduism." This is being done; tens of thousands who have lost faith in Hinduism have not yet accepted Christianity and are atheistic. Many in India now desire reform, freedom, and the elevation of womanhood. Many of these proud leaders do not yet acknowledge that Christianity, with its evangelistic, educational, medical, and literary agencies, has brought this about. How to bring these awakened, inquiring, restless millions, proud of intellect, country, and ancestry, with their cry, "Indian things for India," including religion, is a pressing question in the present stage of the solution of the problems.

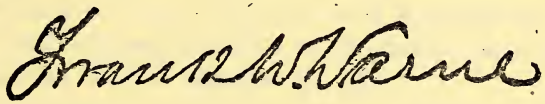
A society called the Arya Samaj has risen to reform Hinduism and oppose Christianity. Its members are our bitterest opponents; but this shows that they fear Christianity will overthrow Hinduism. Their fears are well founded. Over against the Arya Samaj is the Brahmo Samaj, a small theistic church, fighting idolatry by preaching a personal God and social equality, and therefore opposing caste, child marriage, and enforced widowhood. They also favor female education and the general elevation of womanhood. They preach Christ not as a Saviour, but as a

good man, a great teacher, and the ideal character for India. Both these societies represent the higher and educated classes, and show India to be in such a restless, frightened, transition stage that she is carrying on a warfare among her own sons concerning the Christ. While these opposite movements are working among the high-caste people, multitudes from among the low castes are turning toward Christianity. They recognize that Hinduism has degraded them and Christianity alone can truly elevate them. Mohammedans are competing for them, and give them, with themselves, social equality. Had we sufficient missionaries to teach and lead these awakening millions, millions of conversions would soon take place in conservative old India. Whether Christianity or Mohammedanism will have these low-caste millions is the question of the times. Sixty million Mohammedans are working for them. If Christianity had a tithe of such an army in India, the question would be solved.

Last and best of the encouraging movements is the character and rapid growth of the Indian Christian Church. We have no complete statistics later than 1901. Then there were 2,943,445 Christians of all classes in India. Judging from percentages of growth in former decades, it is a conservative estimate to say that there are now in India three and a half million Christians, and that more than half of them are Protestant. During the decade preceding 1901 the nonevangelical churches only increased twelve per cent, while the evangelical and evangelistic churches increased 105 per cent; and we confidently expect that ratio to increase. Marvelous revivals during the past five years have been spreading over India among Protestant Christian communities, and especially among our own, and a type of spirituality that promises great things for the future is found in many places in the Indian Church. Genuine conviction of sin, clear conversions, and experiences of full salvation rejoice our hearts. We have hundreds of Indian ministers and workers whom we love and trust as we do each other, and from whom we learn many spiritual lessons, and these are a prophecy of an oncoming host. In a new sense since coming to India I can say "I believe in the Holy Ghost," for we are having indeed "old-time religion." When the

wealth of India's spiritual instinct and the fervor of her religious passion are lavished upon the Christ, I believe we shall see the best type of Christianity the world has ever known. The story of the matchless love of Christ wins and fires the Indian heart, and the oncoming Indian Church will be the mightiest power, as it should be, in India's evangelization.

O, Church of God, in the home land, in face of these majestic problems do not lose heart. India, the mother of religions and philosophies, who has given religions and philosophies to Asia, the land of palms and pearls, caste-cursed, historic, conservative, yet dear old India will yet, great and strong, stand up among the nations, and look upon the nail-pierced hands, the wounded side, the thorn-torn brow of the Christ, and with all doubts gone, cry, "My Lord and my God!"—"Galilæan, thou hast conquered. I am thine, and thou art mine, forever."



Art. II.—INTELLECTUAL FRONTIERSMEN

In his Winning of the West Theodore Roosevelt has an interesting passage on the influence of the frontier on human character. He goes on to tell of the different types of men naturally attracted to a frontier, and of the forces which mold character out on the advancing edge of civilization. He finds a vast appeal to the imagination in a frontier, and a set of forces at work there which call out characteristics which may not be noticeable in the well-settled communities. According to Roosevelt, the man who in the populous center back East would be just a good neighbor and an accommodating citizen becomes on the frontier a self-sacrificing hero. The man who in an older community simply takes his home as a matter of course will on the frontier go to his death for his home. On the other hand, the man who in the settled community is a backbiter becomes in the new land a murderer. The man who is lazy at home may become a cattle thief on the frontier. And in every case the outside polish wears off.

The frontier which Roosevelt describes so picturesquely has disappeared. There has been no frontier in the old sense of the term for the past twenty years. But there are frontiers of other kinds. New worlds are continually being set before us for exploration and conquest. There are frontiers in science, in the field of social theory, in philosophic speculation, in theological inquiry. And the frontiers of the mind's realms present something of the same characteristics as did the frontiers which the historian of the West has described. There is something about an intellectual frontier which attracts widely diverse characters. There is something which develops quickly the best or the worst in those characters. The pioneer may be a very good man or a very bad man. It is hard to get a typical frontiersman, for the reason that he may be so very good or so very bad; and it is hard to get any sort of average by putting the good and the bad together. The opposites stand out distinctly in a close view. The "bad" man has quality which is unmistakable and the good man is soon known as such. Unfortunately, the man "back East" does not make the

distinctions which appear as soon as one reaches the frontier, and so is apt to group all frontiersmen together as a race of heroes, or, on the contrary, as a set of wild ruffians with no regard for law and order. At a distance it is difficult to distinguish the law-abiding home-seeker from the lawbreaking desperado. The same mistake is sometimes made when we think of the men on the intellectual frontiers. The romantic and the sentimental cry out at once that the man announcing a new discovery or a new theory is a hero like the mighty men of old. No honors are too great for him. On the other hand, the staid citizen of the long-established intellectual lands is apt to feel that all pioneers in thought are disturbers and lawbreakers. When we come close to the frontiersmen, however, we see that the men who at a distance looked very much alike are in reality very different. There are outlaws upon the frontier, and adventurers, and nomads, and Ishmaelites, and sportsmen, and home-seekers, and empire-builders. The empire-builder looks at a distance something like an outlaw. The true frontiersman simply has to take some laws into his own hands. This is true whether he is building an empire which can be given a geographical location and a name or whether he is erecting his kingdom in the realms of high philosophy. "Back East" the citizen has to abide by a code of exact law. Out on the frontier he has at times to be a law unto himself. In the staid realm of established institutions the intellectual worker finds limits which he must not pass; but in the new realms, whatever those realms may be, the thinker must take certain liberties. He must remember, as we must, that he is taking these liberties. He must rely upon hypothesis, for example, and upon what we are pleased at times to call "constructive imagination." The situation is not the same in the settled kingdoms of learning as it is in the newer intellectual countries. Every possibility must be canvassed, every hypothesis tested, every assumption given a chance. Now when we see from a distance the rapid changes of opinion that this pioneer makes, and hear the startling suggestions which he offers, we may think that he is bound by no law of consistency whatsoever. We think of him as a reckless antinomian, and forget that he is moving in a new sphere. An investigator in the field of physics studying the

properties of radium, for example, is to be allowed to make any hypothesis he pleases, and start out upon the wildest experiment. We who look on from the safe vantage of what is already known and classified must have patience lest we think meanly of mental processes which are really destined to add vastly to the world's stock of knowledge. Of course some things are fixed once and for all, but let us not be too impatient if the pioneer has moments when he questions even these things. He is out on the frontier. Now, we do not forget that there are outlaws on the frontier, men who have no sense of logic, and men who are in rebellion against the moral foundations. This is especially true in the realm of social reform. Some man sees a chance for an improvement in an institution of society like the home, or the church, or the school. He makes suggestions which are for the moment startling to us, but he may be working with the instinct of the home-seeker or the empire-builder. The embarrassing fact is, however, that as soon as he begins to work on this frontier the real outlaws swarm in, the free-lovers and the "affinity" knaves, the haters of religion and the enemies of knowledge. The frontier condition makes the real worker very self-sacrificing, and in his loyalty to his conception he says something which sounds to the man at a distance like the lawlessness of the outlaw, who is a real fact and factor on the frontier.

The man on the frontier looks from a distance very much like a failure, it may be; and there are failures in plenty on frontiers of whatever sort. If the United States could open a new frontier to-day, and that frontier were not too far distant, the failures would be on hand very early. The men who have not been able to "make it go" in the well-settled parts try their luck once more in the new lands. So it is in the realm of mind. The man who has gone down to complete disaster in his attempt to get hold of the well-established principles of thoroughgoing metaphysics hears that there is a new land called physiological psychology, and he makes for that frontier—where he accomplishes nothing, of course. To-day society is giving itself to the problem of seeking for modifications in its own constitution. Men are studying profoundly the principles of socialism, let us say, to see

if any hint of reform can be found in them. But the frontier which we call sociological science is like a magnet for the failures, and the camps of the socialists are full of comrades with a grievance against the universe. So it is in the advance ranks of every new intellectual movement. The men who have failed "back East" arrive in a stream. And we who look on from "back East" think they are all failures. We do not get close enough to see that there are on the frontier men who are willing to try plan after plan and see them all fail if they can from the failures get some hint which will point to the truth. A failure which comes from the fact that the pioneer is himself a chronic and habitual failure is one thing. A failure in an experiment which points toward the truth is another matter. We must distinguish between the two types. From the distance the frontier seems to be swarming with adventurers. The adventurers are there—wild fellows willing to run any risk just for the sake of the risk itself, living upon excitement and sensation. They send back into the settled districts the stories of great exploits, which exploits, by the way, are usually located in the future. To take a single illustration, think of some of the utterances which are being given forth in these days by a peculiarly adventurous type of pioneer scientist, the writer for the popular magazines, concerning a great forward movement in the world of invention, namely, the contrivance of a flying machine that will fly. A writer in a recent journal, laying great claim to an understanding of his subject, thrilled the world with an article showing how the invention of the flying machine has made it impossible for navies to exist more than ten years longer. The flying machine flies over the battleship and drops an explosive upon the ship. The ship "blows up." Just what the explosive is, and how it can be fired accurately from the flying machine, and what the ship is doing while the explosive is being aimed and fired at her, are matters left to conjecture. The exact engineer tells us that such an attack would indeed be fatal if the explosive could be dropped down the smokestack! But the magazine scientist, whose imagination is flying much more boldly than any actual flying machine would dare, must not disgust us. Let us be amused at him while we reflect upon the fact

that scientist after scientist, trained in the best schools, is risking his life in an attempt to conquer the principles of flight for the service of man. From the distance they all look alike, the magazine writer and the trained mechanical genius, but they are not alike. We must not shout for them all, and we must not condemn them all. All the real advances come through the risks of venturesome men. By the way, the efforts at the improvement of the world through Christian effort are necessarily venturesome. Christianity has a frontier and Christianity must learn to look intelligently upon the work of that frontier. There is a frontier in theology. The theologian cannot advance with the careful measured tread of the mathematician. There is no way of building up the kingdom of God by formal logic. We have nothing but the venture of faith out and forward upon the largest and best assumptions which we can find. We learn more of God by assuming more of him. The progress of the church has come from the venturesomeness of the hardy spiritual pioneers who have dared to believe the most and the best concerning God. This is especially true of Methodism. We may say that John Wesley advanced backward if we please, but he advanced, nevertheless, and if he were living to-day, would probably be far out on some latter-day frontier. We speak sometimes about the kingdom of the truth and about "conserving the truth" with more devotion than knowledge. The truth of God is something which grows at the hands of venturesome frontiersmen, who are not afraid to abandon old conceptions and old methods when these will no longer do the work. If the parables of Jesus mean anything, they mean that the kingdom of God is under the necessity of expansion. The man with the talent was wicked and slothful because he would not make a venture. He was too timid with his Lord's money. If we are dealing with trust funds, we do well to be conservative and "stick to the four per cents"; but if we are dealing with a vital kingdom, the best way to advance the kingdom is to push out the frontiers. To push out the frontiers we must have the frontiersmen. Take the problem of Christian effort for the salvation of the cities. If there is any problem in the universe which is to-day a frontier problem, that problem is the modern city. The modern

city is new. The city minister meets a condition the like of which has never before been seen. Now, of course, all the experiment-triers in all the churches revel in a chance such as the modern city presents, and they give us hare-brained schemes without number. Still, the problem is a new problem, and quite likely it will require a new plan to solve it. We may sit off in a rural or suburban retreat and lament the reckless departure from the old methods, but we must not embarrass the real pioneer who is doing the best he can on the ground. He is not responsible for the easy prophecy that some panacea will bring the millennium next year, but he is responsible if he does not at least make an attempt with any method which contains anything of promise.

Once more, when we look at the pioneer from a distance he may seem to us to be bent chiefly on destruction. He may seem to be wasteful even to wantonness. As a matter of fact, the destroyer is out yonder on the frontier. There are reckless, headlong slashers with whom destruction is a mania. There are sportsmen whose delight is in killing. Let any frontier open in the realm of science or philosophy or theology, and the destroyers rush thither, some bent on destruction for destruction's own sake, some laying waste just for the sport of waste. If, for example, we look back over the history of biblical criticism in the last thirty years, we can see abundant reason for the alarm of many good people at the methods of some students. As a matter of fact, there have been out upon that frontier many students whose delight seemed to be in destruction. Their glee at the overthrow of some established view has been but poorly concealed. Too many have taken up the critical methods with the jaunty air of sportsmen. They have found in the methods of present-day criticism a finely fashioned instrument which they have used for destruction. They have been in such haste to declare that rearrangement of the scriptural documents has overthrown Christianity that they have revealed their own purpose in moving to the frontier. But whatever else Christianity may be, it is certainly not a frontier for sportsmen. A distinguished essayist once complained that theologians are not more sportsmanlike in their controversies. There is really nothing more maddening to

the pioneer than to be called a sportsman. When he is thus caricatured he realizes the hopelessness of his situation, for there are sportsmen on the frontier, and the pioneer himself has to do the same things that a sportsman does. The pioneer must destroy. He must clear a new path, and in clearing the new path he must cut down many a fine tree, which elsewhere might be a thing of grandeur, but which in his path is just an obstruction. He has to hear the people "back East" call out to him to be a "constructive" and not a "destructive" critic, when he has to destroy some things for the sake of the building which is to come later. There are very few phrases more misunderstood than this of "destructive criticism." There is, of course, destruction by the waster and the sportsman, but there is also destruction at the hands of the home-seeker and the empire-builder. The latter destruction aims at the clearing a place for truth. And we must not expect the pioneer to be overdiscriminating in his methods. He cannot stop to busy himself with the finer points as to whether just this or that or the other should be cut away. He is to do his part, and that part is the part of path-breaking. The man who later builds the macadamized road will have time to act more scientifically. The pioneer cannot be expected always to clean up the litter he makes. Others can do that while he goes ahead to farther frontiers. The truth is that hosts of pioneer scholars in our day have been working with the sincere purpose of making the Bible more of a home for man than ever before. They have been seeking to clear away misunderstandings and to cut out the extravagant growth of misconceptions. They are genuine empire-builders. To-day we see the Scriptures coming to new influence through the toils of such workers. And yet side by side with the real home-seeker are the reckless assailant and the cynical sportsman. It is hard at a distance to tell which is which.

This line of reflection is especially pertinent also in view of the fact that there is abroad to-day a serious spirit of inquiry as to whether some path may not be found to lead us out of the distress in industrial and political life which has come about through the growth and extension of special privileges. There is on to-day in our country and in others a veritable war against the doctrine

of divine right of kings to rule. True, the kings are not called kings, but they rule, nevertheless—railroad kings and industrial kings. Now we must find some way to a better state of things; but whether we try the methods of governmental regulation, or governmental ownership, or socialism, we shall always hear the cry that those who are trying to lead the advance are destroyers. Of course there are destroyers among these pioneers; there are haters of God and man who would uproot every social institution they could lay hands on. And from a distance there may not seem to be much difference between these men and those who are acting with the desire to make America a better home and a stronger empire. There is a difference, but the difference is not discernible at a distance. Any man who starts out to be a pioneer in this sphere must count on doing some work that may for the moment seem destructive. It was said of a noted American fighter against the abuse of special privileges that he wallowed his way through the rights of his enemies with the grace of a rhinoceros. We may not be qualified to say how much grace a rhinoceros has, but we can at least see that after this particular leader got through he had left a path behind him broad enough for the masses to travel out toward larger life. The speech of the pioneer is apt to be harsh, judged by conventional and drawing-room standards. The truth is that the well-settled people back in the older districts do not like to be disturbed. In too many cases they themselves are the obstacles which the leader of the forward movement has to overcome. So the pioneer has to make his speech not from the standpoint of politeness or finish but from the standpoint of effectiveness. There are some instances where only the heavy blunt speech will do any execution, but a blunt instrument occasionally bruises a surface broader than that which the pioneer himself wishes to strike.

What, after all, is the point which we are trying to enforce? First, that we must not be too hard on the pioneer because he seems at a distance to be a somewhat rough character. We live in an age when the frontiers are pushing out in all directions, frontiers in science and philosophy and social theory and religion. The discoveries on the frontier are bound to react with impulse toward

profound change for better on all the established provinces. We cannot understand American history until we see something of the reflex action of the advancing frontier upon the Eastern sections. We cannot measure the influences for good throughout the entire body of our thinking which are to come from the extension of knowledge and the widening of the field for Christian activity. Yet this advance takes its impulse from men who may make a poor show judged by the artificialities and the conventions. The pioneers exaggerate in their whole thought of things. They see simply from their own standpoint. There is very little of the judicial about them. Their speech is at times ill-balanced and reckless and boastful and arrogant and ugly, and sounds bad afar off. They are not always what are characterized as "safe and sane" men. They are especially lacking in gentleness from the view of those who look out through plate-glass windows. Yet these men are the hope of the advancing kingdom. They are the "strong men with empires in their brains." If we are to look upon human character as in any sense instrumental, we have to judge these men by what they accomplish. What they accomplish is the opening of the world to the homes of men. They make the new realms of thought and feeling and doing not only explorable but habitable. As Roosevelt says, the frontier exaggerates and accentuates the characteristics of the pioneer. We might not like to have some of the pioneers of the old days in our parlors, but we could not have any parlors if it had not been for the pioneers. Secondly, let us not be too harsh on the pioneer because of the company he keeps. Outlaws, thugs, cut-throats, speculators, adventurers, failures of all sorts swarm on the frontiers of a nation and on the frontiers of a realm of thought. But the home-seekers and the empire-builders are there too. A smug and respectable gentleman attended an anti-slavery convention in Boston in the days of Phillips and Garrison. This gentleman went away bursting with respectable indignation at what he saw there—long-haired men and short-haired women, free-lovers, atheists, anarchists, bankrupts, human riffraff, and a fair sprinkling of half-witted persons. And these were no doubt all present. The respectable gentleman forgot to look closely at some others who were there—Garrison and

Phillips, for example. Quite likely, if he had seen these and heard even these talk, he would have thought them very dangerous characters—as, indeed, they were. Unlovely characters too, looked at from a distance. But they helped make the nation a decent dwelling place for the peoples of the world. Gilbert Haven was once reproached for attending meetings where such persons as those who offended our respectable Bostonian congregated. Gilbert Haven never uttered a profounder bit of wisdom than in his reply. He simply remarked that no greater mistake could be made than to judge a pioneer by the company that might gather around him.

Francis J. McConnell

Art. III.—SAMPLE LATIN LYRICS BY SIXTEENTH CENTURY GERMANS

It may be safely assumed that the average man understands the term "Latin literature" to include nothing written after the downfall of the Western Empire, and that even the connoisseur of literature historically considered is apt to regard that mass of writing during the next millennium which was necessarily restricted to the language of the educated world as a sort of literary Sahara, or as a kind of "salted" mine, whose actual yield in precious ore would not exceed a cent's worth to a hundred of rock. It is indeed true that Latin literature in the strict sense of the term practically ceased even before Rome fell into the hands of the barbarians, and that it requires great courage and indomitable patience to venture in the search for literary nuggets inside the covers of those ponderous tomes which represent the wisdom (or folly) of the Middle Ages. But nuggets there are, worth rescuing from their desolate surroundings; and occasionally an heroic soul dares to forsake the world of culture and good society and plunge across the frontier into the "bad lands" of literature, to live for a time an isolated life and secure some new treasures, with which, if he survives the process, he may afterwards return to delight his fellow men. Such an intrepid explorer is Georg Ellinger, who for the Weidmann series of *Lateinische Litteraturendenkmäler des XV und XVI Jahrhunderts* selected and edited a little collection entitled *Deutsche Lyriker des Sechszehnten Jahrhunderts.* The collection contains only Latin lyrics, and is culled from the works of over fifty different authors. It may be confidently asserted that not many of us have even a vague conception of the vastness of the bulk of Latin poetry produced in Germany during this period. The smallness of the number of men of letters who ever, like Horace, succeed in rearing for themselves "a monument more enduring than one of bronze" is silently and sadly witnessed by a mere catalogue of the names of the writers represented in this collection. What do the poets and scholars of the beginning of the twentieth century know, or care, about Michael

Abel, Valens Acidalius, Tobias Aleutnerus, Martinus Balticus, and so on, with few exceptions, to the end of the list? And what shall we say of the second list of more than fifty names which are only "mentioned in the introduction"? Indeed, we hardly begin to wake up to the scope of the editor's labors in selecting these one hundred and twenty-two pages from the wilderness of material around him until he tells us that not one tenth of the authors of the period could be represented at all, and that he often read through thick volumes of over six hundred pages to pick out a single poem. In view of such care in selection we are justified in expecting to find the most important tendencies in the Latin lyrical composition of this period represented by some of the most interesting, suggestive, or intrinsically meritorious examples; and this expectation is not disappointed. Not merely in the technique of the poet's art, in variety of metrical treatment, in nearness of approach to genuinely classical models, but often also in the real poetic touch, in happy conceits, in undeniable inspiration, to say nothing of certain poems of curious historical interest, these lyrics deserve more than casual attention. In their human interest they do not fall behind the classical models of Catullus and Horace, and in their variety of form and subject they capture our thought. Though outside the pale of what is accepted as classical Latin, probably nine out of ten school or college students would fail in attempting to point out any lapses from the standards of the best Latinity; and many a lover of literature might find his enthusiasm for Latin reading quickened in turning from the older days to those so much nearer his own experience. There is no good reason why such poetry should not have a place in our college curricula, and many a neat tidbit could well be included in the reading books that are designed to attract young minds to love Latin literature.

The editor has arranged the selections according to subjects in these divisions: I, Amatory; II, Poems of Wedlock; III, Poems of individual feeling or experience; IV, Hodœporica and Propemptica; V, Poems of nature and joyous life; VI, Religious; VII, Didactic; VIII, Poems of home and country; IX, Poems on special occasions or

historic events. To the division containing the amatory poetry is allotted the largest space. Not that this variety of poetry was the one most cultivated in that sterner age—rather the contrary was the fact. But when so prominent a poet as Petrus Lotichius Secundus, who was indeed the greatest Latin poet Germany ever produced, began to devote his attention to this style of composition, imitators sprang up, and the second half of the century saw a decided tendency toward such lyrics. Sixteen different poets are represented in this group, singing their joys or sorrows, praising the charms of their fair lady loves, lamenting the cruel fate that separates true lovers, or complaining of the hard hearts of the beauties of that day, while the now ghostly procession of Philetas, Rosinas, Nisas, or Blandinas who enthralled the red-blooded youth of the sixteenth century in Germany passes in dim review before us. Unfortunately, prolixity seems to be a besetting sin of disappointed lovers, or, at any rate, a temptation to which several of these lovers yield in the favorite elegiac distich, which can so easily be spun out *nach Belieben*. The wailing of Joannes Dantiscus addressed to Grinæa, with which the collection opens, runs on to the length of one hundred and twelve verses. His theme is one easily appreciated in every land, as well as in Germany, and in every age when the lusty youth is sent hither and yon in the exigencies of military life or other necessary travel, and forced to leave behind, here and there, the charmers of his heart:

> Quam duræ miseri sunt conditionis amantes,
> Qui nullas sedes nec loca certa tenent!
>
> How hard the lover's sad condition,
> Who has no home nor sure position!

In Germany he falls in love with a blonde, in Italy with a brunette, and as soon as he has fairly surrendered to the new assault is forced to change his base and undergo a new attack and capitulation. Just now it is this damsel Grinæa from whom John is forced to tear himself away, and he gives us a vivid picture of the last fond embrace—the pressing of bosom to bosom, the encircling of manly neck by smooth arms, the lingering touch of lip to lip, the streams of tears on four cheeks, and the last sad word, "Farewell."

Happy indeed are they who enjoy affection that stays!
Hardest of all for lovers is traveling devious ways.

The protestations of the lover that he is loth to leave his Grinæa remind us forcibly of those of Æneas to Dido beside the Styx, and other Vergilian parallels in the poem indicate slightly its excellent style. An epistle of Georgius Sabinus, written in elegiacs to Petrus Bembus, recounts the more fortunate experience of the learned writer to his even more learned and famous friend, who is readily recognized as the gay Cardinal Pietro Bembo, of great literary repute and Epicurean tastes, himself a "past grand master" of the art of love and one of the devotees of the celebrated Lucrezia Borgia. The erudite George, poring over his books and writing, had been visited, so goes the account in this poem, by Venus herself, and besought to accept her son Cupid as a pupil, not in the more serious studies, but in the art of amatory verse, the promised reward to consist of a lover's kiss. But when the master and pupil met Cupid forthwith drew his bow and sent a shaft into the grave master, remarking that Melanchthon's daughter would cure the wound! Then follows the story of the successful wooing and espousal of the great Melanchthon's daughter Anna, with whom, he announces thus to Membo, the nuptials are presently to be celebrated. Of quite a different type are Johann Stigel's iambic dimeters to a certain Phileta:

Phileta, qui te viderit
Tria verba tecum conferens.

Phileta, he who once on thee can gaze,
Exchange three words with thee, and, still unmoved,
Not perish soon, with maddening love consumed,
That man, I fancy, is a son of stone,
Untouched by human sensibilities,
And harder-hearted than the very flint.
Him bitterly the Cyprian dame must hate,
Fond Cupid curse, the Graces execrate.

The poet Lotichius celebrates his entrance into the field of amatory verse by describing his conquest by Venus and Cupid after his long military service in frozen climes, and protests his devotion to a pure love, and in another long elegy he tells his friend, Renatus Henerus, a physician, of seeing in Italy, as he

wandered near the shore, a face and form almost the double of the girl he had left behind him in the frigid north, so that his slumbering love was by this quickening of memory roused again to a white heat; and he begs his friend of the healing art to intercede for him that at least she may give him enough encouragement to inspire his muse, who will then make the fair maid immortal. Like Propertius, he tells his sorrows to the breezes; and, like Tibullus, he is compelled to go far from his dear ones, to languish for their presence. And, as with Ulysses of old,

> Non Ithace tanti, non Neritos ardua tanti,
> Penelope tanti sed tamen una fuit.

It is a most edifying picture of fidelity that is painted for us by Joannes Posthius in a poetical epistle to his Blandina:

TO BLANDINA

You ask, Blandina, what I'm doing here,
A stranger in these coasts, where cruel fate
Doth will that I must tarry, far from thee.
O well, I'm turning o'er great Galen's tomes,
Or listening to men famous in the healing art;
Nor do I hesitate to follow here and there
Skillful practitioners, with well-taught hands,
Who minister to bodies racked with pain.
And often, too, I wander o'er the hills
And in lone spots talk book-lore to the trees.
When comes a holiday, and through the town
Walk troops of smooth-cheeked maidens gayly by,
I close the doors and windows of my room
And, lonely, practice doleful songs like those
The turtledove sings, widowed of his mate,
Whose notes, like vocal tears, express how much
He loathes the comradeship of other birds.
Unhappy thus, light of my life, must I
Continue all my days to spend till God
Shall bring me back to thee and native land.
Unless this happy lot shall soon be mine
Life's done! my grief will send me to the tomb.

The author's wanderings in the woods and over the hills will at once suggest parallel passages in the eighteenth elegy of Propertius's second book, where the heartlessness of Cynthia has led her lover to tell his sorrows to the trees, and to rove over rocks and through many a lonely spot.

That Joannes expected an early reconciliation, however, seems clear from a short poem which he concludes thus in the Horatian manner:

Thesaurosque Arabum, regnaque despiciam.

In another brief elegy he describes his rather unique experience:

OF HIS LOVE

Lo! Jove with dreadful cold the sky doth chill,
And from Sarmatian pole pours copious snow;
Yet burns my soul with passion's fiercest flame,
Nor lessens bitter cold affection's glow,
Nay, rather kindles love—'tis passing strange!—
So frigid snow starts up the subtle fire;
For now my thoughts recall my darling, how
Of snowball playing she could never tire.
As snow first won, so snow doth foster love,
And snow consumes my heart on hidden pyre.

It is a Rosina that wakes the muse for Paulus Melissus in graceful Phalæceans. An English imitation of the measure would run something as follows:

TO ROSINA

Rosebuds gave I to thee from my own garden,
Third crop neatly produced in this same season;
Flowers of nettle didst thou send back, Rosina,
Stalks that stung my poor hands, O roguish jester!
Not my hands after all, so much, Rosina,
Didst thou sting by the trick—I know, I feel it,—
As my heart by the burning leaf thou woundedst.
Not to roses alone shall I hereafter
Honor give by the term, "Idalian flower";
Flower of Venus as well I'll call the nettle,
And the sister of brambles, "Cytherean."

Gregorius Bersmannus has a successful rival, Mopsus. The temper in which we find Gregory under these circumstances is expressed by a half dozen elegiacs, which may be rendered thus:

TO MOPSUS

Blushes like the flowers of spring
Blooming on her cheeks,
With an eye like golden bronze,
Shoulders white as milk,
Nisa, of the marble heart
And the ivory hands,

Now to Mopsus has been wed—
A curse upon the luck!
So did she of Cyprus mate
With the limping god.
Which shall I commiserate,
Say; the bride unfortunate?
Or the blinded groom?
Surely she's a luckless girl!
His no prophet's eye!

But gibes at his more fortunate neighbor avail nothing, and he turns to Cupid himself in desperate upbraidings. The elegiac rhythm may be imitated thus:

TO CUPID

Why compel me, Cupid, in vain long hoping, to grieve for
That which, so long as I live, ne'er to me shall a day give?
Still it is pleasing to hope, but not always to be mourning;
Once let hope end in sight, soon shall grief end in delight.

The picturesque name under which Valens Acidalius addresses his lady love is "Venerilla," who was therefore presumably the quintessence of the human imitation of the divine ideal of beauty. This little human Venus appears to have been a young lady of definite opinions and independence of action, from the little elegy beginning,

"Lux mea, quo tam mane?" "Mane? Nondum orta refulsit
Diva polo in rutulis Leucothoë rotulis?"

"O why so early, sweet, dost haste away?"
"Say'st, 'early'? doth not now, already risen,
The fair-haired goddess ride through heaven's vault,
And radiance shed from ruddy chariot wheels?"
"Well, well!" said I, "I must away, my love."
"Already, too," the girl continued, "sings
In tones full shrill the bird foretelling day,
And warns Aurora Tithon's bed to leave;
Aurora 'tis bids us forsake our couch."
Thus speaking leapt she up, when from the sea
The Dawn brought back to view her dripping cheeks.
Then I: "Though to the world, Aurora, thou
Art golden mother of the light of day,
To me art thou night's mother, bringing tears.
To others, as Aurora, bring'st thou light;
Darkness to me, by driving off my light."

With Tobias Scultetus ws find ourselves again in an atmosphere of gloom. His love affairs are clearly in a very unsatisfactory condition; for all his poems, so far as we have them in this collection, come under the head of *Suspiria*—"Sighs." In the first he addresses himself for sympathy to the owl, in such strains as these:

Bird of night, pet of Minerva, daughter of undying Jove,
Which is worse—thy lot or mine?
Sighest thou? I sigh as well! To thee is darkness far more sweet?
So to me! Dost groan? I too!
Solitude thou lovest; lonely mourn I, matching thee in grief,
Mockery of birds, of men—
Both so far alike unhappy! Thee, howe'er, thy mistress loves—
Happier lot!—but I am scorned!

In the second and third of these suspirious utterances Tobias acknowledges that his beloved's name was Sophy, and that it was his own fault that she had rejected him. But he begs for reinstatement in her good graces, swearing that he would rather grope in eternal blindness than lose sight for a moment of her face. "For," he adds, with a neat play on the words, "what need have I of eyes if I am not to behold thee, very apple of mine eye?"

Nam quid opus mi oculis, si non te, oculissima, cernam?

Finally, in the fourth "sigh," he calls in the assistance of another bird, this time a pet, to touch the heart of the obstinate one:

Turtledovelet, daily mourning with so gentle voice your fate,
With your pretty bill soft cooing, as from Sophy's hand you ate,
While for me you sought her favor in the hours that now are flown,
Let your sorrow be forgotten and remember but mine own.
Utter louder than is wonted the complaints with which you pine,
From your heart of hearts let groanings issue constantly with mine.
Mayhap pity will my darling deign to turn toward my grief,
Mayhap thus, your sighs availing, solace bring for my relief.

The reminiscence of Lesbia's sparrow, which Catullus so vividly describes playfully pecking at the finger-tips of his radiant queen, and chirping for her only, is sufficiently obvious.

A curious problem in mind-reading is stated by Georgius Tilenus. Two rivals wooed a lady, who treated them so impartially that each hoped his suit was to prove successful. Fearing the rivals might come to blows, in their jealousy of each other,

friends interposed to have the lady make a choice. Naturally modest in speaking any word of preference, it was agreed that she should give some sign instead. The two lovers approached, one with a garland of flowers, the other quite unadorned. The lady also carried flowers, which she promptly bestowed upon the one who had none, but accepted to wear upon her own head the wreath of the other. Now comes the question, says the poet: Which indicates the stronger affection, giving flowers or receiving them?

Sertum an quod rapuit quodve puella dedit.

Bartholomæus Bylovius, perhaps one of the progenitors of the famous Buelow family, writes three Sapphic stanzas to a "Rhodomella," proposing to erect an altar upon which to offer her no such corporealities as spices and incense, but the best he could give—the sighs of his soul:

Sacrum odoratum tibi cordis huius
Exta erunt, non vacca nec hircus aut bos.
Ferre quæ possem potiora dona
Nulla supersunt.

The thought of course parallels the well-known hymn of Bishop Heber:

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

The question of a possible common origin of the two poems will naturally occur.

In the poems of Wedlock we see some instances of genuine feeling, as in the *Epicedion* (or "dirge") written by Jacob Micyllus on the death of his wife, Gertrude. This rather extensive poem is quite properly couched in elegiacs, the thought opening thus:

And so then, dearest consort,
Before their time had come
The cruel fates have hastened
To bear thee to thy home;
Nor tireless toil and goodness,
Nor faithfulness and love,
Availed to keep thee with us,
Lest thou shouldst hence remove

And lie a corse tear-bringing—
  Alas for human pain!—
Far from the silent waters
  That fill the yellow Main.
There naught of thee remaineth
  Save unsubstantial shade,
Mere ashes, bones, a burden
  That with three fingers laid
Beneath a mound all grassy,
  In soil of little worth,
For haste and hurts still grieveth,
  Weighed down by heavy earth.

Perhaps these first ten verses may give sufficient promise of the three hundred more that follow, with touches of tenderness here and there, but too prolix to secure sustained sympathy. The plaint of the inconsolable husband ranges the whole gamut of persons and places suggested by his song, from Jupiter to Charlemagne, from Eurydice to the mother of the Gracchi, from the Styx to the Main. Helen and Leda, Pasiphæ and Laodamia, Hercules and Sisyphus, pass before our astonished gaze to convince us that this Christian poet was so thoroughly permeated with the classical spirit that he knew not how to do justice to his theme without the extensive use of classic modes of thought and expression. More noteworthy and definite is the imitation of such a model in a short "consolatio" to himself by the same Micyllus, following in the collection the poem just discussed. After urging his soul to endure affliction and wait for whatever blessings God may yet have in store for him, he breaks out after the manner of Horace's optimistic utterance in the ode to Licinius on "the golden mean":

Not forever does dark'ning cloud
  Pile up in low'ring sky,
Nor forever does Eurus shroud,
  Nor pelting rain scud by;
Sometimes sunshine peeps through the gloom
  The blinding shadows make,
And, returning to cheerless room,
  A brighter day doth wake.
Wherefore strengthen your faith again,
  Take heart! this brighter day
Fate will bring you in due time, when
  Your God shall find the way.

The curious mixture of Christianity and paganism in the last couplet is of course entirely foreign to Horace, and opens a ready avenue of attack upon the genuineness of Micyllus's faith. But let him who in bereavement has never been tempted to confuse theological ideals cast the first stone at the sad-hearted groper after hope. The parallel, however, is obvious with the Horatian stanza:

> Non, si male nunc, et olim
> Sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
> Suscitat Musam neque semper arcum
> Tendit Apollo.

Not so felicitous, if we are to judge from the poem by which he is represented in this collection, was the wedded life of Sebastian Scheffer, who writes on the nine skins of woman. Scheffer's experience would seem to prove that many hard blows must be given in order that a man should reach the genuine skin which woman really wears underneath eight superincumbent layers of tougher cuticle which betray the characteristics of the respective creatures which they ordinarily cover. These creatures enumerated, beginning at the outermost, in order, are the stolid and speechless fish, the roaring bear, the squawking goose, the barking dog, the timid hare, the kicking horse, the scratching cat, the grunting pig. Perhaps the truly feminine qualities that are described as appearing at length beneath these outer integuments are treated in sufficient detail to prove at least that Scheffer was no fool in his study of human nature, even if he believed in reaching his results through somewhat heroic treatment. But we cannot give him the credit for the original idea of his curious satire; for it is really borrowed from certain famous lines of Simonides of Amorgos, one of the first in ancient times to wield the iambus effectively. A more attractive little poem by the same author voices in its subject the perennial question, "Why the girls look at the young men," and offers a most happy solution of the problem:

> A blush suffused a modest maiden's cheeks
> As on a young man's face she bent her gentle eyes.
> Said he, "Girls' eyes should never rove disquiet so;
> Why look you not upon the grass?" The nymph replied:
> "Not so, your eyes should rather gaze upon the ground;
> For at the first your flesh was naught but unformed earth.

For us, howe'er, 'tis right to scan the forms of youths,
Since from a young man's body God took Mother Eve."

The boldest imitation in this collection is the nuptial hymn of Petrus Lindenbergius, in the unblushing frankness of his thought, and in the questionable appropriation for so different a theme of a poetic opening and measure associated throughout the ages with some of the most solemn and glorious hymns of the Christian Church, especially with the pentecostal hymn of Gregory the Great, beginning,

Veni creator Spiritus.

But no compunctions disturb our Peter as he hurries on:

Veni creator siderum,
Veni voluptas coniugum,
Firma iugale vinculum,
Firma iugale gaudium.

Come, creator of the stars,
Come, delight of married pairs,
Bind the bands of wedlock strong,
Help conjugal joys along;
That upon the marriage bed
May disport the newly wed,
That new spouses for a space
May relax in sweet embrace;
That, no matter what betide,
He may ever love his bride;
Likewise she, till death's last word,
Faithful be to her liege lord;
That from passion undefiled
There may spring the tender child—
Every son to fathers given
Is God's angel straight from heaven.
Wherefore, husband most discreet,
Glory of this union sweet,
Pass a beatific life
With thy chaste and lovely wife!
Also thou, true bond of love,
Wife of wisdom from above,
With thy husband, happy, spend,
Many years ere life shall end!
This my prayer, detained at home,
By the Baltic's muse shall come
To thy royal house of ease
In the Cimbric Chersonese.

Among the poems of individual experience the noble reply of Nathanus Chytræus to one threatening him with exile deserves at least passing mention. His fatherland, he says, came to him through the decision of God, not his own; and to it he will adhere, despite the power of Satan, so long as the heavenly Father wills; if he shall send him hence, his faith is sure that there will be a place somewhere for himself, his wife, and little ones, if not here, certainly in that better country—and who does not sigh for that dear land? Nicodemus Frischlinus, addressing the spirit of Vergil in Elysium, excuses the feebleness of his own poetic efforts by emphasizing the more fortunate lot of the great Roman, who wrote in his native tongue and on a theme famous in song and story.

In the nature poetry we sometimes detect a real sympathy with nature, and an appreciation of her charms in no mere formal way. The fascinations of spring are of course prominent among the themes in this group of poems. Joannes Fabricius Montanus is full of the classical spirit and the Horatian phraseology as he celebrates the glad season in the verses opening thus:

> Crebrescunt Zephyri tepentis auræ,
> Nec iam prata gelu rigent acuto.

Somewhat less conventional is Michael Haslobius:

To His Comrades on the Arrival of Spring

> The snow is disappearing,
> The storms away are clearing;
> Into fair skies returning
> The radiant sun is burning.
> Soon tepid shower caresses
> Parched fields and water-cresses.
> Tall trees resume leaf-burdens,
> Birds sing in meads and gardens;
> Roses and lovely flowers
> Smile sweetly in their bowers.
> The tender shoots and grasses
> Grow green in comely masses.
> The turtledove's sad singing
> O'er hill and vale is ringing.
> The well-pruned vine on arbor
> New vigor now doth harbor.
> The Oder's stream o'erflowing
> Sets tiny farms to growing,

While fishes swim abundant
Within the flood redundant.
Glad youth abroad may wander;
At home I'm forced to ponder;
Yet roves my thought forth lightly,
Seeks field, grove, garden, sprightly.
Come, friends, lighten with gladness
My heart of heart's deep sadness;
Drink, while the lyre rehearses
Some charming little verses.
What, comrades rare, fond vision
Shows, free from all misprision,
Let's bring to realization
While watching fair creation.

The same author, inviting his companions to a banquet in the suburban gardens, combines nature-worship and the flow of soul that is associated with a flow of wine:

INVITING HIS COMPANIONS TO A BANQUET IN THE SUBURBAN GARDENS

Reigns now gloomy care,
  Sorrow here abides
In our inmost hearts,
  Where the soul resides.
How, companions dear,
  Shall we solace find?
Charming friends and good,
  Masters of the mind,
To the fields we'll hie,
  Breathe the country air,
Spring's delights enjoy,
  Where Rosella fair
In rose-gardens sweet
  Gathers verdant vines,
Roses red and white,
  And fresh garlands twines.
Marjoram she'll pluck,
  Perfumed rosemary,
For my friends at ease
  Join them skillfully.
Where the verdant fronds
  Of the laurel tall
On the slopes beneath
  Let their shadows fall,
While the soft breeze sighs
  Through the sprouting green,
And brooks murmur loud,
  There we'll sit, I ween,

Wreaths of color gay
  Circling round our hair.
Scent of rose is good;
  Roses lovers bear;
Roses poets love,
  Fond of jest and wit;
Roses girls should wear,
  For their beauty fit.
Thus, with perfume sweet,
  Pure wine let us drink,
Wine of best repute—
  Why from pure wine shrink?
Care it puts to flight,
  Brings a ruddy glow,
Helps the poet write,
  Eloquence makes flow.
Wine loosens the lips.
  Gay Thalia drowns
In a stronger cup
  All her cares and frowns.
Banish all but wine!
  In this world remain
Labors we could spare.
  Sorrow, woe and pain.
All this we'll forget,
  Quaff the gladdening wine,
In the gardens fair
  Beauteous garlands twine.
Wine mellows the heart,
  Drives away all grief;
Sleep then feeds our frame,
  Bringing sweet relief.

A pretty conceit is delicately expressed by Janus Gulielmus when in his rather long poem on "Roses" he tells how Venus when hastening to the side of the wounded Adonis pierced her foot with a rose thorn, and how the blooms, which had been of spotless white, henceforth hung their heads and wore crimson blushes, and were thus even more pleasing to the goddess of beauty.

There was very wide variety in the religious poetry of this age. Much of it is in the stereotyped forms, and consists of mere variations on the well-known themes of the church's faith. Joachim Mynsinger composes many smooth Sapphics on the Ascension. Valentinus Schreckius writes a hymn on the mystical meaning of the Son of God and on the wedding garment. Joannes

Mylius gives us an ode describing Joseph arousing Mary to flee with the Holy Infant into Egypt. Some of the poems are prayers for deliverance from public calamity. One descants upon the strife of the apostles for the primacy. Another, by Simon Lemnius, dwelling on the charms of the fascinating Bathsheba, seems a little out of place in this group, unless we are to derive religious inspiration from the rather platitudinous warning of the last couplet:

> Forma nocet multis, formæ nucuere puellis,
> Scilicet et casti damna pudoris habent.

Matthius Bergius, starting with Horace's ode on the Ship of State, writes one on the boat that carried the Master over the troubled waters of Gennesaret, using the original rhythm of Horace, and copying many a familiar expression; for example:

> O navis, dominum quæ vehis et manum
> . . . . . .
> et malus celeri saucius Africo
> antemnæque gemunt imperiosius.

In passing it may be remarked that the rhyming endings of the two halves of the first verse quoted illustrates but one of countless refinements in the excellent Asclepiadics, Alcaics, Sapphics, Pythiambics, Phalæcians, elegiacs, of these poets, which show how thoroughly they are masters of the classical art of versification. No trick of the southern prosody so familiar to Vergil, Horace, or Ovid has escaped these quondam barbarians of the frozen north.

Of all these religious poets Joannes Stigelius has, perhaps, the most definite individuality in his excursions from the beaten track. As such he is one of the most important German poets of his class. His elegy on the lark at the beginning of spring illustrates well this freshness of treatment:

> As the dove, joy's messenger,
> With the olive branch returned,
> When in safety Noah's ark
> And its precious human freight
> Rested on Armenia's heights,
> So for thy return, dear lark,
> Herald of a happier time,

Yearns my heart, aglow with hope,
Ere the opening of the year.
Likeness of the adoring church
Worshiping the Saviour Christ,
Thou dost rise to meet our eyes,
Singing grateful songs to God,
When the gladdening spring appears.
Charming warbler, thou dost rove
O'er the broad and well-tilled lands,
As inspector of the work,
Gladly keeping comradery
In the labors of the fields.
At return of early morn
Calls thy song the sons of men
Joyfully to carry on
What they have so well begun.
As perplexing toils increase,
Thou dost mitigate their care
With thy notes most musical
Till the long day's light has fled;
When departing Phœbus seeks
Moorish waters once again,
Still dost chant peace-bringing prayers
Weary mortals comforting;
Nor, e'en later tarrying,
Hidest thou, deep in the fields,
Till thy praises celebrate
All the bounteous gifts of God.
Then, returning harbinger
Of the labor-bringing spring,
As thou teachest thankful hearts
Gladsome praise to sing to God,
Even so may our dear Lord
Cause his grateful church to sing
Praises in eternal love
Of the better fatherland!

Next to Stigelius as religious poets may be mentioned Georgius Fabricius and Joannes Mylius. Of the former there are included in this collection two odes, the first written in a strophe alternating Iambic Trimeter Catalectic with Iambic Dimeter Catalectic, and entitled,

WHAT THE AUTHOR ASKS, OR THINKS HE OUGHT TO ASK, OF GOD:

What are Calabria's fertile plains to me?
What Hybla's or Hymettus' honeybee?

Why care for precious shell on eastern shore,
Or perfume that the bough of Saba bore?
What reck I of the Ebro's golden stream,
Or of Phraates' palace' brilliant gleam,
That I such things should ask the God of love,
And fill with prayers the starry realms above?
Whatever field thy God hath given reap,
And fill with honey sweet thy vessels deep.
But if thou, foolish, haste in search for gain
Where Hercules with pillars guards the main,
That thou may'st strut in purple and in gold,
And in thy powerful hand a scepter hold,
And drink Falernian from a jeweled cup,
Then wilt thou use thy life, disquiet, up.
Nay! let my life be open, free from guile,
Alike a stranger to alarm and wile,
Content a competence with honor gained,
With no disgrace of ill-won riches stained.
And, that I may be able to command
The toils and duties given to my hand,
May far removed be blighting plague's distress,
Nor lingering pains my aching limbs oppress.
May my old age enjoy a modest ease,
And by my father's fireside dwell in peace,
Where may there ever be, come good or ill,
A faithful friend or two, to comfort still.
When whitens on my brow the frost of age,
May toil's fruition reach that happy stage
Which sees a son's prosperity assured.
When fate decrees my last hardship endured,
Grant that it chance beneath unclouded skies,
That journeying hence I may untrammeled rise,
Through Christ victorious over death's grim power,
My faith and hope triumphant in that hour.
Grant this, kind Father, as I bend the knee,
And what flesh hinders untaught minds to see
Add this thyself; for everything in space
Is but a gift of thine abounding grace.

Such subjects as liberty, being rather than being reputed to be, the transitory nature of life, are treated under this head. In imitation of the opening verses of Lucretius's second book Joannes Caselius opines that the celibate life, without the distractions of wife and children, places a man, as it were, on the shore of a raging sea, where he can gaze upon the struggles of others buffeting the billows of life without anxiety for himself. Henri-

cus Decimator has evidently been reading Horace's *Integer Vitæ* when he sits down to write of a clear conscience:

Mens sibi fœdæ
Conscia culpæ
Angitur usque,
Usque tremescit.

The soul that is guilty,
And conscious of evil,
Is constantly worried,
Afraid of some devil.
. . . . . .
The soul that with goodness
And rectitude welleth,
Contented, in gladness
Unceasingly dwelleth.
It fears not the threatenings
Of enemies hateful,
Nor dreads the sure coming
Of days that are fateful.
When Mars sends his lightnings
It feeleth no quiver;
And e'en in death's valley
Betrayeth no shiver.

Poems of travel were favorites. Among these should be mentioned the Propemtica, written on the departure of a friend on a journey. Eobanus Hessus contributes elegies on the entrance of Martin Luther into the city of Erfurt and on his departure from it. Another noteworthy poem called out by the religious movements of the times is an idyll by Joannes Major, in which the contestants in the strife of factions after Luther's death are represented as birds, and Melanchthon himself as Philomela.

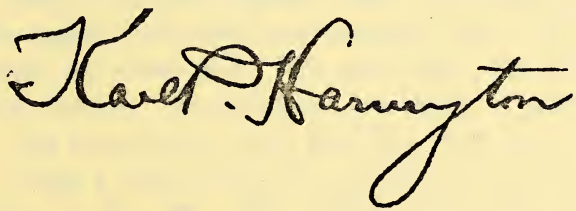
Pastoral poetry has ever served as a convenient medium of expression for a wide variety of ideas. The pastoral form is often, however, but a thin disguise to the real purpose of the poem, and usually is soon dropped almost entirely, as the main thought develops. Bible stories were often treated in this form, the narrative of the birth of Christ being especially well adapted to it. Of particular interest among the eclogues in this collection is one by Euricius Cordus, in which the simple country folk keep their

character fairly well throughout, while complaining bitterly of the worldliness and venality of the clergy:

Think you our spiritual shepherds care aught for the flocks they are tending?
Nay! were it not for the shekels that come every year to their coffers,
And for the fruits of the ground in granaries stuffed to repletion,
Praying would cease in the churches, and hushed be the sound of the chanting,
Dead be the fires on the altars all stripped of their fair decorations.

Similar themes are common enough under other forms of treatment; and some of the famous historical characters of the time, like Charles V and Duke Frederick of Saxony, figure prominently in these pages. As an offset to this darker side of an age of ferment is Melanchthon's description of a dream and its application to the conditions about him, out of which, with characteristic faith, he foresees the certain endurance of the church of Christ.

Thus do the master passions of the world, love, patriotism, and faith, assert themselves in every period of history. The surprising thing is that amid so much dullness and repression, and in a conventional form in a foreign language, so much of genuine feeling is so beautifully expressed.



Art. IV.—THE UNCOMMON COMMONPLACE

When shall we learn, past ever forgetting it, that the commonplace is uncommon? The common things must always be the chief delight of all such as have lived deeply. The shallows where ships cannot sail and wild waves cannot come ashore may have scant care for commonplaces, and call loudly for the unusual, but the deep places of the soul and deep souls are ever expectant for the invasion of the ordinary. The going far afield for pastures for the brain and heart is witless and is obsolescent. Let us rejoice out loud because of that. It was one of the strenuous achievements of Charles Dickens that he made romance a domestic matter. He did not foreignize the heart. He put it under every lowly roof. He did not take us into kings' palaces, where we would be intruders at the best, and endured though never wanted, but he put us in homely houses where we felt the eternal wonder of the hearts which God had made. It is not meant that Dickens discovered this. Of course not. All democracy was discovered to mankind by Christ. The cattle stall settled that, and the carpenter's bench settled that. Life has been content to king it in scant quarters since the epiphany of God. But Dickens made this democracy common talk. He was read as no novelist had been read. Not even Scott was everybody's novelist like Dickens. Scott thought too highly of gentle blood, so called. He was feverish when nobilities were near. He was disposed to drop a curtsy when the lords drove by not noting he was standing in the road. But Dickens knew the world had gone democratic. He knew the common man had come to stay, and that he was really the entrancing fiction stuff. Goldsmith had found that secret when he wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield." That preacher brother has had his way with a century and over, and has amassed a fortune of friends in all corners of this earth wherever kind hearts are esteemed more than coronets and gentle faith above Norman blood. The tearful story of the heart has not often been set down with such authentic immortality as when this vagabond son of a preacher found his tongue and pen babbling

like a straying brook about the memories of his childhood and his heart.

Really, it is not less than phenomenal, to such as find vital interest in fiction as an interpreter of eras and atmospheres, to see how present-day fiction has eluded riches and palaces and has invaded huts and houses of less imposing sort and has sat down to smile on simple porches and by everyday folks. I confess that it thrills me like the voice of a violin set to grief. What fiction talks of is very likely to be what people think of; for, when the last word is said, the novelists are of us and not apart from us, rather and decidedly a part of us. They feel as we feel. "The simple annals of the poor" was how Poet Gray characterized the everyday life of his time. I doubt you would find a poet in Anglo-Saxondom to-day to write so witless a phrase. We know better. I am not faulting Gray. I am praising the better eyesight of the century where God has given us our place of life. Life is, at its most ordinary estate, more fear-provoking and wonder-provoking than the advent and departure of a comet. Souls—any souls, all souls—hold us with their eyes. What the few are doing is never really important, but what the many are doing is the tragedy or the comedy of this world. The multitude, who dares to snub it? Why, the gray sea fitting its hands for shipwrecks, and its lips for blowing wild melodies—songs of death—and white faces floating like bubbles on the angry waves—that sea is not so fearsome a thing as a crowded street of a populous city. I was the other evening hanging around New York to see the huge hives of trade disgorge their multitudes. I stood and watched. I am a city man for many years, but profess never to see this drama without the wildest beating of the heart. When can I see a scene so molded in the hands of grim tragedy or smiled on and smiled into sunlight by laughing comedy as where the many are homeward bound? At morning, when they come to toil, there is less current, less mass, more severalty; but at night the rush from the business houses is as the outrush of pent-up waters. Homeward bound, swift step, eager or uneager faces, but always the tramp of souls; the mighty march of the lives of women and of men who make and

unmake governments, and sow empires that are to be, or fire the shots that rake the decks of the ships of the days we shall not see but the future shall feel and fear. The uncommon common man; the unusual usual; the tragic terror of the untragical everyday—have we caught that? Are we ever alert for the wondering eyes that grip our souls, and dry eyes that have stored up behind them whole Niagaras of tears, or common people who would at the touch of a cry of one they loved leap to heights high as the foot of Calvary's hill? Here where boils the volcano of populations, here genius may light its torch to higher flame than we have learned to read by. We are where the usual has come to the throne. What man can guess what lies in any other man? What genius can decipher the hieroglyphics of pain which are washed by the sunlight of smiles on many and many a face? We are not apt in such insight. These things are too high for us. We are born too late to forget the regality of the many. We are neck deep in essential and influential commonplace. "The Angel of Lonesome Hill" is scarcely a solitary instance. The occasion differed, but in many and many a woman's heart lies the everlasting love which needs but to be provoked to do such sublime things as that woman of prayer and gentle yet mighty hope. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of"—with the emphasis upon the "we"—is the true saying of that Shakespeare who knew so much of the depths of the human soul. We are the dreams which need only to be put to phrase to make an immortal classic.

Not one step of the journey of life is uneventful. We are always confronted by the new and the alluring. It is like reading a play of Shakespeare—we are at every line stepping from somewhat to somewhat. We are never on drowsy ground. It is as reading all Sidney Lanier's poems. You pass from poem to poem, and each one is a hill top which sentinels a landscape. Sometimes the "Marshes of Glynn" are under the eye, sometimes the "Fields of Corn," sometimes the "garden where the Master waits," sometimes the "Crystal Christ," sometimes the "Caliban sea," sometimes the farmer Jones. I sit and think them all over. I think over the poems of any noble poet—say,

like Longfellow, and feel my way across his soul or across the spirit of an era; I cannot be weary. I am always at a fresh rivulet shining from the hills. We never dare (for our soul's sake) let any poetry pass by unread. I have found it so in many years of reading poetry in newspapers and magazines. Not but that many a rhyme will be useless for soul stuff, but you cannot tell. You might miss a revelation. It takes but a line to transfigure the world, and we must not miss that line. I set down here some poems I have clipped from passing pages in recent days; not wholly random certainly, some of these being meet to be named great poems. To have missed any of these stanzas would have been an actual calamity. These poets had the sight of things not often seen, though they might have been often seen and by us all had we been watchers. We missed the vision, not because it paused not upon our hill to make us salutation, but because we were not watchers for the advent on the hill.

The Wind of Dreams

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

Wind of the Downs, from upland spaces blowing,
  Salt with the fragrance of the southland sea,
Sweet with wild herbs in smoothest greensward growing,
  You bring the harvest of my dreams to me.

Wraiths that the scented breath of summer raises,
  Ghosts of dead hours and flowers that once were fair. . . .
Sorrel and nodding grass and white moon daisies. . . .
  Glimmer and fade upon the fragrant air.

I hear the harvest-wagons homeward driven
  Through dusky lanes by hedgerows dark with leaves . . .
The low gold moon, hung in a sapphire heaven,
  Looks on the wide fields and the gathered sheaves.

Wind of the Downs—from cloud-swept upland spaces
  Moorland and orchard-close and water-lea,
You bring the voices and the vanished faces—
  Dreams of old dreams and days long lost to me.

Love

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Lord of the host of deep desires
  That spare no sting, yet are to me
Sole echo of the silver choirs
  Whose dwelling is eternity,

With all save thee my soul is prest
In high dispute from day to day,
But, Love, at thy most high behest
I make no answer, and obey.

The Hills of Rest

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Beyond the last horizon's rim,
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
To soothing note on scented wing:
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there; the days of dream
That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold
I'll follow day into the west;
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Tears

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains and bards and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

SLEEP

BY PERCY MACKAYE

Frail Sleep, that blowest by fresh banks
Of quiet, crystal pools, beside whose brink
The varicolored dreams, like cattle, come to drink.

Cool Sleep, thy reeds, in solemn ranks,
That murmur peace to me by midnight's streams,
At dawn I pluck, and dayward pipe my flock of dreams.

The everyday of our own life, when we gather the scattered days into a flock and fold them for a night and look them over one by one—which could have been omitted and our life not have been bereft? "They were grimly commonplace," you say. "They were poor ditto marks, and their omission had left life without scar," some one tartly remarks. And are you very sure of that, good friend? Is not each part of a gray cathedral a non-negligible portion? Can any stone be spared from the arch and not leave that arch fissured with loss? We are too greedy with our words affirmational of identity of days and doings. All the hill ministers to the climb to the summit. Every pebble was partner of the crest-climb. May it not be so with life? There is no defense of the slurs of life's every day. By them we came to be the what we are. They ministered to one ennobling event; for we cannot argue that the soul as the soul is come to, by what paths soever, is a weird, inspiring arrival, baffling, befogging, shaming, sometimes, still wider than the span of the blue sky. The paths which led to it are eventful ways.

Do we recall our childhood? The common ways, the schoolhouse where the whole world to us was at its widest; the fish streams, the swimming hole, the scramble up the banks, the dusty road where we with stone-bruised feet limped and still were glad, the spring where we loved to sprawl and drink, and drink and drink; the spankings wherewith our relatives regaled us with the remark that we never had one too many, the dark and its fears ("Night Fears," as Elia named them), the Sunday, the Monday, the Saturday for work and washing up (alas, the weekly washing up for boys!); the schooldays and the other days, the chores, the pailing of the cows, the plowing and the planting and the cultivating of the corn, the first suggestions of spring, the when we

stopped the plowing mid-field to see the sullen splendor of a cloud burn low like a great ship in conflagration, the watering place for the horses, we sitting sidewise while they drank, feet to the fetlocks in the laving stream; the foddering the cattle in the winter when the brindle bits were frozen and our fingers were burned with the frost as with fire, the lonelinesses which came to childhood (so forcefully described by Henry Vandyke in "The Whippoorwill," a poem of enduring beauty)—these and a hundred thousand more we remember not, were making us. That was the thing we did not know and had no call to know, though we do know it now. These stupidities and humdrums were the hardy makers of our souls. They were like fathers and mothers, little given to melodrama, but of such deep and beautiful necessity as makes us ever to think of them with a sob. The eventful uneventful days are majestical, not mythical. They dig those wells of water on the desert stretches and turn a yellow sand waste into eventful green.

At Round Lake the even was come. A westward hill thwarted my view of the sunset, so I set out down the railroad track to catch the pageant I surmised was there. I always watch the sunsets, for so many never watch them. With me there is therefore a touch of the vicarious in watching broken sunsets waste or drift along the shadowing sky. Not but that I love them. Not but that I am always at the point where the uncle of the lad in Wilfred Cumbermede, George Macdonald's beautiful novel, leads when the twain watch the set of sun. "God, Willie; God." All sunsets wherever seen have that saying for my soul. But, as for that, what in all this wide world of beauty but says to me, child and man, "God, Willie; God"? God hath his exclamatories in the silent places of his world. So out I trudged, a visitant to another sunset, a pilgrim to an apocalypse. "God, Willie; God!" And there the sunset awaited me as if expectant of my arrival. "Sunsets are mainly alike," says some sagacious insagacity. My friend, thou errest, not knowing the truth. Sunsets are similar. In nature we never come closer than similarity. Identicals have no rest for their feet where God has had the doing of things. Men build houses which are identical, more the

shame to such unimaginative builders. But God is different. God is Poet. So are the sunsets common, yet as new as the first evening which fell like dew upon the earth. On this sunset, bergs floated in the eastward sky, slowly, from some unseen, silent sea, and, shot through and through with baleful fire, they floated like glorious garnets along their skies. The west was islanded with clouds. Every cloud was glorified from beneath by the wistful, lingering splendor of the sun. They shone, some of them like a reef in tropic seas, some of them mere islands, toy islands, dots only roomy enough to borrow glory from the departed sun. Some were like sea shells at float, some like ravelings from some garment of light, some like bits of wreckage shined on by a sudden light. But all wore a surprise of light. "The light that never was on land or sea" was in this sky. "The Woods that Bring the Sunset Near" (what an engaging poem that is which Richard Watson Gilder at his poet best wrote down for us) were close beside, but were not needed to bring the sunset near; for the sunset itself was near. I could have thrust my hand into its wistful glory.

One sunset, just one sunset from the thousands, yet an event for a lifetime memory. And every day has its sunset.

No, we must not snub the daily doing, the homely commonplace. "Give us this day our daily bread," prayed the "Divine Hungerer." The commonplace of bread, the daily recurrent need and daily recurrent supply, are to be prayed for, therefore are we disqualified to despise the lowly commonplace. The earth worms plow the fields and predigest the ground. We may not disparage them, therefore. The viewing the commonplace as strangely uncommonplace will redeem life from bitterness and finicality and drudgery, and lift each happy day into a day of Advent and each night into a Mount of Beatitudes.

W. A. Quayle.

Art. V.—THE SOLITARINESS OF THE HUMAN SOUL

> We are spirits clad in veils;
> Man by man was never seen;
> All our deep communing fails
> To remove the shadowy screen.

Every human soul is a unit, a separate existence—a self, living apart from all other souls of kindred nature and inviolable by them. There is an inner depth of solitude in the human spirit which our fellow-beings cannot penetrate. The soul is a solitary, lonesome thing which is a mystery even to itself. We may know something of each other, but there is an inner chamber, a "Holy of holies" within us which no human being may violate.

Individuality seems to be the law of all existence. Dr. Harris says: "The concrete, determinate, individual being is the ultimate unit of all thought; as such it is present in all knowledge, is implied in all laws of thought, and all ideas of reason, and is essential in all reality. It is known immediately in the knowledge of self, and is necessarily postulated in the knowledge of bodies, as the alvine molecule, or the ultimate unit of matter, by whatever name it may be called" (Self-Revelation of God, page 184). Philosophy, for the most part, assumes that the universe is made up of units—individuals—and the great problem is to explain the relations of these distinct units. How particles of matter act and react upon each other philosophy cannot tell us. Atoms of matter are individuals. Each has its bounds; and each is inviolable. No other even touches it. There is a little space between the atoms, even though the laws of attraction bind them into a solid mass. I am not concerned to affirm or deny this theory; it may serve as an illustration of the higher thought that is before us.

How spirit and matter react upon each other is just as great a mystery. So apart from each other are they that, though they pass and repass, touch, use, influence each other, they never mingle, never are blended or confused, and never know each other. And the relations of spirit with spirit involve the same great

mystery. Spirits recognize each other, communicate with each other, influence each other, and yet never lose their identity, and never fully know each other. There is always a little space between them—like the atoms of matter—although they may be bound together in governments, in States, in communities, in schools, in churches, in families. While we mingle with others, and work with them and enjoy their society, we yet, in many respects, in the deepest and most real sense, live a life apart from all others—a solitary life. And this *individuality,* this selfhood—this *ego,* this *I*—seems to be about the surest thing in all the realm of thought and being. Philosophies have sometimes shaken our faith in the reality of material things and of other beings, but they will generally admit that, in the midst of the general wreck, each one of us, as Dr. Patton once said, can stand up, in dignity of spirit, and declare, "I'm here, anyhow." And this spirit is *I,* is a solitary inviolable thing. Men can know it only in the most superficial way. Some persons pretend to read men's thoughts, but this power is very limited. There are those who have a reputation for such insight, but their victims are generally off their guard. If a man gives the muscles of his face proper training, and brings body and soul under possible self-control, he can sit in the presence of thousands as complete a riddle as the Sphinx. And, what is more, we cannot reveal ourselves. It is not in the power of any man to tell his fellows about himself so that they shall know him. He cannot, by word or act, fully reveal himself to those about him. How many times have we given up in despair the attempt to make ourselves understood by even our best friends. Victor Hugo, one of the greatest souls of earth, when gray hairs covered his head and he stood on the border of Eternity, uttered these sublime words: "For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse—history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song. I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me."

It is sometimes a grief in our hearts that the great bustling world knows nothing about us and cares just as little. We pass thousands of our fellows on the street, and we are nothing to them,

excepting as we make one of the moving figures which enter into the panorama of life. Millions of men pass and repass, jostle, fret, glance at each other, but are not able to look beneath the mask. It is the dance of the atoms in the philosophical theory. Each individual is a world in himself. This great, busy world could not know us if it would, and for the most part would not if it could. We grieve more because our friends, our neighbors, the members of the church to which we belong, who know us better than the outside world, and care more for us, who respect us, and perhaps love us and try to help us, are yet so far from knowing our inner life and responding to our deepest needs. Their friendship and fellowship are not valueless. They can know something about us, and their sympathy affords some encouragement in our struggles. It cheers us to sing with them and pray by their side; but I am letting out no secrets when I say that there is an inner life which these things do not fully satisfy. And so we must not expect too much from the fellowship of the church. We may exact what our fellow Christians have not the power to render. But most of all do we mourn because our dearest and nearest friends, the members of our own families, and possibly, a few others, do not understand us. They know us more thoroughly than any others; know us as fully as it is possible for one human being to know another; and they give us the best love and help which spirit can give to spirit. This little circle stands for the fullest knowledge, the warmest love, the best assistance which is possible among men. We reach here the extreme limit of human fellowship. But every careful observer of men has long ago made the painful discovery that even this intimacy of the closest friendship does not bring us to fully know each other. Says Keble:

> Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
> Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.

We ought to understand these things, and not expect too much from brother and sister, from father and mother, from wife and husband, from our nearest and dearest friends. Matthew Arnold in beautiful poetic dress has expressed the solitariness of the human soul:

Yes, in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless, watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.

Here in this world such relations as souls can have are maintained through the medium of the body. Matter is the vehicle of communication between spirit and spirit. There are some indications, however, that mind can reach mind at long distances, without the medium of the body. In some mysterious way, which we cannot explain, certain persons have been made aware of danger, or death to a loved one, many miles away, by a strong impression on the mind. There has not been enough of this, however, to settle any questions respecting the direct communication of spirit with spirit. Souls are here separated from each other by a material wall which is not transparent. They can communicate to a certain extent, but are largely screened from each other's gaze.

How it will be in the other life, when these material bodies are left behind and our souls are enwrapped in spiritual bodies, it is not worth our while to consider, for we cannot determine. We may well doubt, however, whether we shall be fully exposed to the gaze of other spirits like ourselves. Every principle of philosophy would seem to indicate that in the spirit land we shall not lose our individuality, or be greatly different from what we are here. The solitariness of the human soul adds greatly to its dignity; and we are not ready to wish it otherwise. We should not be afraid of ourselves, should not stand in awe of our own souls, shrink from companionship with our own spirits. We cannot escape from ourselves if we try, and we ought to be on the best of terms with ourselves. The man who is afraid to think in the dark, afraid to commune with his own soul, afraid to be alone, and must run out to find another companion as soon as one is gone, is fighting the inevitable. He cannot escape from himself. A little more meditation, a little deeper reflection in the depths of our own spirits would be well for us in these hurrying times.

There is one further thought that rescues these reflections from gloom or despair: there is no solitariness of the human soul

which God cannot, does not penetrate. It is only reasonable that the God who made us should know us through and through. He who can create a spirit can look into the deepest depths of spirit. There is no secret place in the human soul to which God has not admission. His eye surveys all the motions of our spiritual natures. The operations of the inner life, which include thought, purpose, desire, motive, hope, are carried on with the distinct understanding that, however much they are concealed from our fellow men, God sees and knows them altogether. The human soul is not a desert waste which the beasts of the field may trample under foot and feed upon at their pleasure, but, rather, a walled garden open only heavenward, where its owner is concealed from the gaze of all but God; so that in our deepest solitude, in our most utter loneliness, there is always One present. And in trying to get away from our solitariness—in trying to get away from ourselves—we are trying to get away from God at the same time. That is why bad men dislike to be alone and to think about themselves. As soon as they turn their gaze on the depths of their souls they find God there, and they want to get away from God more than they want to get away from themselves. But if we are not afraid of ourselves, and not afraid of God, we may find the highest and most blessed companionship in the solitude of our own spirits. Human life would indeed be a lonely thing if God could not penetrate to this "Holy of holies" within us. But this secret, sacred place is his peculiar dwelling in man; and we may rejoice that, if we cannot, God can bridge the chasm between spirit and spirit, so that we are no longer solitary, no longer lonely, but have the noblest, sweetest fellowship, if we only like our company.

Art. VI.—CHRISTIANITY AND THE SUPERNATURAL

When one contemplates the heavy strain that is put upon the faith of people who listen to a series of apologetic or defensive lectures, and who read them, it is enough to make one hesitate about adding another ounce to the burden. Somewhere I have read of a verger who said he sat through twenty series of Bampton Lectures on "The Defense of Faith," and that he still remained a humble believer. Not all humble believers, however, are proof against the perils of an attempt to defend their faith. Too elaborate and careful defensive operations usually suggest one of three things—an apprehension of weakness within that which is to be defended, a fear of the attacking force, or a McClellanlike power of constructive imagination that distrusts its own strength while quadrupling the actual strength of the enemy. So the role of an apologist is not an easy but a difficult one; and never more difficult than to-day, when all apologetics and the very attitude of defense of faith are discounted and discredited, to begin with, as savoring of dogmatism and lacking the scientific spirit of fearless freedom in all inquiry. Yet it may well be asked whether the positive attitude and the apologetic method may not be quite as legitimate and quite as necessary in arriving at truth as the attitude of neutrality. A cold-blooded analytical method may miss something essential. A corpse is not a living organism, and the anatomist, in his study of structures and analysis of tissues and gases, should not forget that he is, after all, only studying a magnificent ruin, a splendid debris. Life has accomplished its finer purpose and has fled. The anatomist is not in the presence of the mystery of life; he is in a morgue. The scientific method is quite right—the method of severe analysis and testing of evidence, and loyalty to the facts regardless of preconceptions or wishes or prejudices or consequences—and the scientific method is of incalculable value; but there is always danger that some essential factors shall be omitted in the calculation, that something important shall be overlooked. And in the effort to estimate the things of faith, and to account for faith, and to assay the spirit, the scientific method under the

dominance of a prejudice for materialistic, or mechanical, or even physiological theories, may lead the investigator to overlook something essential, to forget the soul. And the scientific investigator may become impatient and fretful when urged to take into account the factors which he has omitted in his calculations.

Years ago Joseph Cook told us how Professor Tyndall, on the Alps in company with a friend, was requested to tell what is behind the keyboard of the nerves in man, or, in other words, what causes in the substance of the brain the molecular motions which are supposed to be the basis of thought, choice, and emotion. Not able to give any satisfactory answer, Tyndall at last burst out with these frank words: "I view nature, existence, the universe, as the keyboard of a pianoforte. What came before the bass I do not know and I do not care. What comes after the treble I equally little know or care. The keyboard, with its white and black keys, is mine to study." Now we may not quarrel with Professor Tyndall, or with anyone else who frankly limits his researches to the black and white keys, but there are those who do care about something else. And for the larger purposes of truth and life we do object to the closing of the door in *our* faces or to the arrogance of dogmatic negation that pronounces worthless all that does not come within its own accepted categories. As between the dogmatism of negation and the dogmatism of belief, I am disposed to the opinion that the dogmatism of belief may be in a better way to reach the "substance of things not seen." In other words, may there not be as great a degree of open-mindedness to the light of truth in an attitude and by a method that takes into account the data of spirit, and is not perforce limited to the mechanical categories of physical science, as in the attitude and the method that are so limited? It is now some years since Goldwin Smith in his Study of History wrote this warning: "I see no impossibility, but an extreme likelihood, that physical science, having lately achieved so much, should arrogate more than she has achieved, and that a mock science should thus have been set up where the domain of real science ends." And again he says: "Why may there not be a whole sphere of existence, embracing the relations and the communion between God and man, with

which natural science has no concern, and in which her dictation is as impertinent as the dictation of theology in physics?"

This is precisely what has happened. So both science and theology are now quits. Theology did for a long time undertake to dictate in physics, and science has undertaken to dictate in theology. Each has tried to apply its own categories in the field of the other. In the supposed interest of the authority of the Bible, for example, theology assumed that biblical statements about the creation of the world must be good scientific geology. To question the accuracy of any biblical statement about nature or the processes of nature has been thought to endanger its authority upon other matters, including spiritual and ethical principles. If the Bible says that the sun stood still, then it stood still. To question the authority of Scripture upon a statement of a physical fact might jeopardize its authority when it says in the words of Jesus that the first law of life is to love God and the second to love our neighbors. *Theories* of biblical inspiration and of authority have made it *seem* necessary to defend the scientific accuracy of the account of creation. If Moses is the author, then he must be made out a good geologist as well as a lawgiver in religion and morals. And so ecclesiastical authority makes a Galileo recant, pronounces in the name of religion upon scientific theories like that of evolution, seeks to extend the authority of Scripture, however erroneously interpreted, over the realm of science. This is an impertinence. It is no small gain that the sphere of the legitimate authority of Scripture has been limited and defined.

The opening verse of Scripture ought to have saved men from such blundering as to the nature and purpose of all Scripture, if they had heeded its tone and accent. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." A sublime religious conception! It has held before men's minds through the ages the idea of a personal Creator. Its purpose is religious, not scientific. Under the light and the power of that conception it became exceedingly difficult even in superstitious and idolatrous times for men—Hebrew men—to fall into idolatry. And this was its purpose. How entirely inapt and useless to have substituted, even if it had been conceivably possible, a scientific treatise as to the

physical processes of the evolution of the world and life! Here is a poem—a religious poem—whether by Moses or handed down from remoter ages, of the sublime religious conception of a personal Creator whom men ought to worship and obey. But science, too, has been dogmatic and overreaching. In the name of science the most dogmatic positions have been taken limiting knowledge to the categories of physical science. God and the soul must yield evidence of reality in the test tubes and on the balances of the physical laboratories or cease to hold respectable place among the verities.

It has seemed to earnest, thinking men intolerable that there should be two realms or worlds set against each other, disparate and irreconcilable; a world of the spirit and a physical world. Such an opposition could not stand. Kant worked out in his critique of Pure Reason and in his critique of Practical Reason two separate worlds, and thought it possible for a man to live in both at once. But upon his death, and before, men set to work to try and reconcile and unify the two. One way of reconciliation is to adopt frankly the mechanical conception of the world, including human life. This will stop the voice of prayer, as it did with Romanes. The mechanism of the physical universe grinds on remorselessly. It is idle to pray. We are ourselves a part of this mechanism. If we could know all that might conceivably be known about the hereditary influences that have converged in any individual life, and could know all that might conceivably be known about the influences of environment, we should be able with the certainty of a mathematical demonstration to determine exactly what kind of a man he must be, what the things he would think and what the things he would do. Freedom of choice becomes a fancy. It is the moth thinking itself free in flight but destined inevitably to drop into the flame. And so men like John Stuart Mill become disciples of Necessity as absolutely as the ancient Greeks became the helpless subjects of Fate.

But this mechanical conception did have the merit of unity. A mechanical and necessitated world was better so far as mental poise was concerned than a dual and distracted and hopelessly contradictory one. Over against the theory of mechanical neces-

sity has stood an equally radical spiritualism that ignores the physical as having any reality. We may admire the heroic fortitude of him who will have unity even at the cost of denying reality to the stone against which he stubs his toe, but few of us can rise to that height of imaginary mastery over tough facts.

And this brings our attention to what is really the thesis of this article: the essentially spiritual character of the Christian religion and the use which has been made of the supernatural, including the miraculous, to emphasize the fact of spirit. Christianity is essentially a religion of spiritual freedom. The marginal reading of John 3. 8 is direct instead of figurative: "The Spirit breatheth where he listeth, and thou hearest his voice, but knowest not whence he cometh or whither he goeth. So is everyone that is born of the Spirit." Christianity is the religion of spirit and personality; of life and love; of freedom and immortality. These are the great words of Scripture—the keynotes of Christianity. But in striking these keynotes use has been made of the supernatural.

It is not intended to enter into a discussion of miracles, much less to undertake a detailed defense of biblical miracles, but to call attention to the practical use which is made of them here in the Bible. Everywhere the supremacy of mind, of spirit, is emphasized, and at times tremendously emphasized, by the presence of miracle. The miraculous is really much less in proportion in the Bible than we are accustomed to think. The few, the relatively very few, instances given, however, serve to emphasize the presence and the supremacy of Spirit. Someone has said recently that the biblical miracles are an embarrassment to faith, a burden that Christian belief would like to be rid of if it could. But let us remember that the Bible was not conceived solely for us in this scientific age, full of conceit at its own superior wisdom, strongly biased and prejudiced by the dominant theories that speak in the name and by the authority of modern science. For thousands of years science was not dreamed of. But men had to live their lives in very real contact with this stubborn physical world and the presence of spiritual verities as well. How should they find intellectual peace in a conception of unity, and where should

rest be found for the weary spirit? The *method* of revelation is least of all any attempt at premature science. How confusing and useless all that would have been! But men are taught the fact of divine personality and the fact of human personality. The spirit is challenged to conscious freedom. The soul is commanded to a mighty faith. And there were ages when it would seem that nothing could have driven this challenge home to the souls of men like the presence of miracle. We may receive that challenge more effectively by other means, but for those ages of formative faith, and with a radically different intellectual horizon and atmosphere, this was the most effective means. And it accomplished this purpose.

While some of the recorded biblical miracles may be of much less apparent significance than others, their character is in general one of great dignity and effectiveness. Let us take a single illustration—that of Elijah and the priests of Baal. It is a time of decline in nobler religious conceptions and nobler living. From the court to the peasant this half-rude people were become religiously sodden. They had lost the inspiring vision of God of earlier days. Ahab, the king, had married a Phœnician princess, who introduced Baal worship. A crisis had come, one of the great crises of history. Spiritual and ethical religion was in danger of perishing. There is no more striking figure in history than that of Elijah the prophet as he stands forward to meet this crisis. The setting is dramatic. This man of Jehovah, with his rough skin mantle and flowing locks and rugged grandeur of character, challenges Baal worship to the kind of test that to that age would be most decisive. Let the God that answers by fire be God. The priests of Baal prepare their altar and their sacrifice and work themselves into a frenzy throughout the entire day in calling upon their god to answer by fire, and he does not answer. Elijah taunts them, and we feel the terrible scorn of his taunt. "Elijah mocked them and said, Cry aloud; for he is a god; either he is musing, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened." Then he calmly rebuilds the altar of Jehovah and lays the sacrifice and saturates it with water, utters a few brief words of petition, and lightning falls and consumes the sacri-

fice. And then come the refreshing torrents of rain upon the parched earth. Note the use which is here made of the supernatural. It is the setting and accompaniment of a mighty but typical conflict. A pure religion and pure ethics are at stake. It is the issue between the high and the low, the pure and the base, truth and falsehood. The *occasion* is *worthy* the *means*. As you listen to the oratorio of "Elijah"—a greater musical conception in its unity, dignity, tragic power, and the force of interpretation than even the "Messiah"—you find yourself at its close in a temper of mind to exclaim: "It must have been so. If there was no such setting of fire and tempest, of defeat and of victory, there ought to have been. It is worthy." The *supernatural* is used to the *worthiest ends*. Indeed, must we not say that, so far as we can see, no other means could have been so efficient or sufficiently efficient? Miracles and *signs*. And they uniformly in Bible use signify the supremacy of spirit, the truth of religion, the fact of personality, the reality of God and of the soul. Throughout the Bible records we are left always in the presence of the sublime conviction that "God and the soul stand sure."

Matthew Arnold begins his discussion of miracles by the statement that "miracles do not happen," and then asks how much evidence it would take to make us believe that a centaur was seen trotting down Regent Street. As if there were any conceivable significance to a centaur trotting down Regent Street as compared with biblical miracles! The closure of mind to the deeper significance of the truth to which the supernatural has often borne most telling witness, by the dogmatism of negation which starts out by saying what cannot be, is one of the most singular and most serious phases of modern speculative thinking. It is hopelessly skeptical, not merely of the supernatural witness to the deeper truths of the spirit and of freedom, but of those deeper truths themselves. Of course, it is easy to retort that Matthew Arnold does not know everything, and that his personal experience is not universal, or even typically so, and that it is immodest for him to assume to know what can and what cannot happen. "This question, whether God can work miracles, seriously treated, would be impious if it were not absurd," said Rousseau, "and it would be

doing too much honor to him who would answer in the negative to punish him; it would be sufficient to keep him in custody."

But the difficulty lies deeper. What Matthew Arnold really means is something to which most of us would subscribe with profound respect; namely, that nature is rational and orderly, and that freaks do not occur contrary to the established laws of nature. The physicist feels this profound confidence in the order of nature, the reign of law. The chemist and the biologist pursue their extremely interesting researches into the still unknown with absolute confidence in the reliability of nature. This is the *sine qua non* of research. This is sanity. And we have a right to ask whether it is *reasonable* or probable that this rational order ever is or ever has been broken or suspended or changed for moral or religious reasons. The answer to this question will depend largely upon the relative importance attached to spiritual ends. Is it conceivably worth while, if such means should appear most effective, to suspend or change the natural order that telling emphasis might be put upon spiritual freedom? If we conceive that men emerge into their spiritual birthright as sons of God not by involuntary and effortless evolution but by such labor of spirit and such mighty conquests as make all lesser struggles seem trivial; by age-long effort, full of tragedy and pathos but never ceasing, *then* it may appear rational that the whole creation should travail and groan together for the redemption of the sons of God. An appreciative estimate of the supernatural does not rest upon childishness, but ultimately upon the sublimest conceptions of human progress. Gordon, in his Religion and Miracle, just published, has taken the ground that religion, and in particular the Christian religion, is independent of miracle; that though miracles should all be explained away the essential things in Christian faith would still remain; that in no important sense is spiritual truth, or the truth of the soul's relationship with God, which is the essence of religion, really dependent upon physical phenomena or the supernatural. He reckons himself free from any bondage of fear or concern as to the final estimate of miracle. While there is a valuable assertion in this attitude of the essentially spiritual character of religion, it seems to go needlessly far in cheapening the estimate which

we may and should have of the utility of the supernatural in aiding to bring about the very spiritual emancipation which Gordon so justly prizes. In a series of lectures upon the general subject "What Is Christianity?" Professor Adolph Harnack has said: "While we are convinced that what takes place or happens in space and time is subject to the general laws 'of nature,' the religious man—if religion really permeates him and is something more than a belief in the religion of others—is certain that he is not shut up within a blind and brutal course of nature, but that this course of nature serves higher ends, or, as it may be, that some inner and divine power can help us so to encounter it as that everything must necessarily be for the best. This experience, which I might express in one word as the ability to escape from the power and the service of transitory things, is always felt afresh to be a miracle each time that it occurs; it is inseparable from every higher religion, and were it to be surrendered religion would be at an end."

The assertion of spiritual freedom makes Christ the Great Emancipator, and never was that accent upon personality and freedom more needed and more welcome than at this hour. In the nineteenth century men put upon Herschel's tomb the words, "He broke through the barriers of the heavens and added a universe to our knowledge." Of Jesus the twentieth century must say, as did the first, "He brought life and immortality to light." Jesus has taught us wherein freedom consists. It lies not only in superior excellence of intellect, in power of will, supremacy of character, but in spiritual consciousness of personality.

The crowning miracle of history is the person of Christ. There stands his portrait in the Gospels, drawn with the simplicity, sincerity, and directness of artless men. No creation of imaginative genius is like that. And the evangelists were not geniuses. There is no touch of color here. All is transparent. The divine beauty of this picture is its own complete evidence. Ruskin says that simplicity and calm characterize all that is great in art. And the deeds of power which Christ wrought, like the words which he spoke, have about them a simplicity and calm worthy the "Son of God." He stilled the tempest and raised the

dead, and himself rose from the grave. If we could see clearly and broadly enough, we should understand that such deeds were divinely appropriate expressions of his personality.

And what shall we say of the supernatural as used by Jesus himself? Was there ever a more fitting use of means than the use Jesus made of the supernatural? We must feel his reserve. He would do no mighty works in the presence of the unbelief of men merely to appease their curiosity; he would not lift his strength to shield himself from any blow or to escape any suffering; he would not turn stones into bread to appease his own hunger; he would not push the bitter cup from his own lips in Gethsemane, even though in exquisite agony he prayed that it might pass. Jesus used the supernatural much less in proportion to his life's activities than we ordinarily suppose. But he did in acts of singular appropriateness and power accent the truth he taught by supernatural deeds that will forever cause that truth to stand distinct and singular. Jesus was himself the miracle of history. Have we not already come to the time when evolution itself leads to the logical necessity of the Son of God, the perfect man, God in the flesh? Instead of shrinking from the loftiest and final manifestation of the supernatural in Jesus Christ we may, and we should, rise rather to an appreciation of the appropriateness and the efficiency of the supernatural in Christ, and to the end that men may be lifted forever to the dignity and freedom of sons of God.

Jesus raised the dead. Nothing less would be sufficient. He did not "dabble" and "trifle" with the supernatural! *He rose from the dead.* A Christ who did not and could not would not be a sufficient Christ for us. He brought life and immortality to light. No less a revelation would change the accent of the words spoken at all open graves, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and transform them from frozen clods of earth that bruise the broken heart of grief to a benediction that falls sweetly from the skies. With such a Christ as the New Testament gives us in his integrity we can rest with assurance upon his own confidence in God when he bids his disciples "believe in God" and "believe in me." The spiritual enterprise of the ages is to get this accent

and emphasis upon the fact of personality and the fact of freedom. And there is no place where this accent and this freedom can so certainly be found as by the side of Jesus Christ on the open mountain and in the crowded street. Hamilton W. Mabie says, "We can no more get away from the books of power than we can get away from the stars." And we cannot, if we would, get away from Jesus the Christ. "I, if I be lifted up," he said, "will draw all men unto me." By the deepest law of the intellect man must turn to him. For he demonstrates the unity of the world of experience, but a unity that at the same time satisfies a still deeper law, a unity with spiritual freedom. Philosophers, scientists, and little children, alike and together, can join hands and walk out with him under the open skies and breathe the atmosphere of freedom. "Consider the lilies." "Behold the birds of the air." And yet his attitude is not merely that of complacency. He touches the leprous flesh, and it becomes as the flesh of a little child. He tears away the tough curtains that have hidden eyes from the light, and the blind see. And it is all suggestive of his unique place in the main and central spiritual enterprise of the ages, the setting of men free, the putting of the accent and emphasis upon the fact of personality, the supremacy of spirit. We are just emerging from a nightmare of materialistic philosophy. Even psychology, the science of the mind, is largely concerned with physiology. It is the brain and the nerves and the physiological phenomena that accompany mental processes of thought and will and emotion that are being studied and classified and interpreted, and especially as to their historical evolution from simpler and lower manifestations. Psychology has its physiological laboratories. And there is danger that men lose the sense of any reality save that which physical apparatus can prove. The time is ripe for a deeper psychology than that now most in vogue, the psychology that shall make some worthy account of the "psyche," or spirit.

Art. VII.—WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX—LITERARY FATHER OF ROBERT BROWNING

Macready, the actor, in his Reminiscences, writes of going to hear a young preacher. The preacher was handsome, brilliant, and surpassingly eloquent. Naturally, Macready was pleased, and after the service sought and obtained an introduction. Thus began an acquaintance that ripened into an intimacy. The results of this acquaintance were so momentous that we must conclude that the meeting of Fox and Macready was not accidental, but was the plan of the great Father of all. Fox is called one of their great men by the scholars of his time. He must have had some unusual elements in his character to be able to draw about him as intimates such great minds as John Stuart Mill, R. H. Horne, James and Harriet Martineau, Sarah and Eliza Flower, Macready, Talfourd, Bulwer, John Forster, Cobden, Crabb Robinson, and Robert Browning. Even Carlyle was sufficiently impressed to be jealous of him on a certain occasion. Mr. Fox was born March 1, 1786, and died June 1, 1864. His long life presented about as great a medley of associations as ever come to man. Until recently we had no account of his life other than some very short sketches. His daughter, Mrs. Bridell-Fox, collected much material, but did not live to finish the work; Richard Garnett received the material and prepared the larger part of a biography of Mr. Fox. He, too, passed away leaving the work incomplete. It was finally finished by Edward Garnett. Naturally, it is not a great biography, but it contains much interesting material relating to the group of Fox and Browning. The parents of Fox were peasant-farmers. When the son was about three years old the father tired of farming and moved into the city of Norwich. The family was very poor, and when a small child William was obliged to earn his share of the family living. He was in turn a weaver-boy, an errand boy, and when thirteen years of age, a bank clerk. In his efforts for self-culture he planned and pursued a definite course of study. When he arrived at the age of twenty he found an open door into the Independent College at Hamorton,

where John Pye Smith was head master. This stanch orthodox clergyman deplored the subsequent lapse of Mr. Fox into Unitarianism, but always had the kindest words to say of him personally.

After leaving college Mr. Fox took charge of an orthodox Congregational congregation for two years. His studies in the Unitarian Controversy led him to resign his parish, and in 1817 he became pastor of the Unitarian Parliament Court Chapel, London. Later the congregation removed to South Place, Finsbury. He served them nearly forty-five years in all. His marriage was very unfortunate, and after fifteen years of misery he separated from his wife. Thenceforth his household was managed by Eliza Flower, who was his ward. His domestic life was peaceful and so were the rest of his days. The gossips, however, magnified the situation, with the result that a small portion of the congregation seceded. His literary life began when he was a small boy, by his writing occasionally for the local papers. In 1820 he published a sermon "On the Duties of Christians Toward Deists," which caused much controversy. In 1824 he engaged in a controversy with Dr. Bloomfield concerning the fourth Gospel. He became a dramatic critic, largely influenced thereto no doubt by his intimacy with Macready. When the Westminster Review was established Mr. Fox had the honor of writing the first article. For several years he was the joint editor and the editor of the Monthly Repository, and finally the proprietor as well. Many of the great men of the day contributed to this periodical. In this appeared a review of Browning's "Pauline," which was the first recognition accorded the young poet. Browning never forgot the fact. The magazine was later sold to R. H. Horne. Mr. Fox did much writing for various papers, having a more or less intimate connection with the Sunday Times, The True Sun, The Morning Chronicle, and The Daily News. The public life of Mr. Fox was also remarkable. He was a "people's advocate." The late Richard Garnett says of him that "the great aim of his life was to benefit the classes from which he had sprung. No one has counseled those classes more freely or, on the whole, more wisely." He identified himself heart and soul with the "Anti-Corn Law League." According to Francis Place, he was "the

bravest of us all." Fox wrote some of the most pungent of their documents. In addition he had great fame as an orator, and on the strength of it was elected from Oldham as member of Parliament and served in that body for sixteen years with very brief intermissions, due to the accidents of politics. The greatest speeches of Mr. Fox were on the extension of the franchise in 1849, and on his own bill for the establishment of compulsory secular education in 1850. His eloquence made him a champion; his philanthropic disposition and his desire for better times made him a true and earnest leader. The situation of his time gave all the opportunity he needed in which to play a large part. He was not slow to realize his advantage. His influence, however, was not bounded by his clerical, literary, or public life. His friendships were not formal but very personal, and warmly so.

For a moment let us note one or two points of his influence. He was undoubtedly a spur to his friend Macready. In order to improve his church service Fox prepared a hymnal, much of the music being contributed by Eliza Flower. Some of the hymns were contributed by his other ward, Sarah Flower, among them the immortal "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Very few know that Sarah Flower was for a brief time on the stage, playing a more than ordinary Lady Macbeth. She was encouraged by Macready to enter upon his career, but she was not blessed with a vigorous physique and could not endure the strain. The friendship of Fox and Macready was still more fateful to another person. It was at the home of Fox that Macready met Browning, and for the use of the actor the poet wrote most of his early dramatic work. Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems to me to have been an unfortunate meeting, not only in view of subsequent circumstances, but in view of the turning aside of Browning to a new field. Macready and Browning failed to understand each other, and finally their friendship was broken.

Mr. Fox has other claims to be called the literary father of the great poet. Mr. Browning acknowledges his debt of gratitude in a letter to Mrs. Haworth. He says: "The 'Master' is somebody you don't know. W. J. Fox, a magnificent and poetical nature, who used to write in reviews when I was a boy, and to whom my

verses, a bookful, written at the ripe age of twelve and thirteen, were shown: which verses he praised not a little; which praise comforted me not a little. Then I lost sight of him for years and years; then I published anonymously a little poem—which he, to my inexpressible delight, praised and expounded in a gallant article in a magazine of which he was the editor; then I found him out again; he got a publisher for 'Paracelsus' (I read it to him in manuscript), and is, in short, 'My literary father.' Pretty nearly the same thing did he for Miss Martineau, as she has said somewhere." Mrs. Browning in a letter to Fox has this to say: "Indeed, it was a pleasant surprise, that letter of yours, and it touched us to the quick, both of us, to observe by the date that you had written on the very day of your election, not too full of triumph to forget your old *métier,* of holding out a hand to those who climb. By the way, Robert always talks of you, you know, as his 'father in poetry.' Think how pleasant it must be, that he and I should have to look the same way! I, not only (now), on *his* account. Nor he, only, on his own." At the end of the same letter Robert Browning adds his tribute of gratitude to that given by his wife. "I would, you know, always choose you out of the whole English world to judge and correct what I write myself—my wife shall read this and let it stand if I have told her so these twelve years—and certainly I have not grown intellectually an inch over the good and kind hand you extended over my head how many years ago! Now it goes over my wife's too." A life filled with helpfulness which enables a man or woman to attain their true place in the world, and that an immortal place, is glorious. All praise to a man who exalted friendship to the first place in his life! He belonged to the race of those who encourage the dreaming of dreams and the seeing of visions.

S. G. Ayres

Art. VIII.—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF POETRY[1]

"The poet is the only potentate"

Art is the most prominent of all man's productions; it is also the most sacred, and likest divine. In the creative activity of the imagination man, in wonder, majesty, and nobility of performance, is like his own Creator. In such deeds he becomes a Titan, hurling mountains aloft with the ease of infinite strength; a supernatural spirit working, in ways unknown to himself, the things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard; a creator, a maker, fashioning in his own image the spirits he hath beckoned up out of the infinite confusions of chaotic nowhere. The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling has given to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. A new world is made; a real world that can be seen and felt, palpable to the mind of man; an unchanging world, peopled with creatures of infinite beauty and strength. How it came let angels tell, for no one else will. In explanation of it, Browning, in "Abt Vogler," makes the old musician, in the midst of his comment upon the majestic music he has just extemporized out of his organ, burst out in enthusiastic declaration:

> But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
> Existent behind all laws.

The skilled performer wrought upon his keyboard at the impulse of his heart till, as by miracle, a vanishing palace of music reared itself in vision before him, and escaped upon the winds forever. He had no explanation of it, for it was without architect or builder. Truly he that looks aright at a great piece of work speaks in solemn silence: "Here, too, is a miracle; a deed wrought we know not how, in accordance with laws we do not understand. The finger of God is in it." The Almighty does greater things than these, infinitely greater, for he makes worlds full of varied and ever-changing life, and swings them about us in careless profusion with the exactness of perfect order. His foresight, his wisdom,

[1] This address was given in this form before the Postgraduate Institute of Methodist Ministers of Minnesota. It is left in the form in which it was given to them, because the form and style were determined by the purpose and the place and are an inseparable part of the address. The author had been asked to speak upon "The Teaching of Living Poets."

his strength, his power of original creation, his delicacy of workmanship in every detail of natural life—the snowflake, the quartz crystal, the topaz, the primrose by a river's brim, the violet by a mossy stone, the daffodils beside the lake; yea, more, the grace, the generous goodliness, the winning beautiful affectionateness and power with which he has endowed the human spirit—all warn us against likening him to anything known on the earth beneath. He is greater than the creature, even if the creature does persist in fashioning him in his own image, "thinking him altogether such an one as himself"; and with such power and beauty does he display the lesser images of his glory, as at the seaside on a stormy night, that all the creations of the human mind at its best seem scarce worthy to be compared with one moment there. And yet, if it be that the human spirit ever imitates his Creator in the one act of creation, it is the moment he conceives and executes a noble poem, a beautiful picture, a graceful statue. Is it not a stroke of creative power that forms a Sistine Madonna, a Mona Lisa, a Paradise Lost, which rival in charm the best that nature offers, and become unto us eternal works of beauty? For great works of art do have an undying life in the world. So long as man lives and they can be preserved, they are an ever-living pleasure to him. They may waste away with time, that is, the material part of them, but their beauty, the spirit of them, their emotional delight, cannot depart with the years. Before printing could place Homeric song in the hands of the Athenian he carried it on his memory and repeated it at will to outside listener or to his own patriotic heart. The pictures and statues of the ancient great masters have suffered the ravages of time, strife, and neglect; they are broken, canvas is cracked and pieces are gone; but we preserve the remains in sealed cabinets at great expense, not willing to lose them; nay, we fain would print them upon our hearts and transmit them from generation to generation, not considering the burden to the memory. They live because we love them and will not let them die; and to live in the esteem of generations of men and to stir these generations to noble imaginations, generous impulses, high conduct, is a life indeed, to be craved by men and gods, allotted to the few.

It is, to be sure, a sad fact against us, and seemingly against the eternity of art, that the preservation of the products of genius is so much a matter of chance; for we have undoubtedly been indifferent to the gift of the prophets; we have now denied them credence, or even righteousness; we have again coldly consigned their works to the protection of the "worm that dieth not." Shelley and Keats we cursed; Sappho we lost by the wayside; Phidias we ruthlessly destroyed with the sword. And because of our blindness, indifference, and malice, our children have sought unavailingly, albeit with great diligence, for the relics we thought so little of. Shelley and Keats they snatched from the burning; for Sappho they have hunted in every out-of-the-way corner; Phidias they lament over as hopelessly gone. Chance, it would seem, is largely to blame for the preservation of many things we now count invaluable; and a harsh indictment might be written against our professed love of the beautiful and against the eternity of art. But the indictment, nevertheless, is answerable; for one thing lost, we have saved a hundred; the prophets we stoned our children canonized; the true and the beautiful we still love, and great poets have an undying life in the hearts of men. But the explanation of that continuous existence of art is not to be found in the fact that the admiration of man has preserved it from destruction. The continuous esteem of man is really of no great significance till we know the reasons for that esteem—the worth of the object which occasions the love. It may be simply that a pair of baby slippers which adorned the feet of an eighteenth century Goody Two-shoes has become an increasingly valuable heirloom, ever interesting anew to each succeeding generation; or, perchance, that the fragment of an Egyptian mummy case, picked up near Cairo by some adventurous ancestor who nine times barely escaped death in his twenty-year travels about the world, has become the object of an hour's curiosity at every entertainment; or, perhaps, that the first edition of Charles Lamb's early poetry, one of the three copies known to exist, is the two-thousand-dollar purchase of some recent American corn pit millionaire, and now, unread and alone, occupies the mahogany cabinet in his ostentatious library. But that costly volume of Lamb, those eighteenth century two

shoes, that adventurous mummy case from Cairo, are in no sense living things; they are, like some men, merely extant—curious bits of obsolete manufacture. O no, those two shoes were once more alive than now, and even of greater delight, when Goody's baby eyes first danced over them; and that mummy case is only a symbol that in Egypt ages ago men lived and died, and left their works behind them. No; the permanence of great art is other than the chance existence of some idle curiosity, the preservation in alcohol of some gilded June bug, or even than the stubborn resistance of a rocky headland; it is the permanence of beauty, of power, of universal reality. Whatever may become of your antique relics, your butterfly collections, or even of the ancient hills, this, meanwhile, must be said of art, that its loss can never be retrieved, that its power is unlimited and unchanging, its beautiful proportions and harmonies are a universal, an everlasting, a sacred delight to him who has an eye to see them. Browning even suggests, again in Abt Vogler:

> There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before.
> . . . . . .
> No beauty, nor good, nor power
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
> When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

Perhaps the poet is not overspeaking the matter. Each separate work is an individual existence; it is unique, there is none like it; it makes an appeal of its own, which the next most similar work will utterly fail in affecting; it seems a piece, perfect in itself, of God's infinite beauty, permitted to man on earth, the larger lines of which he shall behold hereafter. Was not Browning at least poetically right again in setting Michelangelo at work in the palaces of the Infinite, adorning the walls and ceilings of new Sistine chapels, projecting majestic cathedral domes and archways, finishing mausoleums the world gave him scarce time to begin?

> Think now
> What pomp in Buonarotti's brow
> With its new palace-brain where dwells
> Superb the soul, unvexed by cells
> That crumbled with the transient clay.
> What visions will his right hand's sway

Still turn to forms, as still they burst
Upon him! How will he quench thirst,
Titanically infantine,
Laid at the breast of the Divine!

Is not the performance of painter, poet, musician of such high character as to warrant our relating it to the climes where all things are noble, beautiful, and true? But, whatever may be the estimate of art in regions beyond our sunshine, this we are confident of, that Michelangelo could scarcely have worked at any higher or more permanent tasks while with us, or displayed by other performance the majesty, the grandeur, the beauty, the miracle-working power of the human spirit that was in him. For note what art does for us when the great masters have touched it into life. Robert Burns and Mary Campbell, standing on either side of a small stream that flowed into his loved Ayr, dipped their hands into the water beneath, exchanged Bibles, and touching palms across the stream, plighted their faith for so long as "woods grow and waters run." In a few weeks Mary Campbell died. In memory of her Robert Burns, the artist, made forever beautiful and true the tender pathos of their severed love, in lines which for sweetness of music, simplicity, and power of pure, delicate, heart-felt emotion are rivaled by only a few other songs in the English tongue:

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again
We tore oursel's asunder;
But, O! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Now, one might tell us the fact of that parting without our being moved more than we ordinarily are by common stories of pathetic partings all about us; we should for a moment be sympathetic, and pass on to remember it no more. But generations shall be aroused to noble feelings by the artist's song so long as the English tongue shall be known. For Burns has asked, not for our sympathy for him, not for our passing interest in one small love affair in a poet's life; without our even knowing whether the poem has any basis in fact or not, he compels us to feel with him the beauty, the tenderness, the sacredness of the love of a noble man for a pure woman.

On the morning of September 3, 1802, the poet Wordsworth was riding on the top of a stage coach over Westminster Bridge on his way to the Continent. It was early morning, before the city was awake, and all London lay beneath him, cleared of her smoke and tumult, washed in the dewy air. The fact of that early departure of one of our prominent poets of the last century is of no worth and of but slightly greater interest than the fact that hundreds ride every day over the Mississippi between Minneapolis and Saint Paul. Moreover, on that same coach with the artist, above the same smoke-cleared city, rode the coachman unmoved by the scene before him, to whom it was as meaningless as life itself. Now, we were not on that stagecoach with the poet or the

driver; we never saw that scene, and may never see its like; but can we refuse to move with Wordsworth in rapture and in adoration as he interprets to us the universal truth of that morning vision?

> Earth has not anything to show more fair:
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty:
> This city now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields, and to the sky—
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
> Never did sun more beautifully steep
> In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
> Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
> The river glideth at his own sweet will:
> Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
> And all that mighty heart is lying still!

The aged Sigismond Conti, papal chamberlain, desired to commemorate his deliverance from death threatened by the bursting of a bomb that fell near him during the bombardment of his native city of Foligno. He appealed to Raphael for a painting, and the result was the famous altar piece known as the Madonna of Foligno. We, gentlemen, are not Catholics, and do not adore the Virgin as anything more than mother; the figures, moreover, of Saint Francis and Saint Jerome do not appeal to us as they would have appealed to the Roman of the sixteenth century; still further, we have not the privilege of beholding the painting as it hangs in the Vatican gallery of Rome; but does not even a miniature photographic reproduction of it suffice for an hour's delight many times a year? In its presence, who does not follow the directing finger of the Baptist, the beckoning hand of Saint Jerome, the absorbed gaze of the beautiful cherub, to adore the beauty and truth of the divine motherhood of the cloud-enthroned, cherub-guarded Virgin? Brethren, we Protestants are very earnest on the subject of the worship of images. To worship a picture is idolatry, I grant; but to worship in the presence of a picture may be sublime spiritual adoration. One cannot help it. But I need not illustrate further the permanence, the sacredness, the inexplicable power of artistic productions, nor express further my

admiration for the sublime genius who bequeaths to mankind a Madonna, an oratorio, an epic poem. You fully enter with me into all such admiration for high and noble art—for our Raphaels, Shakespeares, Beethovens; and many of you could go far beyond me in illustrating the truths I fain would express better. So I pass on to suggest reasons for the faith we commonly hold, and, by doing so, to correct some false impressions that lie just outside the things we agree upon.

I have already said art is the most permanent of all man's productions; it is also the most sacred and likest divine. I now say that the highest expression of himself which man leaves in the world is art; it is, perhaps, the only full expression of himself he can leave; at least, every attempt of man fully to express himself is an attempt in art. Add to this, if you will, two corollaries, in order to complete the thought and to apply it: of all arts, poetry gives the richest and fullest expression of the whole man; in educative values it is the richest subject of our curricula. For art is not an idle performance, nor is the study of it a pastime. There is indeed an impression abroad, escaped from the foul dungeon where all errors are bred, that poetry and painting and music are reserved for the study of ladies who have leisure for such things. The same impression declares that artists are impractical, erratic geniuses, who are not in touch with the real world, but who, fed, like chameleons and salamanders, upon air and fire, spin magic webs for the ornamentation of life. In other words, art is amusement, and artists are a species of human nondescripts, whose hearts are not real human hearts, but only something like them, and whose brains are not composed of ordinary tissue, but of something like it—more frail, filmlike. They live in an upper stratum of the atmosphere where they never encounter anything half so substantial as a London fog. Or the impression assumes still another shape; geniuses are natural creatures born sidewise; they have wild eyes, disheveled hair, come and go like spirits, need protection or confinement as babes or madmen. Gentlemen, I do not complain at these erroneous impressions; they are the inevitable result of our smoke-beclouded, hot-headed race for a business existence; they will escape to their dungeon again as

soon as we can get out into the open sunshine where the breezes play at will. But I do offer you as a wholesome antidote the dictum of a blue-stocking friend of mine from New England: "Genius is simply common sense sublimated." For, again, art is not an idle performance, nor the study of it a pastime. Nay, rather, the material out of which great art is wrought is the universal substance of all the ages, and the workmen who labored therein did the duty of giants. See Paganini, retired all summer in a monastery among the Swiss mountains, playing his violin to the echo of the hills that he might draw whole audiences after him when the concert season came; that was the idle madness of Paganini. Or watch Michelangelo, rising in the middle of the night, chiseling out his figure of Moses in the light of a small lamp attached to the brow of his sculptor's cap; that was the luxurious idleness of Buonarotti. Or, through the window of Scott's writing chamber, catch a vision of the flying hand which wrote off the best of the Waverleys at the rate of three or four a year—one in a fortnight and another in six weeks—in order that a gentleman's financial honor might be vindicated, and behold the idle pastime of England's great romancer. Yea, this, rather, seems the truth: the pastime of a great artist is patient fidelity to an inspiration, untiring physical energy in giving it material body, conscientious absorption of spirit in the duty of perfecting it for the world. The agonies by which a great poem is conceived and executed are unexcelled by the travails of woman, even as the joy of an artist over his perfected work is scarcely equaled by the radiance of a young mother over her firstborn son.

And the material of a great poem—what is it? Clouds and sunshine, mingled with a drop of elemental dew from the pearled lip of a buttercup, all sweetened with attar of roses? Nay, I have already written it; it is the universal substance of all life. Our great artists have been men who knew the realities of life, sensitive men who keenly felt all things as they are, and who have fearlessly told the king what they saw and felt. Chaucer, our earliest poet, was a man of the world, a diplomat and courtier, who visited the Continent on at least three diplomatic journeys. How all the varied life of the fourteenth century which he saw is

pictured for us in all its broadly human aspects in the Canterbury Tales! No other record of it is quite so true. Shakespeare lived the life of an ordinary Englishman in the age of Elizabeth, and so well overcame the difficulties of practical life that he was able to retire in private to Stratford before he was fifty. He was an open-eyed business man in actual England, and, though the pictures he drew for us are not exact reproductions of Elizabethan England, they are only too universally true to be confined to that age. What problems of human emotion and human activity are wrought out for us on his stage! There is nowhere else such wise and varied representation of human life; the personages which crowd the platform, from Touchstone and Autolycus up through Sir Toby Belch, Falstaff, Shylock, Portia, and Desdemona to the delightful visions of Miranda and Perdita, are as actual as the most intimate friends of our acquaintance. Had we lived in Elizabeth's England in highest holiday humor, we should hardly have made such intimate acquaintance with so many different individuals as we now make among Shakespeare's friends, for we should not have had Shakespeare's wise eye to pick them out for us. Truly, the command is correct: If you wish to know human life, study Shakespeare. And if we follow down the course of English Literature through Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, what shall we find but that English poetry constantly keeps in touch with the actualities of life? There is indeed a difference. Pope is concerned with keen witticisms of personal and party malice, the idle follies of the light society life in the London of Queen Anne, axiomatic commonplaces of moral or didactic wisdom; but Pope, with his confreres, Addison, Steele, and Swift, has written the deepest truths that men were conversant with in that age of low moral standards, party bickering, casuistical strife, complacent superficiality. They together think the best thoughts of Queen Anne's day, have embodied them in pictures of Queen Anne's London, steeped them in the spirit of Queen Anne's life, and have given them to us in those brilliant but awful satires of the Tale of a Tub and Gulliver's Travels, in the delightful essays of the Spectator and the Tatler, and in the charming burlesque of the

Rape of the Lock. The poet Wordsworth was neither politician, diplomat, nor man of affairs; he lived apart with nature, her priest unto man; but if there is anything actual or true in the joy of man in the presence of nature's life, in the influence of natural scenery upon the human spirit, in the lessons which the hills and fields may suggest unto the human heart, in the modern doctrine of the presence of the divine life in God's created universe, then Wordsworth's poetry deals both with very high truths and with the stern actualities of human experience. Great poets have not lived apart from the real world but in the very center of the world's life, and have drawn their visions from the realities of human associations. It cannot be otherwise, for great art deals directly and broadly with the universal truths of all life. I make, then, no difficult assertion when I declare that the highest expression of himself which man leaves in the world is an artistic product, and that the richest and fullest expression of the whole man is a poem. The second assertion is true, if the first one is, simply because poetry allows a more varied, direct, and comprehensive treatment of the mental and spiritual interests of man than is possible in the two sister arts of painting and music. Of the latter, indeed, it is often asserted that it has no ethical import, however keen may be its emotional power; and painting we all know is comparatively limited in its method and range. The assertion, then, stands, that the richest and fullest expression of the whole man is a great poem—an epic or a drama; that an Iliad, a Prometheus Bound, a Paradise Lost, a Lear, a Job, represents the highest achievement of human spirit. And yet my hand trembles as I write that dictum, for I hear the steam cars puffing on the Great Northern tracks and the small tinkle of a bicycle below my window ringing some one off the sidewalk. Only yesterday an ugly automobile sped by the house, suggesting visions of atmospheric journeys through the clouds in aerial canoes. I recalled, too, that my neighbor ordered his breakfast by telephone, and that I had brought mine home in a trolley car. A thousand other associated images of twentieth-century mechanism were about to overwhelm my startled brain when a reassurance came, that, after all, a Hamline street car is no great improvement over the ancient

method of traveling by wheelbarrow, and could not be compared with Pharaoh's chariots. Defense at once came trooping. I knew that the gods cared much less for the speed of that automobile than for the haughty bearing of the prig who was steering it, and that all the glory of the Northwestern telephone system was undone by the saucy answer which Central gave me when I asked a second time for Minneapolis. My good angel then kindly suggested to me that the real use of all these mechanical appliances is to provide more readily for man's bodily comforts and to do for him his mechanical work, that he may store up time and energy for mental labor and spiritual development. But I went to bed still suspicious that if I were to put it to a vote, Homer or the trolley, Homer would have to go; the crowd would still yell for Barabbas; and I wondered as I fell asleep if, after all, the Interurban Street Car Company could be to blame for our lack of interest in all true delight? So many comforts, so few attainments.

O, no; the attainments are greater than the comforts, and more numerous. The poets are still in our midst doing the lasting work of the ages; and thousands of us who cannot write poetry are yet living under the inspiration of those that do, knowing full well that poetry is our most refreshing well of inspiration, the highest achievement of the human spirit. It is highest—highest in its truth, highest in the universality of the relations in which that truth is conceived, highest in the charm and power of the expression given to it. The poets, such as the author of Prometheus, of the Divine Comedy, of Faust, have sought the deepest truths known to man, have conceived of them most justly and broadly, and have given them such expression as is fitting, natural, and just, and such as will make them a constant delight and an irresistible spiritual power over the heart. In other words, poetry is the means of perfectly communicating unto another man one's noblest thoughts and emotions in all their beauty and power; it is the richest expression of man's mind and heart, the almost satisfactory expression of that inexpressible, rich, deep, inner man in his noblest moods. Poetry is a higher form of literature than the best prose in that the perfection of form capable in verse is impossible in any allowable prose, and in the added power and delight

of the musical arrangement and imaginative setting of ideas. Any number of quotations from Pope will appear as illustrations of that fact:

> To err is human, to forgive divine.
>
> Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
>
> For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
>
> True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

Or this familiar couplet from Tennyson:

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

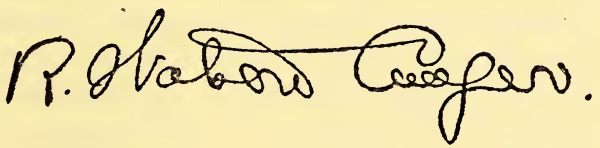
None of these lines taken alone, as I have given them, will move anyone very deeply: they contain only simple ideas, justly expressed, with the added charm of meter; but we would not change them to prose. This is the excellence of verse. Again, poetry excels the ordinary prose of history, philosophy, science, theology, in that the facts named and truths deduced in those didactic departments of literature are conceived by the poet, not simply in their abstract absolute meanings or in their logical affinities, but in their broadly human relations. The poet takes the dry fact of science, relates it on all sides to humanity, and it becomes truth common to poet and scientist alike. He then clothes it upon with human emotion and it becomes the teaching of the prophet. He lays it upon his spirit until it assumes the form of an image, finally embodies that image in the fittest and the most musical language that his genius can conjure up out of the depths of his mind. It has become poetry. The prophet Isaiah was one day musing over the benevolent mercies of Jehovah and the defection of Israel. That stern prophet of social righteousness was as tender as he was vigorous, and as he contemplated the doings of Jehovah and the deeds of Israel he heard the voice of the Lord singing a song to his beloved people. It took the form of a parable of a vineyard and ran itself out into rhythmical, pulsating strains

that stir the contemplative heart to judgment and pity. Jehovah speaks:

> **Let me sing of my well-beloved a song of my beloved touching his vineyard.**
>
> **My well-beloved had a vineyard**
> **In a very fruitful hill:**
> **And he made a trench about it,**
> **And gathered out the stones thereof,**
> **And planted it with the choicest vine,**
> **And built a tower in the midst of it,**
> **And also hewed out a winepress therein:**
> **And he looked that it should bring forth grapes—**
> **And it brought forth wild grapes!**
>
> **And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?**

And yet again, poetry and the other arts are above all other achievements of man in that the truths they contain are frequently nobler conceptions and more intimate human realities than the truths of any other department of human thought or action. In the first place, the truths of a great artist come to him not by achievement, not by learning, but as they come to a prophet, by clear intuitive recognition, as "flashes struck from midnights." He is a great observer; he sees all things, and sees through them; he is never at rest until he knows them; he is a seer, a prophet. We think of him as inspired, and perhaps he is; at least he is far from the common thinker either by his having achieved a higher method or by means of some inner eye not allotted to the many. In the second place, the truths of the artist are greater than those of the scientist and philosopher in that they are truths of human associations and affections such as scientist, theologian, or even ethical writer, does not deal with. Those numberless delicate threads of human affinity, those lights and shades of the ever-mobile spirit, known only to lover and maid, husband and wife, parent and child, man and friend, the workman and his God, are rightly dealt with only by an artist in some form of art. Is it not because art deals with such truths that we consider it not only the highest form of human achievement but also the most precious?

Brethren, we are not all artists, but most of us are striving to be, more or less blindly. It is possible that the gift of song has not been granted us; our hands not deft at the chisel and brush, and our eyes not clear with color. There are others working in solitude beside us whose work will be more permanent than ours, though they do not now seem related to the clergy nor half so ostentatious in their devotion. The most of us will be satisfied if we can attain to the political rhetoric of Burke's philosophy, or to the oratory of a Beecher or a Brooks, or the graceful sketch of an Irving. Whatever may be our immediate aim, we shall not forget with impunity that every attempt to express oneself fully in this world is an attempt in art, and that to fulfill our calling and to serve the present age, or all ages, demands that we labor definitely and wisely, and without lagging, at some form of self-expression. To be artists will not of itself make us noble men; but if we be already noble men, art will help to keep us there, and will increase, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundredfold, the fruitage of pure and noble delight in the kingdom of man's spirit.



Art. IX.—AN INDIAN SUMMER IN THE HISTORY OF ISRAEL

The globe-trotter is not a reliable authority on the customs and conditions of foreign peoples. Not only does he keep to the beaten tracks, on the advice of guides with pecuniary interests, but also what he sees is altogether on the surface. Then, again, the natives are on dress parade as soon as they spy the stranger. His condescending airs and stand-aloofness at once raise up a barrier between himself and the natives. He is not the one to whom the doors of hospitality are opened and the privilege of the inner chamber conferred. It is, further, not probable that he can understand or appreciate in a few days this social and religious climate, so totally different from what he has been accustomed to. Hence the pathos of fictions about the Orient so widely advertised by the traveler who goes post haste from one country to another. An illustration of this is seen in the offhand criticisms of missions and missionaries by those who understand neither the purpose of this greatest enterprise of the church nor the people in whose interest it is conducted. It is a far cry from the Orient of to-day to the Orient of many centuries ago. The notable fact that the Orient has not radically changed helps us to understand the long ago by the aid of the present day. Our concern in this article is with Israel in the period of prosperity during the reign of Jeroboam II (*cir.* 782-741). Imagine the lay of the land with the help of a map. In the north, on the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, there flourished the militant civilizations of Babylonia and Assyria. In the southeast, on the banks of the Nile, there rose in great glory the kingdom of Egypt. The connecting link between these rival powers was the land of Syria, which had the Mediterranean Sea on the west and the Arabian desert on the east. This country was in the possession of a number of small nations, whose relations with each other were marked by incessant warfare. In the north was Syria proper. Its inhabitants spoke the Aramaic language. The capital city was Damascus. The southern part was occupied by the Canaanites, Edomites, Ammonites, Moabites, Philistines,

and Israelites. These last had conquered from the Canaanites the territory known as Palestine, which was about one hundred and fifty miles long and one hundred miles wide. Within this small compass there was found a great variety of climate, scenery, fertility and natural products. This land was also the highway of the nations, who traveled through it in the interests of war and commerce. Palestine thus came to be regarded as "the bridge between the east and the west," and was justly looked upon as a prize worth securing.

The life of ancient nations was one of warfare. There were slight intervals of peace, but these would be disturbed most abruptly. Israel had suffered repeated defeat at the hands of her enemies. It was on the point of being absorbed by Syria when the intervention of Assyria changed the situation, and Israel became one of the vassals of this powerful kingdom. The reign of Joash, which began in this period, marked a turn in the fortunes of the nation. He conducted three campaigns against Syria and recovered from Benhadad the cities which had been captured in the reign of his father Jehoahaz (2 Kings 13. 25). Jeroboam II entered upon a legacy of victory which he further enriched. Great as were the achievements of this king, the record of his reign is very brief. "He restored the border of Israel from the entrance of Hamath [in the north] unto the sea of the Arabah [south of the Dead Sea]" (2 Kings 14. 25). While these advances were happening in northern Israel, Uzziah was extending the might of Judah in the south. He destroyed the Philistines, reorganized the army, invented engines of war, fortified the city, and encouraged vast building enterprises. This concurrent prosperity in both the kingdoms excelled the greatest days in the past during the reign of Solomon. This was an age of militarism and materialism. The political outlook increased the confidence of the people. No enemy was giving trouble at this time. Intercourse with foreign nations developed. Society was organized on a commercial basis. Many industrial and economic changes took place due to the large exodus of the people from the country into the cities, which rapidly multiplied in number. The peculiar tempers and temptations of city life made their appearance. Material advantages which brought

the comforts of life were also accompanied by godless pleasures and thoughtless delights. Those who were made suddenly rich were so dazzled by the splendor which wealth brought that they became cruel, heartless, and indifferent toward those who were less fortunate. The selfish luxury of the rich stood in noticeable contrast to the abject penury of the poor. While the military nobility were lolling in luxury in their summer houses and winter houses the poor were dying for want of bread. This was the price paid by a people who exchanged pastoral for civic and mercantile conditions of life. The Hebrew commonwealth had been founded on democratic principles, which confessed that all men are created equal. The time was, not long ago, when the rich and poor associated in a fraternal spirit. The dawn of prosperity broke this brotherly covenant. The wars drained the resources of the poor farmers, who had been forced to neglect their estates and defend their families on the battlefield. After the wars they were not reimbursed in the least. Instead the aristocracy seized all the spoil that conquest had brought into the coffers of the nation. The needy and helpless were thus exposed to most flagrant injustice, while the selfish rich even exulted in the misery of their countrymen and sought ways by which to satisfy their overfed appetites. Thus the gulf widened between the aristocracy and the laboring people, while the middle class altogether disappeared. Too absorbed in their pleasures, the rich cared nothing for the country. True patriotism had no place in their life. Though they were enjoying the fruits of self-sacrifice shown by a former generation, they had no interest beyond immediate pleasure, and did not hesitate to hurt whomsoever stood in the way of their senseless indulgences. The farmers have always been the backbone of a nation. Their labors supply the necessities of life. In spite of the handicap which many of them experienced, freedom from war and immunity from the predatory incursions of the Bedawin gave them the opportunity to cultivate their lands. The wonderful natural resources of Israel were developed as never before. The belief prevails even to-day in the Orient that drought and pestilence are direct visitations of God. Warning voices were thus heard through famine, drought, sirocco or east wind, scourge of locusts, terrible pestilence, conflagrations, earthquakes (Amos 4. 6;

7. 4; 1. 1; 8. 4). But heedlessness possessed the nation to so fatal an extent that they laughed to scorn the counsels of truth. The reign of mammon was supreme.

The popular religion tended to intensify the moral blindness. The high places of worship were well patronized by people who went on pilgrimage to Bethel, Beersheba, Dan, and Gilgal. Tithes and free-will offerings were lavishly given for the support of the priesthood and the upkeep of the sanctuaries. To judge from the externals of worship, the people were never more devoted to Jehovah, whom they placed without a rival on the throne. But their methods of worship resembled the Canaanite cults, whose immoral practices crept into the sanctuaries of Israel. The symbols of the calf, the ashera or common pole, the plated ephod, the images in human form called the teraphim, the sacred stones or maccebah, all had pagan associations with their foul tempers and moral perversions. The essence of heathenism is in the emphasis it lays on ritual and ceremonial regardless of ethical considerations. While great holocausts were offered to God and pious phrases were abundantly current in the speech of priests and people, religion was not experienced as a moral discipline in the daily life of Israel. The priesthood was supported by a corrupt aristocracy. They were therefore forced to utter hollow sentiments which flattered their patrons. Clearly, the heart was not right with God. The nation was doubtless devoted to Jehovah, so far as ritualistic worship was concerned, but they were not true to Jehovah, because they did not seek God and good (Amos 5. 6, 14, 24).

The much-vaunted prosperity was only on the surface. Filled with national conceit and sweltering with an optimism that was one-sided, lacking in moral vision and spiritual insight, congratulating themselves that all was well because no enemy was knocking at their gates, they forgot that the great power whose vassals they really were was too busy elsewhere and so was letting them alone for a season. Had the nation loved justice and hated a lie, it is probable that Assyria may not have swept down on them with such force and fury. The pathos of the situation was the more bitter since the leaders of the nation were so blind to the impending doom and destruction. But their easy-going security was disturbed

by a man of vision, whose home was in the wilds of Tekoa in the land of Judah (compare Amos 6. 14). He had closely observed the course of events, and under the impulse of the prophetic spirit, he delivered the burden of Jehovah with discernment and courage. The sacred historian has little to say of this period. To understand it, we must not go back *to* but back *of* the documents, to use a distinction made by Von Ranke the historian. The glory and advance were not the prelude to the coming of a golden age. It was only an Indian summer, soon to be forgotten when the blasts of winter set in. Everybody seemed to be assured of victory. They were rejoicing in themselves and knew not that their days were numbered. The appearance of Amos at one of the great festivals held in Bethel was most unwelcome. He was regarded as a coarse intriguer and a wild fanatic, who had no right to come into their presence so unceremoniously. His message was not to an individual but to the whole house of Israel. When he thus addressed them so pointedly, and in words that could not be misunderstood, one can imagine the sea of angry faces that were turned to him. But they could not help listening. His outlook was wide; he kept close to facts that were too patent to be denied; he appealed to "conscience and history"; the note of sympathy and disinterestedness was very manifest; the summons to immediate repentance was imperious. But the ecclesiastics turned him down by an act of violence, and tried to silence his voice by the arbitrary assertion of authority. The mission of the prophet has never been easy. But he must speak the word "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." Amos was driven away, but his parting word was, "Israel shall surely be led away captive out of his land" (7. 17). In less than twenty years the glory of Israel had faded like the morning dew. The Assyrian captivity was an accomplished fact.

Oscar L. Joseph

Art. X.—MOSES, AN INTERPRETATION

A thousand years before Pericles and Socrates, fifteen hundred years before Jesus and Cæsar, and thirty-five hundred years before us, Egypt was the crest of civilization, and in her capital, then the Paris-Athens-London of the world, her emperor's daughter went down to the Nile water to bathe and heard a baby's cry from the bulrushes; it was that voice which was to give law to humankind for all time.

So long ago, yet so close! One hundred generations ago only! One hundred fathers, each thirty-five years of age when he begat his son, could join hands and reach back clear across this episode we call history. One hundred steps from Moses to me! You could get those fathers into a committee room. What they could tell! That they have seen Greece, Rome, Venice and Spain flush and fade; they have seen thrones green, ripen, and fall; they have seen emperors by dozens, kings by hundreds, dukes by droves; they have seen systems of philosophy come and go, cathedrals rise and crumble, beauty preen and pass, and men, men, men, thick as falling autumn leaves, now scattered in quiet graves, and again drifted in storm-heaped wind rows upon battlefields. Save one, none of all the great men of the past stretches out his dead hand and grips the present as Moses. The systems of law in every civilized country recognize him as founder. Every decent man and woman of Christendom acknowledges his rules of conduct. In all its progress, fluctuation, and continual evolution, humanity has one fixed point; its notion of right and wrong is just where this man put it. He wound up and set the clock of the human conscience. Only one figure in history surpasses him in spiritual empire.

Moses was a Jew, the great grandson of Levi, the great-great grandson of Jacob, who was the first Israelite, and the great-great-great-great grandson of Abraham, who was the first Hebrew. In China they boast of pedigrees thirty centuries long; the only people that can show anything to equal this are the Jews. They are easily first among aristocrats. Away back in the morning of

things they had Moses, David, and Jesus; to-day they are the foremost bankers of Europe and the leading merchants of America. The proud Jew of this day can look down with contempt upon the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs and the Guelphs of Europe, "whose blood has crept through scoundrels since the flood." But to the Egyptians Moses was a slave's son. He was to them as a black baby, born in a Louisiana slave-hut, would have been to the Southern aristocracy in 1850.

Time has a grim humor. The monarchs of Egypt are only known as contemporaries of Moses. The Czar of Russia will be known as the contemporary of Tolstoy.

He had a loving sister and a shrewd mother, which is better than a million dollars. These sharp Hebrew women saved his life, and duped the daughter of Pharaoh into paying the slave mother a wage for giving her breast to her own son. He grew up in the Egyptian court and learned Egyptian wisdom. What that was we can only guess; but if you will read Wendell Phillips's lecture on the Lost Arts, you will learn to be amazed at its probable extent. Egypt was schoolmaster to the philosophers of Greece. All there was of ancient wisdom was taught by her priests. Mr. Brunel, the architect of the Thames tunnel, when asked what he thought of the skill of the Egyptians, said: "There is Pompey's Pillar; it is one hundred feet high, and the capital weighs two thousand pounds. It is something of a feat to hang two thousand pounds at that height in the air, and the few men that can do it would better discuss Egyptian mechanics. Cement is modern, for the ancients dressed and jointed their stones so closely that in buildings thousands of years old the thin blade of a penknife cannot be forced between them." De Tocqueville says "there is no social question that was not discussed to rags in Egypt."[1] The expanding mind of young Moses devoured this knowledge. Also his young manhood drank full draughts of courtly pleasures and royal ambitions. He grew up a prince and savant among the wonderful people who made the sphinx, the pyramids, and the temples of Karnac and Luxor. And all the while his heart was anchored in the heart of his mother. All the

[1] Quoted from Phillips.

splendor of kings and the lure of princess's beauty could not get him away from her. He remained a Jew.

Moses's life falls into a rhythmic trilogy. Forty years he was a royal courtier, forty years he brooded in the wilderness, forty years he was the leader of his people. He died when the three-part cycle was fulfilled, a hundred and twenty years old, and "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." The key to his character is that his one overmastering passion was justice. The man was justice incarnate. He loved right as other men love themselves. When forty years of age he chanced to see an Egyptian Simon Legree bullying a Hebrew Uncle Tom. Moses remonstrated, and the taskmaster retorted insolently. Then "the meekest man" became angry. When a man who has no temper loses it he is dangerous. When the fight was over the slavedriver lay dead on the sand, and over him stood the mild-mannered court favorite, with bloodshot eyes and balled fists. Perhaps it was the first time he had come face to face with death, the world-old mystery, with its two panders, tyranny and wrong. It was a turning point in his career. The problems of life, death, and duty welled up from the dark recesses of his heart. Blood, blood spilt on the ground, blood "which is the life," rose up and enveloped his mind like a flame. He looked on his hand, as Lady Macbeth looked on hers, and saw the spot that tears could not wipe out, that awful red which would the seas incarnadine. He fled to the wilderness. He was probably in no danger, but the city, with its conventions, its ancient frauds and established wrongs, was choking him. He must have it out with the vast enigma of existence, and he sought the wide desert, and the stars, and all the social silence of the infinite.

Thus did Buddha flee, stepping over the sleeping forms of the dance girls on the floor, turning his face from lust of sense because the lust for the Infinite had found him, never resting until he found wisdom beneath the Bo tree. Thus did Saul of Tarsus; when the truth flashed him blind on the road to Damascus, he, too, sought the Arabian silence. Thus did Mohammed. Thus did Jesus. Greatness is matured in stillness.

Alone, unknown, friendless, penniless, our prince sat down,

not long after, by a well in the rocky land of Midian. Here a new injustice awaited him. As he was musing in the shadow of a rock he saw the slim daughters of Jethro come to water their flocks. Then he saw barbarous shepherds drive them away in wanton pride of masculine strength. He arose, and bared his arm, and the villains scampered. Then he waited on the ladies, bringing up the water for them himself. We think all the better of him that he fell in love with one of these girls and married her. Forty years this cultivated prince of Egypt lived a shepherd's life and dwelt in tents. He was learning the most difficult of all arts, the art of being alone. Who shall tell of the long nights under the spangled heavens, eye to eye with the stars in that country where stars were first named, where stars burn so bright in the dry atmosphere that they seem to hang like apples of light close enough to pick; and of the mighty dreams there, of the stupendous thoughts rolling like constellations through his brain, of the passions and ambitions that swept in week-long hurricanes through his soul—there in the still gloom! The written record of his after life is great; how greater would be this unwritten story of his thoughts could we read it.

Man is greater than anything he does. Only God knows how great a man is, for only God knows his dreams. Above the tame landscape of the actual, of that which is done, thunders the blinding majesty of the possible, that which he would have done. If the music Wagner heard in his soul but could not quite catch should be heard, it would break the world's heart. If we could see the works that Michelangelo conceived but could not bring forth, if we could know the philosophic truths that just evaded the grasp of Immanuel Kant, we should have some proper notion of "what a piece of work is man." Our deeds are a poor compromise between our ideals and our tools.

Perhaps it was during this wilderness retreat that Moses recollected and put in writing the traditions he had heard from his mother, how the great Jehovah had walked and talked with his forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, which same God made the world. In other words, we may suppose that he wrote the Book of Genesis in the tents of Midian. A more magnificent, stately-

stepping piece of literature does not exist. Those who contend to and fro about its literalness, its authority, and its creedal value miss its supreme charm. It is poetry. Only three other men in the world ever had its grandeur of style—David, Homer, and Shakespeare. It is poetry. Hence it is truer than any prose, more profoundly true than any mathematic or chemic fact. It begins with a sentence that resembles an eagle's swoop: "In the beginning—God!" I would rather have been the author of that sentence than to have written all the books in the British Museum.

At the end of his second forty years Moses comes, in some way, to the point where at last the infinite touches him. He tells us of his experience in the form of "The Story of the Burning Bush." Lay aside your criticism, strip off your logic, when you read that story; only those can understand it who read it as a little child would read it. Children see things you have forgotten how to see. The unreal, the invisible, is their populous playground. What to you is a thick cloud mist is to them a bastioned castle, booming with unburning fire, fringed with the ghost of gold. With us education is disillusion, knowledge a continuous slaughter of sweet beliefs, common sense and maturity a desert where once blew the roses of childhood's gentle madness. And Moses lived when the world was young. The world is old now; the gods of Greece have left Hymettus, Pan is dead, Paul is an epileptic, Jesus is a hypnotist, Jehovah a theory. We can explain everything. And when there is no mystery there is—ashes and the sickening of life. The Moses world was young. Then bushes burned yet were not consumed, and mountain thunder spoke words, and seas divided, and pillars of cloud and fire moved in the path of a child-people. And bushes might yet flame with God could eyes be found childlike enough to see. Moses's description of his meeting with God is Oriental; that is, not only poetry written but poetry acted. Whatever one may think of the clothing of the story, its warm core of flesh is that the Infinite rose in trembling dawn upon the man's soul when he was eighty years ripe. And with God came responsibility and the burden of his people. A sure test of having seen God is that one is driven back to humanity

and takes the world on his heart. Whoever gets hold of God has to be great from thence forward. God means not happiness but duty, tragedy, the cross, failure here and triumph yonder, but all so vast, so supreme, that through the tears and contumely and blood glows something beside which mere happiness is a tawdry rag, something which one who knew called "joy unspeakable and full of glory." It is not a nice thing nor a pleasant one to meet God, but it is a great thing.

The wilderness epoch is now over; no more long days of thought, waste weeks of refreshment, fallow months and barren years in which the huge soul is seething, settling, fermenting, "finding itself." Bottom is reached at last. The foot is firm on something sure—God. Beware, O kings, of the wilderness man who has talked with the Infinite! He laughs at your racks and thumbscrews, and scorns your turtled feasts and purple dignities. Beware of such as John the Baptist, who have learned to want nothing, and of such as Moses, who have developed an appetite for galaxies! Kiss them, "lest ye perish in their way, when their wrath is kindled but a little." Moses goes back to Pharaoh and smites him ten times; blood, frogs, lice, flies, murrain, boils, hail, locusts, darkness, and death. His is a terrible God, as terrible as sin. He must be a terrible God, for he made man, and man is terrible. Let the stupid and surface critic smile at this for a bogey tale. There was one great mind of the nineteenth century that knew how to read his Bible. Abraham Lincoln had Moses and Pharaoh in his mind when he wrote his second inaugural address, the noblest state paper of America:

> Fondly do we hope and fervently do we pray that this scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Lincoln was of the Moses type; he did not laugh at the strange story of the plagues, he shuddered; he was finding out what it meant; he knew about "The Hounds of God":

The bounds of God across the years
  Are running swift and true;
Far and away they seem to play,
  But they're tracking me and you.

The king is seated on his throne,
  His courtiers stand around him;
They see him start and grasp his heart—
  The hounds of God have found him.

At low midnight the wastrel wakes,
  Afraid upon his bed;
The far-off sounds of the baying hounds
  Are ringing in his head.

The wicked woman wipes her lips,
  And says, "'Tis naught, 'tis naught!"
But the velvet feet of the hounds so fleet
  Whisper behind her thought.

They have torn great empires limb from limb,
  They have conquered the conquerors,
And their teeth have hurt for sins of dirt
  In plagues that are worse than wars.

They have cruelly taken the old man down;
  They have bitten the babe at the breast;
For there's never a sin of kith or kin
  Can escape their fateful quest.

Before us goes God's angel tall,
  Flying upon the wind;
And sweet as dawn he beckons us on—
  But the hounds of God are behind!

The Israelites escape. As they run there sounds behind them the wail of stricken Egypt; the cry swells into a howl of rage and vengeance; the imperial armies muster and follow the flying troop of slaves; Moses and his people stand at last trapped between the war-men behind and the sea before. Then comes the miracle: the waves divide, the Jews pass, the Egyptians are drowned. What shall we think of this story? It is not history! It is greater than history. It is what history ought to be.

Then the emigrants wander forty years in the rocks and sand.

Up and down they march and countermarch and get nowhere. Their leader is drilling, kneading, hardening the stock which is to outlast all other breeds. There is the accompaniment of wonder always, cloud pillar and fire pillar, manna and quail divinely sent, and bitter waters made sweet. These people are not "Forty-niners" going for gold, from whom in time shall spring a graft-cursed San Francisco; these are they who are beginning to produce a race that can bear a David who shall sing for humanity, and a Jesus who shall transform the world. Moses never gets a nice, grassy plot for his house, with geraniums around the porch, and a vine over the window. The last forty years of his life he has to traipse about in as God-forsaken a section of the planet as one can find. The desert tribes fight him, his own people snarl at him, but he never falters. What a stout old heart! He goes right forward, perfecting his tabernacle ritual which shall keep his people from relapsing into barbarism, giving out his rules and regulations which shall keep them clean and strong and just, and writing his account of how the world was made by the God who was the particular Friend of their father Abraham, which account shall be deep roots in the past to make their family tree eternal. He goes up into smoking Sinai and has a conversation with the thunder and lightning. What did they say to him? He shows us when he came down. There on a stone slab are graved the Ten Commandments. Whether he really spoke with God, or whether he had a hypnotic fit up there in the thunderstorm, the fact remains that in some way he got hold of the toughest, most everlasting and fireproof bundle of truths any son of man ever found. Nobody ever argues with those Ten Words. They certainly have the smell of thunder about them. When they roar down into the caverns of the soul we know they are as true as ourselves. Philosophers and sensualists, wise men and fools, have gnawed at these same tables of stone, but they stand clear: no substitute has ever been allowed, no amendment has received a respectable vote.

Moses was a good deal concerned about Jehovah. He has given us the best name for God. At the burning bush he asks the Infinite, "When the people ask me, Who sent you? what shall I say?" and the answer comes, "Say that I AM hath sent you."

I AM—the great Self-existing, the supreme Personality—Herbert Spencer never got any further than that.

If an angel were to ask us what we want most, what would we answer? It is a penetrating question and reveals character. For our real creed, as Ruskin says, is not what we think, but what we want most, deep in the heart of us. Once God's voice, speaking as a friend, requests of Moses what he most desires. Ponder well the reply: "That I may see thy Face!" He would rather have the vision than sit on a throne. He was the original Sir Galahad. With a want like that a man could step joyfully into eternity. When his time comes to die he gathers his people together and gives them his parting advice and warning. Then he sings a song. Such an epic life must close with a song. If you would see him as he sings, go into the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli at Rome. The most titanic genius among sculptors turned to Moses when he made his masterpiece. In Michelangelo's statue you will find the best commentary on the Bible story. Look at this carven figure, huge, breathing force and mastery, with a sad but divine light upon the features, and you will see what grandeur, vitality, and simplicity is in man; you will see what Eugene Guillaume calls "the calm energy of an exalted faith." His song concluded, he wraps his mantle around him and goes away. None dare follow him. The hushed multitude watch him as he recedes toward the mountain. Their gaze follows his diminishing figure as he climbs the steep. He disappears, he emerges again, still mounting solitary. He becomes a mere speck upon the white stone. At last he is gone—forever! The Bible says:

> So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.

Instead of, "So Moses died according to the word of the Lord," a more literal translation, and a more suggestive, is, "So Moses died *on the mouth of the Lord.*" God kissed him, and he died. Sir Galahad saw the Cup at last. His friend, the Infinite, answered his prayer and let him see his glory, which no man can see and live. Perhaps it was in some sheltered ravine the glory came, at

first rosy as morning, then growing, pulsing, insufferably brighter and sweeter, until his

> heart was like a nest of singing birds
> Rocked on the topmost bough of life,

and he swooned, and when he awoke it was to the fragrance of the white rose of paradise. He never entered the promised land. He was not to be satisfied here. Only "the angel with the darker drink," death only, held the cup that could sate the thirst of so great a soul. He found a better country, that "sweet and blessed country, conjubilant with song." More than a thousand years later we get another glimpse of him. John, the Seer, saw heaven open, and heard the angels singing, and they sang "the song of Moses and of the Lamb." What a man he must have been, even among the blessed dead, to have his name to be the one of all names linked in seraphic anthems with the Name of names!

His friend, God, buried him. No man was worthy to attend his funeral. In a cleft of the rock Gabriel and Raphael laid him. Through the tall pines, along the wild passes, came the procession of tall white angels, each *"bianco vestita e nella faccia quale par tremolando matutina stella."* [1]

> He came from God,
> He went back to God,
> And there was no gap of death in his life.

[1] Clothed in white, and in the face what seemed a trembling morning star.

Frank Crane

Art. XI.—WHAT IS THE UNPARDONABLE SIN?

The first reference of the New Testament to sin as unpardonable is found in Christ's words to the Pharisees after they had ascribed his miracles to Satanic power. The words of Christ as recorded by Matthew (12.31) are, "Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven." Mark (3. 28, 29) records the same incident in slightly different words. Luke (12. 10) gives similar words of Christ spoken in his charge to the twelve. John in his first epistle (5. 16) speaks of "sin unto death," and the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews (6. 3-8) mentions a condition of apostasy from which it is impossible to renew one again to repentance. These are the direct and outspoken statements upon which the question must be considered. But in considering these incidents and passages of Scripture we must keep in mind the general attitude of the Christian toward the forgiveness of sin. All the incidents mentioned either assert or imply that a condition of heart exists which is totally past forgiveness and redemption.

The first question raised is, Do these passages refer to a condition of heart essentially the same? They do, in that they refer to such a condition of heart and of despite to the Spirit that the saving grace of the Spirit can no longer become effective upon their sinful condition. Take the instance recorded by Matthew and Mark. The Pharisees had hardened themselves against a clear, unmistakable revelation of God as seen in the words, works, and life of Jesus. They avowed openly their hostility to the Spirit, and spoke of his work as that of Beelzebub. Meyer, in his commentary on the Gospel of Matthew, defining the "blaspheming of the Spirit," gives an idea of what the pharisaic heart may have been. He writes:

> The *βλασφημία τοῦ πνεύματος* may be defined to be the sin which a man commits when he rejects the undoubted revelation of the Holy Spirit, and that not merely with a contemptuous moral indifference, but with the evil will struggling to shut out the light of that revelation. . . . This sin is not forgiven because in the utterly hardened condition which it presupposes, and in which it appears as the extreme point of sinful devel-

opment, the receptivity for the influences of the Holy Spirit is lost, and nothing remains but conscious and avowed hatred toward this holy agency.

Professor MacLear (Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges), in his comment on Mark 3. 29, says:

The sin against which these words are a terrible but merciful warning is not so much an act as a state of sin on the part of one who, in defiance of light and knowledge, of set purpose rejects, and not only rejects but perseveres in rejecting, the warnings of conscience and the grace of the Holy Spirit; who, blinded by religious bigotry, rather than ascribe a good work to the Spirit of God prefers to ascribe it to the spirit of evil, and thus willfully put "bitter for sweet" and "sweet for bitter," "darkness for light" and "light for darkness." Such a state, if persevered in and not repented of, excludes from pardon and it is a "sin unto death."

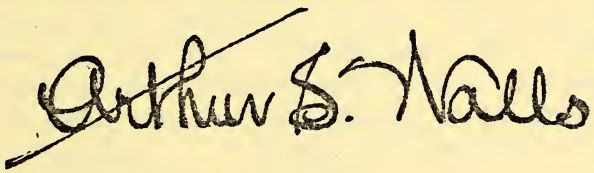
To "speak against the Holy Spirit" is to speak against the clear voice of God's Spirit when heard within the heart. This is willful sin against knowledge. This sin may be committed to-day by anyone who has the clear light of the Spirit. In his charge to the disciples recorded in Luke 12 Christ makes it as unpardonable to resist the Spirit when working through the inspired disciple or preacher as to resist the Spirit as revealed in his own life and works. In either case it is God-given light and a divinely ordained means of reaching the soul.

Now, let us look at the sin of apostasy as described in Heb. 6. 4-6: "For as touching those who were once enlightened and tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Spirit, and tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the age to come, and then fell away, it is impossible to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." The late Professor A. B. Davidson (Handbooks for Bible Classes) in his comment on this passage explains, "*Falling away* does not mean falling into sin, even grievous sin, but renouncing the faith of Christ wholly," and, "*Impossible* must not be toned down to 'very difficult,' nor must the edge of the expression be turned by suggesting 'impossible for man': though it be true that, in saying 'impossible to renew,' the apostle [he regards Paul as the writer] has in his mind the work of himself or any Christian teacher, yet such means

is God's appointed means." But the extent of their guilt is brought out in the sixth verse by a change of tense. The participle is changed from the aorist of the preceding clauses to the present tense, and *ἀναστανροῦντας . . . τὸν υἱὸν τοῦ Θεοῦ* may be rendered "crucifying, as they are doing, the Son of God afresh." These words imply not merely an absolute apostasy, but a *continuous* apostasy. Their sin is deliberate, and is done in spite of experience and better knowledge. While men continue in willful and willing sin they preclude all possibility of the action of divine grace upon them. What, then, does John mean when he says, "There is a sin unto death"? It is evident that he refers to no particular act of sin. There is no article or qualifying word in the Greek. John's bare statement is, "There is sin unto death." He implies that there are some sins that are not unto death. He does not tell us that "sin unto death" can be known as such. There is such a thing, but we may not perceive it. "Sin unto death" is evidently unpardoned, and, not because of its heinousness, but because of the nature of the case, it is unpardonable. To resist the overtures of mercy and grace made by the Spirit of God, and to persist in such a course of defiance until this becomes the habit and the decision of his life, is fatal to a man's soul. As Christ would indicate by his reply to the Pharisees, such a condition of heart may become fixed at any time. In every case the impossibility of forgiveness is to be sought in the man's own state of heart. The statement made by John merely repeats a fact expressed again and again in Scripture, that spiritual death is the *natural*, but not the *absolute, inevitable* consequence of sin. Scripture never closes the door to the repentant sinner. This we cannot emphasize too strongly. But it is possible to close the door of the heart so obstinately and persistently against the influences of God's Spirit that repentance becomes a moral impossibility, and without repentance sin is unpardonable.

What, then, shall we term—how shall we define—unpardonable sin? It is willful persistence in a direction and condition of heart which makes ineffective the influences of God's Spirit, thus making repentance impossible. It is not an act of sin, however heinous, but a habit of sin, willfully chosen and persisted in. It

may be termed "the blaspheming of the Spirit," since it is the despising of the offers of divine grace. Christ (Mark 3. 29) calls it "an eternal sin." It is a habit of sin which is as eternally fixed as are the courses of the stars. We cannot think of the Spirit as continuing to strive with such a man. Therefore it is not to be supposed that a man in such a state will know his condition unless it be specially revealed to him by the Spirit as a just recompense for the sin of his rebellion. Such sin the Pharisees either were committing or were in immediate danger of committing. Such sin the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews warns his readers against committing. But to despise the work of the Spirit, in any day, is gradually to make repentance more difficult, and if persisted in it can make repentance impossible; and in the latter day we may find that every lost sinner has been guilty of "speaking against the Holy Spirit"; of doing that continual despite to the Spirit of grace whereby he has formed the *eternal habit of sin.*



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Mrs. Humphry Ward, making confession out of her own experience in literary composition, says that in writing one or two of her books she was tyrannously held to the work and swept swiftly along by the vividness of her mental vision and the intensity of her emotions. But she says that good work can be done, a good story can be written, without any such intense experience. Some of her work which she estimates most highly and which met the warmest welcome from her public was wrought out quietly and patiently, following a logical sequence and working it out into character and event under a conviction of necessity, and without any overpowering vision or swelling tide of emotion, or flaming of the imagination. Inspiration and emotion are intermittent, fitful, and not always necessary. Good work can be done without them, as good, possibly, as with them. The writer, the Christian, the preacher, must often do without them. He is a foredoomed failure who depends on them and waits for them. The great bulk of the world's useful, wise, steady, and powerful work is done not from impulse but from duty, not on feeling but on principle, not by tip and lean of inclination but by force of will.

THE FILIAL AND THE UNFILIAL

In one of his stories Louis Stevenson tells of a king who had two sons; and the younger was a boy after his own heart, but the elder was one whom he feared. The father had never given his boys cause to doubt him, but the elder was prone to questioning, while the younger was ever trustful.

One morning before the sun-rising the drum sounded, and the king rode away with his two sons and a brave army behind them. And only the king knew where they were going.

They rode for hours and hours, and came to the foot of a brown mountain that was very steep.

"Where do we ride?" questioned the elder son, reining in his horse and coming to a halt.

"Across this brown mountain," said the king. And the son looked his distrust; and the king was pained.

"My father knows what he is doing," said the younger son, with a smile and a faith as immovable as the mountain; and the king was pleased. And over the mountain they went.

After crossing the mountain and riding many hours more, they came to the side of a black river that was wondrous deep.

"And where do we ride now?" questioned the elder son, more querulously than before.

"Over this black river," answered the king. Then the older boy's face was grim with disapproval; and the king was sad.

"My father knows what he is doing," said the younger boy with a smile, while peace flowed like a river in his soul; and the king was glad.

And when they had crossed the river they rode on and on till the time of sun-setting, and many things happened before the day was done.

And always one son was doubting with critical eye and darkened brow, objecting, hesitating, and ready to halt, grieving his father's heart, while the other son bore always a smiling face, with a heart full of tranquil trust, gladdening his father's soul.

There is much more to Stevenson's story, but the only part we are after now is this: that the son whom the King has most pleasure in and inevitably loves best is the one who trusts him, and who, whether fronting life's steep and rough acclivities or plunging into deep black rivers, says at sunrise and at noon and at sundown, *"My Father knows what he is doing."*

The elder son's distrust was as foolish as it was unfilial; and the younger son's trust was as wise as it was filial; he kept a quiet heart and he never sinned the sin of unbelief in his father.

CHRIST'S LAW OF ANTAGONISM

THE Lord Jesus, as he contemplated his mission and its effects among men, was under no illusions. He did not expect an immediate reception. He foresaw a long period of strife and conflict, during which the sword rather than the dove would be the emblem of his religion. He warned his disciples to be prepared for this. He uttered many words for their guidance in the battle. And he him-

self set them a most instructive example by his own attitude toward opponents or dissenters.

Especially illuminating are two apparently conflicting declarations which center around the pivotal word "against," each containing a most important principle, but each needing to be supplemented by the other if the whole truth is to be gained. Christ said on one occasion, "He that is not with me is against me," and on another occasion, "He that is not against us is for us." At first sight these seem difficult to reconcile, as half truths so often do. Each statement deals with the body of assumed or professed or supposed indifferentism, but in a very different way. The first says, "I will count all who do not openly and positively proclaim themselves my friends to be my enemies." The second appears to say in regard to the great neutral, noncommittal, no-sided mass, "I will give them the benefit of the doubt and claim them among my adherents." There could scarcely be on the surface a more direct contradiction. But there is, to those who look deeper, a most beautiful harmony, exceedingly important to comprehend.

An examination of the circumstances under which each word was spoken clears up the difficulty. In the first instance, stung by the unscrupulous, excuseless, Satanic accusation of the Pharisees that he was in league with Beelzebub, he launched in their faces his scathing invective which proclaimed no compromise and left no room for neutrality. In the second instance, when John, son of thunder, jealous and zealous for the Master's authority, the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline, and the proper prestige of the organization, sought to silence or bring into line an independent worker who was doing good a little irregularly, Christ interposed a very summary veto to the proceeding, and let his disciples know that the inward spirit was of far more importance than mere outward forms. The latter, of course, was excellent, but the other was the more essential and to be chosen if there could be but one. He wished his followers to understand that there might be those who were at heart for them who, on account of special circumstances, could not be with them; that external conformity to the best plan or method of work was not so vital as internal agreement; that there might be divergence at certain points without any intentional disloyalty of purpose. "Order is good," he said in substance, "but fruit is better; a man may not be wearing my uniform and yet may be fighting my enemies and doing my work; it is a mistake to think that men are not serving me at all because they are

not serving me in the best way. They must not be set down as fundamentally, guiltily lacking in loyalty because, for reasons that seem to them sound, they are not just now enrolled with the most enlightened body of my adherents."

These two sides of the truth, then, are entirely plain, and it is plain also that neither can be spared. The first makes for unity and efficiency, the second for liberty and charity. We need them both. We must have unity in essentials, liberty in nonessentials, charity in all. And it hardly needs to be said that an accurate adjustment is far from easy. Some are very strong on unity; others are very strong on liberty. It is largely a matter of temperament and training. We may overdo in either direction. We may put into the list of essentials a great many things that do not properly belong there, and so be intolerant or bigoted. On the other hand, we may ignore the fact that anything is essential, turning liberty into license, order into anarchy; having instead of an army a mob, promulgating that very dangerous, deadly doctrine that everything is equally true, that it makes no difference what a man believes or even what he does. Wisdom surely consists in combining the two elements, in being neither extremely broad nor extremely narrow, neither fanatically orthodox nor wildly latitudinarian, neither building the dividing walls as high as heaven nor throwing them down altogether, neither refusing fellowship with those who at all differ from us nor holding that a person's creed has no significance.

Might not the following be considered a fair statement of Christ's law of antagonisms as brought out by combining the two above-mentioned fundamentally similar but superficially diverse sentences? There can be no actual neutrality in this holy war of good against evil; although some try to assume or claim such an attitude, they cannot do it in God's sight; but it is not safe for us to judge others wholly by appearances, because not all who appear to be opposed to God are really so; there are different manifestations of the same spirit; the outward form, the external organization, may vary when the inward purpose, the internal spirit, is precisely or substantially the same.

The applications of this principle to all departments of modern life are very numerous and obvious, and perhaps hardly need to be mentioned. Yet a few words seem in place. Denominational differences can be adjusted only in this way. We are becomingly ashamed of the fierce quarrels of past days over minutiæ of doctrines or forms,

and we increasingly comprehend the truth that conduct is the main thing. We perceive that casting out devils is not to be denied or minimized or forbidden because those engaged in the work are not of our party or creed or sect. John Wesley set us a splendid example in this matter a hundred and fifty years ago when he said, "If I were to see a Papist, a Unitarian, a deist, a Jew, a Turk, casting out devils, I could not forbid him without convicting myself of bigotry." "Avoid all bigotry in every instance; whatever the instrument, acknowledge the finger of God, and not only acknowledge but rejoice in his work and praise his name with thanksgiving." This counsel holds good to-day, and is almost as much needed in some quarters as when first spoken. Good deeds and good qualities are to be heartily praised even when done and shown by those who are very erroneous in their belief, from our standpoint, by those who belong to a system or sustain an organization that is doing, on the whole, much harm, perhaps more harm than good.

In the realm of politics this principle finds application, perhaps especially to the temperance section. There are many organizations that are trying to cast the rum demon out of society, but there has not been the harmony between them at all times that is to be desired. Sharp and bitter words have been spoken regarding those who have differed from us in method. We have failed to appreciate the fact that the inward purpose may be exactly the same although the means deemed wise to effect it may be considerably different.

The proper defense of the Bible against its enemies has suffered in the same way. The demon of infidelity or antisupernaturalism is doing great harm, and needs to be cast out of the minds of men. By what means can the precious Scriptures, the foundation of our faith, the anchor of our hopes, be best protected and maintained in its authority? Equally good, equally able, men differ widely about it. Some think it very dangerous to depart in the slightest degree from the traditional ideas about the Bible, its inspiration and interpretation, that have come down to us from our fathers. Others say *not* to modify these ideas is to produce infidelity necessarily, is to play into the hands of the enemy in the most direct and fatal manner. So the friends of the Bible are divided into these two camps. It probably cannot be helped, since people are not constituted alike. But what can be helped most surely, and must be if Christianity is to prosper, is the unrighteous spirit of bigotry and persecution which has shown itself, in some instances, denouncing as heretics and disturbers of the

peace and foes of the faith those who take views with which the denouncers do not agree. It is precisely the spirit of John, and not of the Master. And the only way to have peace in the church is for these rival parties to cease incriminating each other, and be fully willing to admit the entire good faith and sincerity and Christian piety of the other side.

There are two beautiful examples in the Bible of the spirit which Christ so heartily commends. One is in the Old Testament, the other in the New. When Eldad and Medad, for some good reason, did not come to the tent of meeting with Moses where all were summoned to conference, and Joshua, jealous for his master's honor, like John, wished Moses to prohibit the irregularity, that great man, too great to indulge in any such petty feeling, resolutely refused, saying, "Would that all Jehovah's people were prophets, and that Jehovah would put his spirit upon them." Very similarly, when Paul, in prison at Rome, heard that some of the disciples in that city, who were of the party opposed to him in the church, were preaching Christ in their special way, partly moved by a desire to make it uncomfortable for him but, nevertheless, having some knowledge of Christ and some loyalty to the Master, he was great enough to overlook the personal side of the matter altogether, and to say in substance: "In this great heathen city, where Christ is so little known, these men are probably doing some good, Christ is proclaimed, the precious name is sounded forth, the story of his life and death is told, so I will forget everything else and rejoice in that." What magnificent magnanimity in both instances! They should most surely be followed. When a little good is done, even when it is not so much as it might be, not so pure as it should be, not done in the best way as we look at it, or from the best motives, we can still rejoice and give thanks, see the bright side of it, and sing "Hallelujah." It is better to stand with Jesus and Paul and Moses than with Joshua and John, better to emphasize the agreements than the disagreements wherever it is possible, while at the same time maintaining intact every essential principle of truth and placing ourselves always squarely and unequivocally on the side of righteousness under the banner of our divine Lord.

THE ARENA

BISHOPS IN THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

ARTICLE second in the January-February REVIEW, "The Bishop a Member in the General Conference," by Doctor Robert T. Miller, of Cincinnati, is a very interesting "study." The writer argues that, according to the "records" of the General Conference, "for at least sixty years after the organization of the church," 1784, the bishop was a member of the General Conference as well as a presiding officer, and exercised the rights of membership. The argument is ingenious but is greatly impaired by some unfortunate errors found in the writer's premises. In a paragraph near the bottom of page 37 beginning, "The Journals show," etc., the writer makes ten statements which need to be examined and some of them corrected.

1. "Dr. Coke made motions eight times in the General Conference of 1800." That is correct. All agree that down to the delegated Conference of 1812 the bishops were members of the General Conference and were entitled to make addresses, motions, and to vote as other members.

2. Dr. Coke made motions "fourteen times" in the General Conference of 1804. *Sixteen* times, I make it, as he had a right to do.

3. "Mr. Asbury spoke in his own behalf once in 1800." Yes, it was his privilege; but this one address was not made voluntarily, it was by request of the Conference. See Journal, page 33.

4. Mr. Asbury "made four motions in 1804." *Seven*, if I have counted correctly. He was a member of that Conference.

5. Bishop Asbury made "four" motions in 1808. Correct. Four motions were made by Bishop Asbury, and ten others were made by "the Chair." These must have been made by Bishop Asbury or by Bishop McKendree.

6. Bishop Asbury made one motion in the General Conference of 1812. That is correct. See Journal, page 116.

7. Bishop Asbury addressed the Conference of 1812 "five times." I find a record of *three* addresses, Journal, pages 104, 106, 110. Bishop McKendree's episcopal address to the General Conference of 1812 was made May 5. On May 8, and again the next day, "Bishop Asbury addressed himself to Bishop McKendree, or to the Conference through him." Again, on May 15, "Bishop Asbury rose and requested leave of the Conference to address Bishop McKendree in the presence of the Conference. Leave was granted." Now if Bishop Asbury had been a member of the General Conference of 1812, as he was of that of 1808 and others preceding, would he have *asked permission* of the Conference to speak, and have it granted by vote? Bishop McKendree inaugurated the custom of an episcopal address at the first delegated General Conference, and these three addresses of Bishop Asbury on May 5, 6, and 15 were really supple-

mentary to the episcopal address, and in spirit, if not in form, were in order.

8. "Bishop Whatcoat made one motion in 1804." He had a right to do so, but I find no such record. On May 10, at a time of some excitement in the Conference, "Bishop Whatcoat rose to recommend the suppression of passion in debate." Journal, page 53. This is the only time his name appears.

9. "Bishop McKendree made one motion in 1812." I am sure this is a mistake. Instead of 1812 it should read 1808, when he had a perfect right to make motions.

10. "In 1812 ten motions were offered by the Chair." This is an error. It should read "In 1808 ten motions," etc.

The only item in this array that goes to show that the bishops were members of the General Conference after 1808 is No. 6, that Bishop Asbury made one motion in 1812. His motion was (Journal, page 116) "That the district of Lower Canada be annexed to the Genesee Conference." This was, apparently, a matter upon which there was no difference of opinion and was allowed to pass. With this single exception, when has any bishop undertaken to make a motion in General Conference since 1808? Let anyone tell us when, and give chapter and verse. The Conference of 1808 enacted that "The General Conference shall be *composed of delegates* from the Annual Conferences." It also ruled that one of the "superintendents *shall preside* in the General Conference." The records show conclusively that in the General Conference of 1808, and those previously held, the bishops were members, making frequent motions and addresses, but that in the delegated Conference of 1812 and thereafter they restricted their activities very largely to the duties of presiding officers.

CHARLES S. NUTTER.

Boston, Massachusetts.

AN OLD DESCRIPTION OF THE BIBLE

THE following description of the Bible, which recently came under my notice, may be new to some of your readers and not unsuitable for the Arena. It is said to have been found in Westminster Abbey when some wainscoting was taken down in making repairs. It was undated and unsigned.

"A nation would be truly great if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book. It is so completed a system that nothing can be added to it or taken from it. It contains everything needful to be known or done. It affords a copy for a king and a rule for a subject. It gives instructions and counsel to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. To the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table, it tells him how to rule and her how to manage. It entails honor to parents and enjoins obedience to children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign,

the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master, and commands the subjects to honor and the servants to obey, and promises the blessing and protection of the Almighty to all that walk by its rules.

"It gives directions for weddings and burials. It promises food and raiment and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and eternal guardian to the departing husband and father, tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children and in whom his widow is to trust, and promises a father to the former and husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order and how to make his will. It appoints a dowry for the wife and entails the right of the firstborn, and shows how the younger branches shall be left. It defends the right of all and reveals vengeance to every defaulter, overreacher, and oppressor. It is the first book, the best book and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instructions, affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was enjoyed. It contains the best laws and most profound mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best tidings and affords the best comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate.

"It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters of debate, resolves all doubts, and erases the mind and conscience of all their scruples, It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him, and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them and all that trust in such—in short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong, a book of wisdom that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies and confutes all errors, a book of life that shows the way from everlasting death.

"It is the most compendious book in the world, the most authentic and the most entertaining history that ever was published; it contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occasions, heroic deeds, unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and devilish legions. It will instruct the accomplished mechanic and the most profound artist. It teaches the best rhetorician, and exercises every power of the most skillful mathematician and puzzles the wisest anatomist and exercises the wisest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher and confutes the wise astronomer. It exposes the subtle sophist and makes diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an unequaled narrative, a book of travels, and book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housekeeper's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's spelling book and the learned man's masterpiece.

"It contains the choicest grammar for a novice and a profound mystery for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's direc-

tory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous and dark sayings for the grave, and is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the swift, the overcomer, and promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conqueror, and the winner. And that which crowns all is that the author is without partiality and without hypocrisy, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow or turning."

The following lines on the Bible, by Sarah N. Cleghorn, were printed recently in the American Magazine:

Whether the doom on thrones it prophesy—
  Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Babylon—
  Or whether the kind Psalms of promise run
Their pastures green and living waters, by;
Or, bitter-sweet, the Gospels testify,
  "Unto the least of these what thou hast done,
  Thou didst it unto me; for every one
Sick or in prison, there with him am I";—

This is the Book that "with authority"
  Comforts, commands, both wounds and heals the heart;
Not like a poem, or a history,
  Nor yet like the flute and lute with all their art.
What lack I? do I tremble? weep? or frown?
Come, let me take this sovereign Bible down.

Here also are lines full of good sense and particularly suitable for our time:

I have a life with Christ to live,
  And, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
  Of this and that book's date?

I have a life in Christ to live;
  I have a death in Christ to die;
And must I wait till science give
  All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin
Let me but creep within

Thy fold, O Christ, and at thy feet
Take but the lowest seat;
And hear thine awful voice repeat,
In gentlest accents heavenly sweet,
"Come unto me and rest;
Believe me and be biest."

WALTER MATHISON.

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SUNDAY DELIVERY OF MAIL

To be successful in business the alert business man studies to please his customers. He does not necessarily have to sell cheaper than his competitor, since there are other factors besides the price of an article that please and win patrons; for instance, the prompt delivery of orders. The business man who receives his mail orders in advance of his rival in business has, therefore, an advantage that cannot be controverted.

Consequently, a steadily increasing number of business men avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the postal service to obtain their mail on Sundays by calling at post offices or their various branches. It gives them advantage of a whole day over competitors who neglect to call for their mail, and when this occurs fifty-two times in a year it can readily be seen that it is of inestimable gain to them. They can read and answer correspondence, fill orders and prepare goods for shipment. In the case of small packages, they can be mailed and usually are received by the addressee on Monday morning.

Hebrew business men are most conspicuous at the post offices on Sundays, but not the orthodox Hebrews, as might be supposed, for they are usually content with what the mail carriers have left on Saturdays at their place of business through a slot in the closed door or in a letter box provided for that purpose. Being strict observers of divinely appointed rest days, they believe all men should comply or substitute Sunday or some other day. Hebrew business men who regard neither the law of Moses nor the custom of modern civilization, and whose sole object in life is to succeed in business, are those who call. Two hundred letters per caller are not infrequent deliveries made to them, enough to keep them and a number of clerks busy all day Sunday.

However, there are others not of the Hebrew race who call at the post office on Sundays. They usually leave their homes dressed in their best, ostensibly for church or a mere walk, and return with their mail in their possession about the time church-goers do, and are busy in the afternoon or evening with their correspondence.

Now, it has been argued that many of the letters delivered at the post offices on Sundays relate to urgent domestic or social affairs and that it would be an injustice to deprive the addressees of opportunity to receive them. As a matter of fact, the postal service provides for the prompt delivery of important letters every day in the week, Sundays being not excepted, by carrier, when sufficient postage for special delivery has been paid, and the words "Special Delivery" have been written on the face of the letter or when a special delivery stamp has been affixed, a service not equaled in any country and which ought to satisfy the demands of the public for Sunday mail delivery.

Undoubtedly, many of the Sunday morning callers for mail would be pleased to see the post office closed to the public on Sundays, for then they could rest content with the knowledge that their business rivals are unable to gain an advantage. In the city of New York, Boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx, more than 1,400 postal employees are engaged at

various post office duties on Sundays without receiving a compensatory day of rest for their Sunday labor. What may appear still more incredible is the fact that clerks and carriers absent on account of sickness lose a day's pay for every day absent, including the loss of a day's pay for every Sunday that may intervene during their sickness, notwithstanding the fact that other clerks or carriers are required to perform the duties of the absent one as well as their own without extra compensation; consequently the government profits by the misfortune of its employees.

Why should postal employees work more than six days per week? Could it be on account of the extra expense it might entail? Or could it be that the demands made upon the postal employees are of such a nature that to give them an off day out of every seven would prove a calamity and a menace to the nation's welfare? Or is it because their work is so easy and pleasant that a day of rest and recuperation is uncalled for? Can a satisfactory reason be given which would justify the government in depriving its postal employees of a day of rest? Does not the law of God read: "Six days shalt thou labor—and rest on the seventh"? Was not our government established by the fathers upon the rule of equity and humanitarianism? Do not the employees of other branches in the government service enjoy a day of liberty and a day wherein they can worship their Creator according to the dictates of their conscience without being hindered or molested? If so, why not the postal employee? For to deal fairly and justly with its employees the government ought to provide a day of rest after six of toil. Sunday, the day on which the least demands are made by the public on the postal service, ought to be designated as a rest day. However, when for the interest of the service an employee must work on Sunday, a week day should be given him as a compensatory rest day.

ERNEST A. EGGERS.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

SUMMER VACATION NOTES

VACATION season, which has just closed, is notable for a number of matters of importance. Vacation season began with the closing of our colleges. The commencement season of our institutions of learning is practically the beginning of the season of vacation for ministers and those engaged in educational work. We may note the peculiar character of the commencement addresses which have been delivered here and there throughout our country. They are notable chiefly for their treatment of social and ethical questions. The study of the sermons of any period represents largely the religious aspects of the thought of that period. It is rare to find in a commencement sermon preached at our large universities anything specially connected with the evangelical life. It seems as if the element of personal salvation, the relation of the sinner to the Saviour, and the renewing power of the Holy Spirit are not dwelt upon or are lightly treated. The main point is an appeal for manhood and womanhood without special reference to the roots out of which they must grow, namely, repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps this is merely a passing phenomenon, but it indicates a permanent attitude toward life and character. Character is assumed to be the product of environment and training, and not the effect of the Holy Spirit working in the soul. We must not be understood as depreciating the social aspects of Christianity, as represented in the teachings of the modern pulpit, especially in the commencement pulpit, but we may well note the tendency of the time and seek for its cause as well as for its values. Our present point is to call attention to the peculiarity of the addresses in our institutions of learning to those who are going out rather than to discuss their merits. Undoubtedly the utterances are very wise and full of suggestiveness, and very able, but a tinge of the evangelical flavor would add both to their richness and service to the young men and women of our generation.

We may note also that the vacation period which is now closed shows special attention given to summer schools; many of them are secular, pursuing courses in science, literature, and language. In many cases they are attended by young men and women who are seeking to employ the summer season in preparation for college or in bringing up some studies in which they are deficient in connection with their college course. They are exceedingly valuable in this respect, enabling students who are behind in their preparation to meet the requirements without spending another year in preparation. Some of these schools are of very great value. There are also a large number of summer schools specially for ministers, where the work is mostly given by lectures. These cover every variety of subjects relating to the ministry and serve purposes of great value. They

provide rest. Rest is not always the cessation of work, but is often secured in change of work. Absolute quiet is chiefly valuable for those in weak physical condition, and who have been so overtaxed by the labors of the year that the brain power has become worn and a period of entire cessation is required to build up anew the vital forces which have been weakened. There are, however, many to whom absolute quiet would not bring real rest, and for such a change to some place where intellectual stimulus is afforded without overtaxing either the body or the brain is the best possible preparation for the work of the new year. Especially is this the case when the subjects to which their attention is called are somewhat different from those in which the mind is accustomed to run, and thus a fresh stimulus is given to their intellectual and spiritual activities.

A further result of the summer schools is a change of environment. Those who attend them see new faces, they hear new voices, they look upon new scenes. The mountains are different, the sea is varied, and everything takes on a new form. This gives a period of rest of great value. They impart inspiration. The contact with others of the same profession, where matters of mutual interest are discussed and new points of view are presented, is a fruitful source of inspiration. There are few persons who are not affected by constant routine in the same grooves and in the same associations. They need the inspiration that comes from those who are interested in similar pursuits and have seen them from different angles of vision. It enables them to correct misconceptions, and to get fresh ideas in regard to the work committed to them; and they return after the vacation is over not only refreshed in body and mind but inspired with new life to give better service for the future than they have done in the past. Rest and inspiration come to those who seek them within the environments of the summer schools and of the summer quiet.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIAN UNITY

THE close of the great World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh has again emphasized in a very remarkable manner the question of church union or, perhaps, church unity, which is largely attracting the attention of the whole Christian body. The meeting in the great historic hall in Edinburgh, where Protestant Christendom has been so closely united in its great purpose to save the world and in which even a Roman Catholic prelate has addressed words of cheer, is a sign of the times not to be overlooked. It is a great thing that the churches which bear the same general impress of thought and activity are together, but when Christendom gathers its forces from all parts of the world to inquire what they can do for its elevation, moral and religious, we find an occasion of universal rejoicing.

The methods proposed for Christian union are various. One would suggest that all should unite in what is called the "historic episcopate," and others in what are called "the fundamentals" of Christianity. These,

however, do not afford a bond on which the Christian Church has as yet been able to get together in ecclesiastical unity. A few years ago there was an editorial in a Christian journal in which it was stated, in connection with a Methodist Ecumenical Conference, "that the meeting of Methodists in Ecumenical Conference is a declaration of the impracticableness of church union. For why are so many sets of Methodists gathered in Ecumenical Conference, but for the reason that Methodist union is an impossibility—just as Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians have all their different branches, each appropriating to itself a different denominational name? The simple truth is, denominational pride is a powerful factor in every branch of the Church of Christ." The influence of church pride will scarcely be questioned, and if it be that only, or chiefly, which keeps various denominations of Christians apart, it is a just cause of grief and alarm. But there is another reason assigned in the same paper for the continuance of denominations, namely, "that Protestantism not only implies but makes necessary the existence of sectarian divisions. The Reformation was, indeed, a revolt from false doctrines, but it was something else, it was a revolt from church authority. It insisted upon right of private judgment in interpreting the Scriptures; and this insistence, with the rebellion against supreme church authority, made organic unity a chimera, a phantasy, an impossibility. These differences must always exist. Baptists will proclaim baptism by immersion only; such Baptists, again, as Robert Hall and Spurgeon will stand for open communion and others for close communion; Methodists are Arminian in doctrine, and Presbyterians are Calvinistic; but then there are Calvinistic Methodists and Arminian Presbyterians. We see sects multiplying, and the little sects are evolved from within the larger ones. This means departures from and not advance toward church union."

Notwithstanding these strong statements, it is clear that remarkable advances have been made toward Christian unity. The Federal Council of Evangelical Churches shows a great step forward. The meeting of various bodies of Christians whenever any special reform is to be brought about; the attempt of each of the various churches, with evident integrity of purpose, to so modify their standards of doctrine and of forms as to give as little offense as possible to other Christian denominations; the union of laymen in Christian effort, where all branches of the church are brought together on a common platform—all these and other matters that might be mentioned, attest that the movement is a progressive one and will go on until some basis may be found on which churches can get together, and regard themselves in some sense in form, as they now are in spiritual relations, one body in Christ. This one body will always show differences; each denomination has its distinct function which called it into existence, and certain tenets which it regards as vital, but these are becoming less and less, and will continue, we think, until a solid basis shall be found on which there will be general agreement, with a large toleration of differences in creed and form of government.

It is clear, however, to anyone who observes the signs of the times that church unity will not soon be brought about by an elimination of

doctrinal differences or of forms of church order. Some hold episcopacy as vital, others hold the individual church authority as essential, others still, while rejecting episcopacy, hold to a government in which the whole body shall express itself as a unit. The process of elimination would be exceedingly dangerous to any union which should be permanent. Gradually one thing and another which each regards as essential will disappear until there is no basis of solid conviction, and a condition of indifferentism will take place. There can be no aggressive force that is not based upon strong conviction. The different denominations exist and have become aggressive powers because their founders believed something, and believed it strongly. The tendency to minimize any truth essential to Christianity is weakness all along the line. The church can neither go forward nor defend itself against attack unless it shall have at its basis convictions of fundamental truth which it holds with tenacity. The World Missionary Conference has clearly demonstrated the spirit of Christian unity. So far as we have been able to note there was not a dissenting voice. They have bound themselves together in a bond of Christian brotherhood to bring this world to the Lord Jesus Christ. They have not sought to protrude the denominational individuality, but to set forth church unity. The Master's proclamation, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is the watchword of Christian missions and is the fundamental basis on which they have united. Still, however, the work is a federation and not a formal union. How, then, shall formal union be finally secured? It will take time. Any attempt at precipitate movement will not, we think, be successful. It is to be brought about only by unity of spirit, giving free play to denominational effort and denominational beliefs. We do not think that any denomination should be asked to sacrifice that which it deems essential to vital Christianity, but that each shall hold its own conviction in the spirit of Christian charity and in the bonds of Christian love. This closer union will lead them to appreciate one another, and by gradual processes, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, will in due time bring them together as one body in Christ in which there will be one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, who is over all, above all, and in all.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

EXCAVATIONS IN MESOPOTAMIA

Extensive and systematic excavations have been carried on for several years among the ruins in various places near or between the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers by representatives of the society known as *Die Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft*, which has its headquarters in the city of Berlin. The work of this society is very thorough; there is a constant communication between the experienced excavators and archæologists in the field and the scholars in the German museums and universities, not only of Germany but of other lands as well. The work has ample financial support from several sources: Kaiser William, himself a diligent student of antiquity and at least an amateur in Bible study and criticism, is one of the chief patrons and supporters. He contributed nearly $5,000 toward the expenses last year. The Prussian government made a grant of 130,000 marks, or about $32,000, for the work in Babylon and Assur during the past twelve months. Smaller sums and annual dues of members and friends made the total income of the society 216,000 marks. It is with excavators as with colleges and universities—no matter how large a sum of money they may have at their command, they always feel poor, and grieve because they have not a little more. For the more they have the better and more extensive work can be prosecuted.

The excavations in Babylon have been carried on for the most part under the immediate supervision of that veteran archæologist, Dr. Koldewy, who has spent the greater part of twelve years among the ruins of this most celebrated of ancient capitals. During these years he has made discoveries of prime importance, and has added materially to our knowledge not only of Babylon itself but of Babylonian and Assyrian history and religion. It is, indeed, greatly to be regretted that exposure to the heat and malaria has undermined his health, and that he has been compelled to return to Germany. It is to be hoped that a year's respite from his arduous labors may restore him to complete health. The society is to be congratulated that the work will go on without interruption, for the next two years, under the direction of Messrs. Wetzel, Buddensieg, and Reuther—all archæologists of experience. The past season, while not remarkable for any one great discovery, has, nevertheless, abundantly rewarded the efforts of those in charge, and has satisfied the expectations of the patrons in Europe. More light has been thrown upon the extent and directions of the walls, public buildings, and palaces, as well as less pretentious private houses.

In order to prosecute the explorations with greater speed, Dr. Koldewy divided his Arab workmen into three gangs, who worked in three different parts of the ruins, known as Merkes, Sachn, and Kasr. The last, or El Kasr, is the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. Merkes, the scene of the more extensive diggings, is situated a little southeast of Kasr. Here

excavations were made in some places to the depth of forty feet. The principal object was to discover the direction of the streets and the character of the buildings of the New Babylonian period. A large number of baked and unbaked tablets, extending from the days of Kudur-bel and Kurgalzu II to the reigns of Darius and Xerxes, were among the treasures found. But by far the more interesting discoveries in this portion of the ruins were a large number of tombs. These were evidently, to judge from their contents, the resting places of those belonging to the wealthier classes, for, in addition to the more common clay ware and decorated Egyptian porcelain, there were many kinds of ornaments, such as would be used by ladies of the upper classes. Some of the tombs disclosed a method of burial practically new to Babylonian excavators. The bodies were wrapped up in rush matting and laid in tombs built of clay bricks. In these tombs were found very large quantities of Egyptian porcelain, pearls, precious stones, polished and in the rough, as well as ornaments of gold and silver. One tomb had a very fine bronze needle studded with gold and pearls, and also eight gold earrings of varying weight and pattern. There were also found in them no fewer than two hundred and sixty tablets of varying sizes and shape. Most of these were covered on both sides with cuneiform inscriptions, and quite a number had designs, more or less artistic. As far as they have been examined, these tablets are of the reigns of Darius and Xerxes. Another object of interest, though its exact nature is not known at present, was a limestone block about two feet high, sixteen inches wide at the base and ten at the top. It is richly carved, and has, in relief, the figures of animals and men or gods, but not a scrap of writing to indicate its nature. Seals and cylinders, some of them quite elegant in design and execution, on which were gods, men, animals, trees, plants, etc., were dug up in goodly numbers. There were eight skeletons disinterred, seven being those of children of tender age and one that of a woman. What or who these were is not known, for there was no writing or inscription to tell the tale; fourteen gold earrings were picked up near these skeletons. There were other numerous minor finds, some of which may, on closer examination, prove of greater interest than is attached to them at present. Let us hope that the next two years' work will be very rich in results.

Let us now turn our attention to Assur, some two hundred and twenty-five miles northeast of Babylon, and less than fifty miles directly south of Mosul, or Nineveh. This old capital of Assyria, the only city of importance on the west bank of the Tigris, presents a rich field for the pick and spade of the excavator, and the six years' exploration by the German Oriental Society has amply justified the expenditure of time and money in the effort to wrench out the secrets of these venerable ruins. The past year, according to Dr. Andrae's report (June, 1910), has been the most prolific of the six in actual results. As in all the ruins of ancient cities, many of the most important finds have been made among the tombs. It is, indeed, a singular fact that the treasures buried with the dead in the silent sepulchers have thrown streams of light upon

the life and times of ancient peoples. Assyria too is no exception, for here also at Assur, the capital of this conquering people, tombs of all periods, from the earliest history of that land, through the late Assyrian and even down to the Parthian times, have been made to yield up their secrets.

Perhaps the most interesting thing unearthed in 1909-10 was the outlines of a Parthian palace, an immense double edifice, with spacious halls, extensive courts, and all that goes to make up a royal residence. Not only is a great portion of the walls in a good state of preservation, but even the bases or lower parts of pillars and columns are still *in situ*. From these heaps of ruins have been dug out many fragments of mural and ceiling decorations, made of gypsum in pretty designs, and some of them painted. Carved objects were also brought forth in goodly numbers, unfortunately without inscriptions to indicate their character. It is estimated that this old palace with its dependencies covered an area of from 1,200 to 1,300 square feet. The discoveries of the past months in these ruins promise a richer harvest in the near future, for there can be no doubt that this venerable capital vied with Nineveh and Babylon in grandeur and magnificence. Dr. Andrae calls attention to two monuments of interest, both, however, greatly mutilated. One is that of a torso, broken into four pieces. This headless piece of carving was dug out from under the stela of Tukulti-Ninibs I. The carving on the breast had been erased, either by the destructive tooth of time, or, perhaps, purposely, by the ruthless order of a later monarch in order to blot out completely the name of a predecessor. Be that as it may, only very indistinct traces of the inscription remain, not quite enough to justify the conjecture of Dr. Andrae, that it once contained the name of Asur-dan. In the immediate vicinity of this torso were found a large number of fragments of what must have been once the image of a queen or woman of rank. The shape of the head, the style of dress, and the ornamentation corresponded in many ways to those found on a relief unearthed at Nineveh, and which is now deposited in the British Museum, and known to be that of Sardanapalus's wife. Dr. Andrae, who had been attracted by these similarities, very fortunately discovered a few days later a small fragment of a limestone relief on which was inscribed "the lady of the palace of Sardanapalus." In the palace inclosure a singularly interesting series, or, rather, two rows of stelæ, were discovered. One row, the longer one, represents royalty; the other, subordinates, such as governors of cities and provinces. Two of these stelæ were found a little to one side of the rest, and, being without inscriptions, it is impossible to classify them, or to say whether they are those of kings or governors. In the row of subordinates there were ten monuments—six of limestone, three of alabaster, and one of basalt. In the royal row there are twenty-three stelæ—fifteen of limestone, five of alabaster, and the remainder of basalt. These monuments are, on the average, six and a half feet high, though one of them is over ten and a half feet in height.

The inscriptions on some of these are very perfect. Take the following two. One reads: "Samas-bal-usur, governor of the city of Kalah

(Nimrud), of the provinces of Hamedi, Sirgani and Ilaluna," the other: "Ilu-ittia, governor of the cities Assur, Kar-Tukultininib, Ekallate, Itu of the land of Rirkachu." Ten of the royal statues are inscribed with names of kings well known in Assyrian history. They are: 1. Adadnirari I. 2. Salmaneser I; that is, Shalmeneser. 3. Tukultininib I. 4. Assurisisi II. 5. Tiglatpilesar III, that is, Tiglathpileser. 6. Asurnazirpal. 7. Salmanassar II. 8. Samsiadad IV. 9. Sammuramat. 10. A lady of the palace of Sardanapalus. Adadnirari is also known as Rammannirari, Samsiadad as Samsiramman, and Sammuramab as no doubt the Assyrian form for the Greek Semiramis. The stela of this Assyrian queen is of special interest, owing to the fact that it has an inscription of seven lines, which runs: "Image of Sammuramat, the lady of Samsiadad's palace, the king of the universe, king of Assur; the mother of Adadnirari, king of the universal, king of the land of Assur; the daughter-in-law of Sulmanuasared (Shalmaneser), king of the four quarters of the world." Here, again, is a queen, till recently condemned by "scholars" to the realm of myth and legend, a mere product of the imagination, but now, with a rather complete genealogical record—the wife, the mother, and daughter-in-law of men of real flesh and blood. Moses, Menes, Minos will now take courage, and feel more certain that they too were real persons and not mere inventions of Oriental poets.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE BORROMEO ENCYCLICAL AND GERMAN PROTESTANTS

In the year 1610 Pope Pius V canonized Cardinal Carlo Borromeo (died 1584), who, as archbishop of Milan, had extirpated Protestantism in the Swiss part of his diocese and also had rendered distinguished service for the renovation and strengthening of Catholicism. Upon the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of this canonization Pius X has issued an encyclical which, beginning with laudation of Borromeo and ending with warnings against the modernists, includes a passage concerning the Reformers which has stirred German Protestants to profound indignation and has made them forget for a while their party differences. The Reformers are described as "proud and rebellious men, enemies of the cross of Christ, who mind earthly things, whose god is their belly (Phil. 3. 18, 19). Seeking not the correction of morals but the denial of the dogmas of the faith, they brought confusion into everything, they granted to themselves and to others the broad way of license; at all events, despising the authority and guidance of the Church, they, in order to give place to the passions of this or that corrupt prince or people, sought, with a species of tyranny [or, as some would translate, "as if under their yoke," or, again, "as if possessed by the devil"—Latin, *quasi imposito jugo*], to destroy her doctrine, constitution, and discipline. Then, following the example of those wicked men to whom the denunciation related, 'Woe unto you who call evil good and good evil' (Isa. 5. 20), they called an uprising of rebels, this destruction of faith and morals, a reformation (restoration) and themselves reformers (restorers) of the ancient doctrine and discipline. In fact, however, they were corrupters, inasmuch as, having caused the strength of Europe to be exhausted by strifes and wars, they prepared the way for the rebellions and apostasies of the modern era, wherein the three kinds of warfare, hitherto separate, through which the Church has always come unconquered and unhurt, are renewed and joined as if in a single onslaught; namely, the bloody strifes of the earliest age. the pestilence of heresies within her own camp, and, finally, that plague of profligacy, that subversion of discipline, in a degree that probably not even the Middle Ages knew."

The comments of the non-Catholic press of Germany upon the encyclical have been vehemently indignant. Even the *Kreuzzeitung*, in spite of a considerable measure of community of political interests with the "Center" (the Catholic party), expresses itself as follows: "Does the Pope wish the Protestant Church to answer him, through official representatives, with a register of the sins of the Popes, of the Catholic clergy, and of the Catholic princes and peoples?" The presidency of the German branch of the Evangelical Alliance issued a brief but very vigorous manifesto concerning the encyclical. In Berlin, Magdeburg, Essen, and other cities great assemblies have met to express indignation and protest.

In Berlin the meeting was held in the great Circus Busch. Professor Erich Schmidt, rector of the University, presided and speeches were made by two of the most distinguished professors of the University, Hans Delbrück and Kahl, and by Friedrich Naumann, formerly a pastor, now a leading member of the Prussian Diet. Kahl among other things said: "The encyclical is said to have been composed by a Spanish monk. The document certainly breathes the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition. Some passages smack of the old delight in burning heretics. . . . The Popes change, but the system remains. We demand, from the state, guarantees against such assaults from a Spanish monk."

Catholic journals in Germany generally seek to excuse the encyclical or to soften its impression. There is among them little or no disposition to acknowledge error in the Pope's historical judgment. But they are at pains to point out that the Pope's historical judgments lay no claim to infallibility. Only where he deals with questions of doctrine and morals does he claim infallibility. A good Catholic, accordingly, is not bound by the Pope's judgment in this matter. It is plain that Pius X was ill informed respecting present ecclesiastical conditions in Germany, and that he had no notion of the effect his encyclical would have. Since he did not mean to break the peace, it was easy for him to cause a pacificatory explanation to be published in the *Osservatore Romano*, in which it is declared that the Holy Father "had not in the remotest the intention of insulting the non-Catholics in Germany or their princes. In the encyclical there are solely and alone certain historical judgments concerning the epoch of Saint Borromeo, in which neither peoples nor princes of a particular land are named. Furthermore, it is to be noted that therein the treatment has to do with Catholics of that time (the sixteenth century) who rose up in opposition to the doctrines and the authority of the Apostolic See." A highly characteristic explanation! For undeniably the chief of those "rebellious Catholics" of the sixteenth century quickly became non-Catholics as leaders of the Reformation.

The encyclical was the occasion of three interpellations and several very interesting speeches in the Prussian Diet. Through the ambassador a protest has been entered at the papal court and the hope expressed that the Curia would find ways and means of removing the injury caused by the publication of the encyclical.

METHODISM IN THE JUDGMENT OF GERMAN CHURCHMEN

That Methodism has been an object of much unfavorable criticism on the part of representative men of the national Protestant churches of Germany is well known. This condition of things is due in part to a marked difference in manner: the quietness and reticence of typical German piety stands in manifest contrast to the aggressiveness of Anglo-Saxon Methodism. Along with this the Germans have generally looked upon the usual Methodist insistence upon an instantaneous conversion, that shall be immediately and clearly attested in the consciousness, as

essentially unsound. In this judgment they undoubtedly have more or less misunderstood Methodism, which, while insisting upon a conscious state of grace, has never taught that the moment of the beginning of the new life is invariably directly reflected in the consciousness. Some years ago it came to light that seven of the men admitted on trial at one time in one of our (American) Conferences were unable to say *when* they had been converted. Does anybody find therein a reason for concluding that they did not know *that* they had been converted and were in the faith? But these differences in religious views would hardly have been very much noted, if Methodism had not undertaken missionary work in Germany. This missionary activity is very generally resented by German churchmen. Such as have taken pains to inquire into the beginnings of the movement understand that the original thought was not to divert men from their native churches to the Methodist body, but to do for the national churches of Germany what the Methodist revival aimed to do and in a large measure actually did for the Church of England. This noble design earnest German Christians could hardly resent, even though many were ready to maintain that Methodism at its best inculcated a less wholesome type of piety than Lutheranism at its best. What has been so generally resented is that Methodism came in and soon established a proselytizing propaganda. The original design of working as leaven in order to bless the existing (national) churches has not, it is said, been consistently maintained. But it is evident that every sort of practical consideration must have tended to make it a separatist movement. In the first place, neither the spirit nor the organization of those churches afforded room for the characteristic Methodist activities. And then, unfortunately, the church at home judged the success of the mission according to the numbers won. This furnished a powerful motive for proselytizing; and in proportion as proselytizing grows the possibility of a leavening influence within the great mass diminishes.

The presence of aggressive Methodism in Germany and Switzerland was from the beginning a much-discussed subject. But the first really notable treatment of the problem was by Christlieb, an intensely evangelical and evangelistic Christian. At the international convention of the Evangelical Alliance in Basel in 1879 he complained of the fact that the English and American church communions treated the German national churches as a field for their missionary activity, and especially that the Methodists carried on missions not only among the neglected classes of the large cities, but also in regions religiously well cared for, and formed of believers separatist religious societies. Methodist delegates declared that such proselytizing among believers was carried on without the knowledge and against the design of the church authorities at home, even as also it was forbidden by the statute of the Evangelical Alliance. This discussion led Christlieb to prepare his essay, *Zur methodistischen Frage in Deutschland* (1882). In this he showed only too plainly that the Methodist missions had transgressed the recognized limits. But, on the other hand, he showed just as clearly that the German national churches had hitherto fallen far short of doing their full duty. The right of the

national churches, he declared, extends only so far as they fulfill their duty of caring for the religious life of the people. If unbelievers become believers at the price of their going over to the Methodists, no one has reason to complain. The essay made a marked impression, and subsequent expressions of opinion have shown a pretty general agreement with Christlieb in so far as the question of the warrant for Methodist missions in Germany is concerned. There has prevailed, however, a more or less decided feeling that Methodist missions in Germany and other Protestant countries are on the whole not justified. Of course few would deny that Methodism, directly and indirectly, has borne considerable fruit for the kingdom of Christ even in those countries. But many claim that, along with its zeal and spiritual vitality, it has brought in serious hindrances in that it has caused division and confusion among the religious forces. Some critics are particularly severe in their strictures upon the Methodists and all the "sects" (which they distinguish from the "churches"), on account of their alleged self-complacency and spiritual pride. "In America," said the late Professor Erich Haupt, "the Methodists are a church, but in Germany they are a sect, and the most sectarian of all the sects." He particularly charged them with habitually enticing the more spiritual members of the national churches to come over to them. In answer to this a leading Methodist declared: "Not five per cent of our people were religiously awakened or active before coming under our influence." A representative judgment was expressed by Dr. Gustav Warneck, the famous authority on the history and science of missions, in conversation with the writer of these lines. "Why," said he, "do you Methodists carry on missionary operations here in Germany, just as if it were a heathen country? If you should come and join with us in an effort to solve our great religious and social problems, we should gratefully welcome you; for we need more laborers. But coming as you do, dividing our forces, you cause us much confusion." An opinion coming from such a source should be listened to with sincerest respect. For here speaks a man not only wonderfully well informed but also fairly appreciative of the spirit of Methodism in general. On the whole, it is safe to say that Methodism, in spite of the strongly adverse judgment regarding its missions in Protestant countries, has, in the last two or three decades, risen very considerably in the estimation of German scholars and churchmen. This is well exemplified by Loofs's wonderfully fair and able article on Methodism in Hauck's *Realencyclopädie*. "In my opinion," he writes, "every one that judges it apart from the miserable forms in which it carries on its 'missionary' activities among us, must regard it as a most worthy church." And yet he holds that it can never completely eradicate its " 'society' character," and so can never have the comprehensive breadth that characterizes a national church. As a representative of a thoroughly unfavorable view of the essence of Methodism, which still finds pretty large acceptance, we may mention Professor Kolde, of Erlangen, author of a pamphlet entitled *Der Methodismus und seine Bekämpfung* (Methodism and How to Combat It). He sees in Methodism "an assault upon the entire Christian life, as we have learned it anew from the Scriptures by the help

of Luther, a life based upon the certainty of salvation and Christian liberty, joyful in its confidence in God, and permeating the world, which life it [Methodism] would bind again in the unevangelical fetters of a false renunciation and contempt of the world." Directly opposed to Kolde's position is that of Johannes Lepsius, the organizer and director of the Deutsche Orient-Mission: "Genuine Methodism is nothing else than rightly understood Lutheranism." A Lutheran pastor, Mummsen, declares, "Methodism stands on the foundations of Wittenberg." Professor Arnold, of Breslau, after some words of judicious recognition of the essential spirit of Methodism, says (in his essay on "Communion of the Saints and Sanctification Communions," in the series, *Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen*): "The name 'Methodism' fits as the fist fits the eye. Almost with equal justice might one call the Lutherans 'Augustinian monks,' because Luther was in the cloister before he began the reformation." Herrmann, in The Communion of the Christian with God, declares, bluntly, "All methodism is of evil." But he does not mean the doctrine or the life of the Methodist churches. Methodism as an *ism*, so far as the name is taken strictly, means religion reduced to rule or method, rather than a life in the Spirit. The name fitted the old Oxford Club, but hardly the spiritual freedom of the later great evangelical revival. And so those who hate methodism may admire Methodism and deplore our unfortunate name. Professor Kähler, in his lectures on Symbolics, emphatically declared, "Methodism is essentially churchly, not sectarian." And privately he added: "Apart from a few one-sidednesses, I regard the whole movement with great admiration." And that such views are acceptable to students may be judged by the fact that the same theologian at the conclusion of a lecture concerning the Methodist revival in a course on the history of the Bible in the church, was cheered most lustily. Harnack's cordial appreciation of Methodism has repeatedly met with a like reception. And Methodists everywhere gladly remember Harnack's words spoken before the School of Theology of Boston University some five years ago: "Among the various tendencies of faith (*Glaubensrichtungen*) none has interested me more than have the Methodists. If I read church history aright, your denomination is the richest in the experience of salvation, the most active in labor, the most fruitful in results among all that have appeared since the Reformation." It may be of interest to refer finally to the most thorough study of Methodism in Germany: *Der Methodismus in Deutschland*, by Johannes Jüngst, pastor emeritus in Bonn, third edition, 1906 (119 pp.).

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Hibbert Journal maintains its high grade, and the July number spreads an inviting table. It begins with an anonymous "Open Letter to English Gentlemen," appealing to the educated and leisured classes of England to sacrifice their ease and their pleasure-seeking in serious study of England's ills and abuses and miseries, and in service for reform and relief. It points out that the possible victories of peace are greater than the triumphs of war; that it is nobler to save one's country by living for it than to try to save it by dying for it; it is finer to serve than to fight, and that more important than defending England is it to have an England that is worth defending. Making this appeal to English gentlemen, the writer sees on the faces of some of them a smile which means: "Here is another of those dull dogs who won't see life as it is. Service and self-sacrifice, my dear sir, are admirable in copy books, New Testaments, and that kind of impracticable document; but, *but*—" And then is told the story of Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterward Lord Shaftesbury, of imperishable fame; how his soul was awakened to a greatly humane career by seeing the coffin of a pauper carried down hill by four drunken men who spilt their pathetic burden at his feet. The momentary horror of this small incident determined him to devote his life to the amelioration of the conditions of the poor in England; and by his labors and leadership some dark blots on the escutcheon of England were removed forever, and some golden clauses put upon her statute books; though some called him an impracticable fool, a dreamer, a silly idealist.———Professor William James calls Mr. Benjamin Paul Blood, of Amsterdam, New York, a "Pluralistic Mystic," and writes twenty pages about him and his views in the July Hibbert, having discovered in him "an author of rare quality." Professor James says that the unanimous tradition of "regular" mysticism has been unquestionably *monistic;* but that he hears in Mr. Blood's mysticism a radically pluralistic sound; and he feels that his own pluralism finds now the kind of support which mystical corroboration may confer. This mystic's verbal power in expressing the mystic insight is well illustrated in his reflections on his own experience in coming back to consciousness from under the influence of an anaesthetic: "How shall a man know he is alive—since in thought the knowing constitutes the being alive, without knowing that thought (life) from its opposite, and so knowing both, and so far as being is knowing, being both? Each defines and relieves the other, each is impossible in thought without the other; therefore each has no distinction save as presently contrasting with the other, and each by itself is the same, and nothing. Clearly, then, consciousness is neither of one nor of the other nor of both, but a knowing subject perceiving them and itself together and as one. . . . So, in coming out of the anæsthetic exhilaration . . . we want to tell something; but the effort instantly proves that something will stay back and do the

telling—one must utter one's own throat, one must eat one's own teeth, to express the being that possesses one. The result is ludicrous and astounding at once—astounding in the clear perception that this is the ultimate mystery of life, and is given you as the old Adamic secret; which you then feel that all intelligence must some time know or have known; yet ludicrous in its familiar simplicity, as somewhat that any man should always perceive at his best, if his head were only level, but which in our ordinary thinking has grown into a thousand creeds and theories dignified as religion and philosophy." And on the same subject is the following: "There is an invariable and reliable condition (or uncondition) ensuing about the instant of recall from anæsthetic stupor to 'coming to,' in which the genius of being is revealed. . . . No words may express the imposing certainty of the patient that he is realizing the primordial Adamic surprise of Life. Repetition of the experience finds it ever the same, and as if it could not possibly be otherwise. The subject resumes his normal consciousness only to partially and fitfully remember its occurrence, and to try to formulate its baffling import—with but this consolatory afterthought: that he has known the oldest truth, and that he has done with human theories as to the origin, meaning or destiny of the race. He is beyond instruction in 'spiritual things.' . . . It is the instant contrast of this 'tasteless water of souls' with formal thought as we 'come to,' that leaves in the patient an astonishment that the awful mystery of Life is at last but a homely and a common thing, and that aside from mere formality the majestic and the absurd are of equal dignity. The astonishment is aggravated as at a thing of course, missed by sanity in overstepping, as in too foreign a search, or with too eager an attention: as in finding one's spectacles on one's nose, or in making in the dark a step higher than the stair. My first experiences of this revelation had many varieties of emotion; but as a man grows calm and determined by experience in general, so am I now not only firm and familiar in this once weird condition, but triumphant—divine. To minds of sanguine imagination there will be a sadness in the tenor of the mystery, as if the keynote of the universe were low, for no poetry, no emotion known to the normal sanity of man can furnish a hint of its primeval prestige and its all but appalling solemnity; but for such as have felt sadly the instability of temporal things there is a comfort of serenity and ancient peace, while for the resolved and imperious spirit there are majesty and supremacy unspeakable. Nor can it be long until all who enter the anæsthetic condition (and there are hundreds every secular day) will be taught to expect this revelation, and will date from its experience their initiation into the Secret of Life. . . . This has been my moral sustenance since I have known of it. In my first printed mention of it I declared: 'The world is no more the alien terror that was taught me. Spurning the cloud-grimed and still sultry battlements whence so lately Jehovan thunders boomed, my gray gull lifts her wing against the nightfall, and takes the dim leagues with a fearless eye.' And now, after twenty-seven years of this experience, the wing is grayer, but the eye is fearless still, while I renew and doubly emphasize that declaration.

I know, as having known, the meaning of Existence; the sane center of the universe—at once the wonder and the assurance of the soul." Our mystic sets forth that causative intelligence is the explanation of the universe. Man knows himself to be intelligence and cause. The origination of all things is in will. The operation of this in the universe seems not strange, for we find it in ourselves. "Up from the breast of man," says Mr. Blood, "up to his tongue and brain, comes a free, strong determination, and he cries, originally, and in spite of his whole nature and environment, 'I WILL.' This is the Jovian fiat, the pure cause. Let a man stand fast, then, as an axis of the earth; and the obsequious meridians will bow to him, gracious latitudes will measure from his feet." Another brief bit from Professor James's pluralistic mystic: "Progress? Doubtless we are progressing, but there have been prosperity and high-jinks before. Nineveh and Tyre, Rome, Venice, and Spain also had their great day. We are going some, but it is a question of our standing the pace." And this: "Certainty is the root of despair. The inevitable stales, while doubt and hope are sisters. Not unfortunately the universe is wild —game-flavored as a hawk's wing. Nature is miracle all. The same returns not save to bring the different. The slow round of the engraver's lathe gains but the breadth of a hair, but the difference is distributed back over the whole curve." And this: "Experience burns into us the fact and the necessity of compensation. . . . The bummer feels that his next-morning headache is only the rough side of a square deal. . . . Righteousness will find its books balanced some day. . . . We have faith that our time will come; and if it comes not in this world, our lack is a bid for immortality, and the most promising argument for a world hereafter. So we may say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'"

———In the same Review Professor Jethro Brown writes on "The Message of Anarchy." As to the anarchy which advocates murder, it is affirmed to have originated in Russia, where men, opposing force to force, struck in blind fury of protest at a despotism which seemed unassailable by any other weapon. Beginning there, blood-thirsty anarchy has proceeded elsewhere. "The blameless President McKinley was shot by a man to whom he had extended his hand in friendly greeting! At Geneva, in the afternoon of Saturday, September 10, 1898, an assassin plunged a stiletto in the heart of a defenseless woman whose only crime was to be an empress! We cannot forget deeds such as these; nor can we forget that they are promoted by anarchist organizations, and defended by anarchist thinkers of ability and repute. Johannes Most, for example, in a celebrated pamphlet on revolutionary warfare and dynamiters, has won distinction as an exponent of the gentle art of assassination. The International Congress, held at London in July, 1881, resolved that all means were permissible for the annihilation of rulers, ministers of state, nobility, the clergy, the most prominent capitalists, and other exploiters; and that, accordingly, great attention should be given to the study of chemistry and the preparation of explosives!" The essayist thinks, however, that notwithstanding the plain fact that the anarchist's scheme of social regeneration is in absolute disaccord with the trend of modern life,

we should do well to consider those truths which underlie anarchist doctrine and give to it a power and value. And he concludes his article by a brief statement of these truths. "In the first place, although the anarchist may be wrong in his remedy for existing social ills, he is fundamentally right in insisting upon the reality and gravity of those ills. Our wars, our armaments, the character of our foreign policies, the inequities of our system of property, and the abiding tragedy of the proletariat—these are grave and significant facts which constitute the strongest of the anarchist's weapons. They cannot be denied; and they are capable of making a strong appeal to the popular imagination. They need to be met by action rather than by argument. In the second place, although the anarchist may be wrong in thinking that men can afford to dispense with the controlling influence of the state, he is fundamentally right in insisting upon the importance of self-government. Political institutions may be necessary as a means to realizing the conditions through which the better self can become conscious and operative among men; but this end can only be attained when the institutions are so framed as to enable and teach men to govern themselves. When the anarchist bids us to resist all forms of tyranny, and to think for ourselves instead of taking our rule of life from the state or public opinion, he is declaring a message of which our generation stands much in need. Finally, although the matter concerns us more as private individuals than as citizens, we might borrow with advantage something of the anarchist's faith in man's responsiveness to the call of the good. For it is this faith which underlies that aspect of Christ's teaching which Tolstoy has presented with the genius of an artist and the outlook of a saint. While we recognize to the full the necessity for the stern discipline of civic institutions in the interests of good and bad alike, we can yet as individuals realize far more than we do the spirit of the Christian ethic which bids men return love for hate if they would overcome evil in the world. When, in the great story of Victor Hugo, Jean Valjean steals the silver of the bishop who had trusted him, the bishop asks: 'Why did you not take the silver candlesticks? These also I have given to you?' Before this final proof of good will the ex-convict is overwhelmed. For long dark years of wavering struggle toward the light, he hears still the voice, sees still the face of the one who had trusted and loved him. The bishop had given two candlesticks; he had reclaimed a human soul. If his example cannot be recommended for universal and indiscriminate acceptance, it stands, nevertheless, for ideas which have their value for all ages and peoples—for the patriot not less than for the anarchist."———From an article on "Bernard Shaw's Philosophy," we extract this quotation, which is no more applicable to Englishmen than to some others. "We find excuses for doing what we want, not by frankly confessing our desire, but by cloaking it in the garb of a virtue and a duty. When an Englishman wants a thing he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. As the great champion of freedom and national independence

he conquers and annexes half the world and calls it colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary, he flies to arms in defense of Christianity, fights for it, conquers for it, and takes the market as a reward from heaven. He boasts that a slave is free the moment his foot touches British soil, and he sells the children of his poor at six years of age to work under the lash in his factories for sixteen hours a day. There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find an Englishman doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles, he robs you on business principles, he enslaves you on imperial principles, he bullies you on manly principles, he supports his king on patriotic principles, and cuts off his king's head on republican principles. His watchword is always duty; and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side from its interest, is lost."———John Jay Chapman, of New York, writes of "The Comic" with Aristophanes as the master maker of comedy, shaking the Greek theater with inextinguishable laughter. Referring to the night side of comedy, he says: "Falstaff is a comic figure, is he not? And yet what thoughtful man is there who has not enough of the Puritan in him to see the tragedy of such a character as Falstaff? How must Falstaff have appeared to Bunyan! every stroke of genius which to us makes for the comic, adding a phosphor-gleam of hell-fire. And Bunyan is right: Falstaff is an awful picture; and had Shakespeare punished him adequately, he would appear awful. Let us imagine that Shakespeare had written a play about the old age of Falstaff, picturing his decay of intellect, his destitution, his flickering return to humor which is no longer funny—what could have been more tragic?" Speaking of Aristophanes' ridicule of Socrates, we have this: "It is not merely the outside of Socrates that Aristophanes has demolished. He has a little damaged the philosophy of Socrates. He undermines Greek thought; he helps and urges us not to take it seriously. He thus becomes an ally of the whole world of later Christian thought. If I were to go to Athens tomorrow, the first man I would seek out would be Aristophanes. He is a modern; he is a man. We have been speaking of Greek thought and Greek life; yet between that life and ourselves there have intervened some centuries of Christianity, including the Middle Ages, during which Jewish influence pervaded and absorbed other thought. The Hebrew ruled and subdued in philosophy, poetry, and religion. The Hebrew influence is the most powerful influence ever let loose upon the world. Every book written since this Hebrew domination is saturated with Hebrew. It has thus become impossible to see the classics as they were. Between them and us is an atmosphere of mordant, powerful Hebraic thought, which transmutes and fantastically recolors them. How the classics would have laughed over our conception of them! Virgil was a witch during the Middle Ages, and now he is an acolyte, a person over whom the modern sentimental school maunders in tears. The classics would feel toward our notions of them somewhat as a Parisian feels toward a

French vaudeville after it has been prepared for the American stage. Christianity is to blame. I have perhaps spoken as if Christianity had blown over with the Middle Ages; but it has not. The Middle Ages have blown over; but Christianity seems, in some ways, never to have been understood before the nineteenth century. It is upon us, sevenfold strong. Its mysteries supersede the other mysteries; its rod threatens to eat up the rods of the other magicians. These tigers of Christian criticism within us attack the classics. The half-formed objections to Plato which I have mentioned are seriously reënforced by the Hebrew dispensation, which, somehow, reduces the philosophic speculations of Greece to the status of favors at a cotillion. It is senseless to contrast Christ with Socrates; it is unfair and even absurd to review Greek life and thought by the light of Hebrew life and thought. But to do so is inevitable. We are three parts Hebrew in our nature, and we see the Mediterranean culture with Hebrew eyes. The attempts of such persons as Swinburne and Pater to writhe themselves free from the Hebrew domination always betray that profound seriousness which comes from the Jew. These men make a break for freedom: they will be joyous, antique, and irresponsible. Alas! they are sadder than the Puritans and shallower than Columbine. It has become for ever and perpetually impossible for any one to treat Greek thought on a Greek basis: the basis is gone." The last article in the last Hibbert is by Borden P. Bowne, "Gains For Religious Thought in the Last Generation." It is written for the heartening of the timid. It is the report of an intellectual field-marshal on the present state of the battle; a field-marshal who was never alarmed, always confident and sure of victory for the Faith; himself contributing no little to make it sure. A skillful and powerful defender of the Faith at its foundations was he. This is now pretty completely recognized, even by some who failed at times to see it: of late they have been blessing God for Professor Bowne. He was not unaware of this changed feeling. A day or two before his death he wrote a friend, "I learn that I am now regarded as a pillar of orthodoxy in quarters where it was not always thus. I am what I always have been and stand where I always have stood." No more masterful mind than his has been engaged in clarifying and confirming the Faith on the philosophic side in the last generation. We are thankful that his final article in our REVIEW was the one entitled "Jesus or Christ?" in which that pure and loyal soul was seen handling his extraordinary outfit of keen, polished, incisive intellectual implements of warfare against the enemies of the Cross in his usual easily victorious fashion.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Sunny Side of Christianity. By CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D. 12mo, pp. 123. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 60 cents, net.

THOUGH this is not a new book, we give it a brief notice. Christian love is really the subject of these five chapters, and the text for the whole book is I Corinthians 13. 13, "The greatest is love." The chapter titles are: "Love in the Heart *versus* Phosphorus in the Brain," "Love as a Theory and Love as an Experience," "Acquiring the Love Lesson," "Love Considered as a Lubricant," and "Love a Means of Knowing." A few extracts will best present some of the views of the sound and brainy minister of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York city. On the importance of emphasizing right-heartedness above knowledge or opinion, we have the following: "In the last chapter of John is an account of Christ's examining Peter for the ministry. That, of course, was long prior to the adoption of the Thirty-nine Articles, so the Lord could not have questioned the candidate upon them. It also antedated the sessions of the Westminster Assembly, which relieved Peter from the necessity of being quizzed upon any one of the hundred and seven questions of the Catechism. There was no New Testament at that time, so that no inquiries could be put to him touching its plenary inspiration There was the Old Testament, though, but even so, Christ asked him nothing as to his views of it, whether the days of creation were twenty-four hours long, whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, how many Isaiahs there were, and whether the Jonah story was historical or mythical. It is along that line that examining bodies regularly interrogate their candidates. I am not denying that some questions are put to them touching their religious experience, etc., but it is understood by ministerial councils in the Congregational Church and by Presbyteries in our church, that the examination proper has not really begun till the questioners have commenced to grill the candidate on the conundrums of the Bible, and to dislocate his intellectual joints upon the rack of dogmatic theology: and it is the simple fact in the case that a man need not in such circumstances be greatly concerned about the haziness of his Christian experience and the general condition of his heart if he can unstammeringly confess to a distinct and certified thelogy, and is prompt to answer his interrogators in the way that they want him to answer them. Nor any more did the Lord admit Peter to the ministerial office without an examination, and an examination more searching than I ever heard conducted before a Congregational Council or a New York Presbytery. As recorded in the last chapter of John he asked Peter three questions. The first was, 'Peter, do you love me?' Peter answered, 'Yes.' And the Lord said, 'Feed my lambs'—go to preaching. But the Lord questioned him again—put the second question; but the second question was simply the

first question over again—'Peter, do you love me?' Peter said, 'Yes.' The Lord said, 'Feed my sheep'—go to preaching. But the Divine Examiner was not through with his candidate yet. And so he asks him a third question, which, however, was only the first question again repeated: 'Peter, do you love me?' And Peter said, 'Yes.' And the Lord added, 'Feed my sheep'—go to preaching. And the candidate was licensed. That is the way Jesus Christ conducted the examination of a candidate for the ministry: and it is no more like the way in which most contemporary bodies conduct examinations than heaven is like—almost any other place. It is as though the Lord had said: 'Peter, I want to know what kind of a heart you have got. I want to know the passions that it is filled up with, the intense loyalties with which it is supremely actuated. I want to know whether your heart is knitted to mine with those ties of a wholesouled devotion such that no peril you may be exposed to will operate to relax those ties: and not only that but whether the love that is between us makes us so one with each other that you are become entered into the mysteries of my being, and so can preach me in a way to make people hear and listen and respond.' Now the reader must be just enough to what has been spoken not to turn away and say that I have made light of orthodoxy. Orthodoxy means sound thinking, and to make light of sound thinking is to make fun of intelligence and to mutiny against our own brain; but the thing that makes a man a Christian is the love that is in his heart, not the phosphorus that is in his head; and the consummating qualification for the Christian ministry is Christ-begotten and not school-begotten. The trouble is that we have taken the same two elements that existed in Christ's day, love and wit, but we have reversed them. We are saying that out of the mind are the issues of life. We do not ask, 'Do you love?' but 'What do you think?' Christianity ought to be in some measure intelligent, but intelligence isn't Christianity; even intelligence about Christian things isn't Christianity. The supreme fact about being a Christian is to have a heart that is full of love to God and man. That is the point upon which the grand emphasis of the Bible falls all the way through. Luther had a big, warm, loving heart toward God and man, but he never could have been ordained as pastor of a conservative Presbyterian church, for he tore out of his Bible the whole of the book of James. But there would be nothing to hinder Calvin's being ordained—bony, eagle-eyed, unlovely, and unloving Calvin—even if he were the occasion of sending Servetus to heaven on a chariot of fire kindled at Champel, a couple of miles out from Geneva. Now, I have said these things because the Christian Church cannot progress till it comes out distinctly on to higher and sweeter ground. Why, in the old apostolic days the common people loved the church and flocked into it. People are not changed; the church is changed. They would love the church now if they thought the church was lovely. If hearts were trumps, we would win. In Christ's day love was the determining qualification both for the church and for the ministry. Everything was fitted up with a lot of doors, and they were all open. Now the church keeps in its employ men whose distinct function it is to nail up

doors. Your heart is all right, they say, and we love you, and all that sort of thing, and shall be glad to meet you in heaven, but we are a little more particular than the Lord is and must bid you 'Au revoir' till we meet on the other shore. I am not rebelling against orthodoxy, I am not rebelling against Calvinism, although I dislike the word, but I am rebelling against any system that calls itself Christian but that makes the principal part of the matter to turn on a hinge that the Lord never contrived, but that he distinctly reprobated both by word and example. Lay all the stress that we properly can upon indoctrination, the final proof and fruit of it all is a pure heart and a loving spirit and living sympathy with the mind of Jesus. And if the church has lost the confidence of the people, as it certainly has, by setting up tests upon which the Lord never insisted, it will just as certainly recover that confidence when it comes back distinctly on to Christ's ground, when it becomes pure as Christ is pure, tender as Christ is tender, and when church life is understood to consist in the inbreathing of God's Spirit of holiness and loving-kindness in order that we may breathe it forth again into the atmosphere of a world that needs not so much to be enlightened as to be loved." From the chapter on "Love as a Means of Knowing," we take the following: "We never know a person till we love him. In all that relates to the exploration of what is personal a keen thought in the brain is not to be mentioned the same day as a warm affection in the heart. Love is the quickest, most penetrating form of intuition comprised in a man's implements of research. We are keeping close to the facts in the case when we say that love is knowledge. 'Every one that loveth, knoweth God.' The apostle John never could have philosophized about God so persuasively and expeditiously as Saint Paul; I do not believe he was so brainy as Saint Paul, or had been to school as much, and yet, for all that, it looks as though he (John) was the one of the two who knew God the better, came closer to him in the very innermost of him. At any rate, this is true, that in our best moments of Christian experience it is John's Gospel and letters rather than Paul that we like to have read to us. Paul tells us, to a great and interesting length, what God does, and what he thinks, and what his schemes and policy are; and that is all profitable and tremendously serious; but it is John that tells us what God is. In reading a great deal of what Paul says we feel that we are simply inspecting God, surveying him as a sort of immense and inexplicable Curio. In a way, Paul, in all such passages. introduces us to God, but we can be introduced to a person a great many times without beginning much to know him. But when we turn back into John's Gospel or forward into his letters, we have a sense of getting near to that spot in God, if I may so say, where God himself lives. There is an enormous difference between having a great lot of ideas about a person—no matter how correct those ideas—and knowing the person. A child between whom and its mother there are mutual relations of affection has very few notions in regard to his mother, expressible or inexpressible—not nearly as many as he will have later on. The faculties whose business it is to manufacture ideas have not yet

gotten fairly at work in him. But he knows his mother a great deal better than any psychological expert from the university knows her or can know her unless he gets into some other relation toward her than that of an expert. Thinking goes around and never gets there; love makes a cross-cut and arrives. This accounts for a good deal of what we call agnosticism. The mere intellect is agnostic and cannot help itself. In that sense Job was an agnostic when he asked, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' The astronomer Lalande was an agnostic when he said that he had swept the entire heavens with his telescope and found no God there. This remark of Lalande's was neither brilliant nor original. Job knew nothing about telescopes, but said all that Lalande said thousands of years before Lalande. 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' This is another of those questions lodged in the Old Testament to be answered in the New. 'No,' says the apostle John, 'searching will not help you to know God, but loving will help you to know him.' Thinking starts out very smoothly in the direction of God, but gets lost before it finds him, or gets used up before it finds him, and comes home tired and sick. So that, of necessity, the brain is agnostic because it cannot know God, but the heart is theistic because it does know God. If we love, we know God, for God is love."

Expositions of Holy Scripture. A commentary on the entire Bible. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D., LIT.D. Five series of thirty-two volumes. Royal 8vo. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, $7.50, net, per each series.

THIS notable preacher was born in Glasgow on February 11, 1826, and died in Edinburgh on May 5, 1910, full of years and honors. He was pastor of a Baptist church in Southampton during the first twelve years of his ministry; and at the age of thirty-two years he began the pastorate of Union Chapel, Manchester, England, where he remained for fifty-three years. All his great accomplishments were consecrated to the exclusive work of a minister of the Word. He held that the one business of a preacher is to expound the divine thought in terms of contemporary life, but with an accent of timelessness. "Neither priest nor philosopher, but messenger and proclaimer," was one of his favoriate phrases. The Bible was his book. The Hebrew and Greek Testaments were his constant companions. He was convinced that the message for all ages is in the Bible; but he used all the available resources of literature, science, and philosophy to become expert in applying the Bible truths to life. The preacher is not an essayist but a speaker who pours forth thoughts that have matured in the quiet of his study. He spoke with confidence and conviction because he himself had worshiped in the inner sanctuary of Revelation and had heard the divine voice speaking to his own soul. He purchased this great power at a high price. He used his time with exacting severity. He did not enter the arena of politics and public affairs, but kept himself in the desert of solitude. "I was left *alone* and I *saw*" was another of his favorite expressions. He viewed with dismay the numerous demands made on the modern ministry, because here was a fearful waste of spiritual energy. It may be that he took an exaggerated view of this matter.

The fact, however, indisputably remains that the preacher who concentrates will speak to the heart of Jerusalem with a spiritual winsomeness that is not possible for that other who dissipates his energy over a wide field of general activities. Let us recall the qualifications of one who undertakes the exalted work of expounding the Bible from the pulpit. He must have a working knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, and be familiar with the conditions of Bible times. He must have the poetic sense, the gift of vivid imagination, the experience of spiritual realities, and an appreciation of present needs. He must also be an expert in the art of apt expression, so that he can make others see what is clear to his own vision. This implies a knowledge of literature in the wide fields of poetry, history, travel, and science; and also a sympathetic understanding of the stricken heart and soaring spirit of humanity. He cannot be a pessimist, who feels deeply the suffering of life and yields to it; he must be an optimist, who feels the struggles of the soul and strives by divine grace to overcome them. Expository preaching is, indeed, very exacting, but it gives expression to the divine Mind; and its beneficent results are enduring. It is also distinguished by spiritual fragrance and the note of authority; it never fails to produce virile characters in the pew. Dr. Maclaren was a preacher of this type; and it was a great tribute to his work when one who knew declared that his was one of the few male congregations in England. May not our problem to get men out to church receive at least partial solution from so illustrious an example?

These preliminary observations prepare us to take up his Bible Expositions. Twenty-nine volumes have already appeared and the remaining three will shortly be published. It is no small undertaking for one man to set out on the giant task of expounding the whole Bible, especially in view of the voluminous researches of recent years. But this is the result of a long lifetime of laborious effort. It is, moreover, the work of a preacher who kept in close touch with the best scholarship of the world, and who had in mind the complex needs of the people in the pew. When we examine these volumes we find that the author is at home in the Old Testament as well as in the New. He finds Christ everywhere in these pages of the Book divine. But his interpretations are given with such care and comprehensiveness that he does not read into any passage what it never was intended to teach. We have been far too much accustomed to read the Scriptures in a way that converts history into allegory, and sees doctrines where only deeds are recorded. The Old Testament is not an armory of proof texts; it is, first of all, a chronicle of divine revelation through actual events; this revelation, moreover, is progressive and must be studied with correct perspective. Dr. Maclaren gave the Old Testament a commanding place in the pulpit, and suggests how its message can be applied to modern conditions. When expounding a passage from Leviticus he wrote: "In considering the Jewish sacrificial system it is important to distinguish the symbolical from the typical value of the sacrifices. The former could scarcely be quite unnoticed by the offerers, but the latter was only gradually made plain, was probably never very generally seen, and is a great deal clearer to us in the light of Christ, the great Antitype,

than it could ever have been before his coming. As symbols the sacrifices expressed great eternal truths as to spiritual worship and communion, its hindrances, requisites, manner, and blessings. They were God's picture book for these children in religious development. As types they shadowed the work of Jesus Christ and its results." The Levitical ritual has more than antiquarian interest. Commenting on the offering of "strange fire," he remarks: "So this was their crime, that they were thrusting in self-will and personal caprice as of equal authority with the divine commandment; that they were arrogating the right to cut and carve God's appointments as the whim or excitement of the moment dictated." Truly he is "an interpreter among a thousand." He gives a new setting to familiar passages and makes patent what is latent. He places a text under the microscope, analyzes it, divides it into his characteristic three parts, and gets out of it all that it contains. A larger passage is discussed with the fullness that it demands. This is well illustrated in his masterly volume on Colossians and Philemon in the Expositor's Bible. His exposition of homely virtues is well shown in the volume on Romans. How the commonplace is shot through by the luminous glow of grace and made impressively sublime! Where can we find such clear-cut sketches of character in a style that is pithy and picturesque and with a touch of poetry? Sin is treated with severe intolerance, and its horrible face is unmasked with the skill of prophetic insight. Goodness is portrayed after the healthy manner of apostolic charity. The volume on Isaiah excellently supplements the indispensable volumes by George Adam Smith. The historical writings are made to yield up their riches. The salient features of an incident or a life are held up for admonition or imitation. The note of appeal is heard everywhere with "unflagging zeal," and the conclusions of the preacher become inevitable. It was natural that this evangelical preacher should turn more often to the gospel revelation. Twenty-one volumes out of the thirty-two are devoted to the New Testament. Of these three are given to Matthew and John respectively, two each to Mark, Luke and Acts, one each to Romans and Ephesians. Of the expositions on the Old Testament one volume is given to Genesis, one and a half to Isaiah, two to Psalms; these last are prepared on a different scale from his three volumes in the Expositor's Bible. Where so much ground is covered the occasional repetition of a thought or a phrase is not a blemish. It is the catholic-spirited thinker who remarks: "The zealot's own will, opinions, fancies are crammed down other people's throats, and the insult in not thinking or worshiping as he does is worse in his eyes than the offense against God." The reward of patient insight in searching the Scriptures is manifest everywhere. For instance, on Zech. 2. 5: "I will be the glory in the midst of her," he writes: "Notice that emphatic word *the*—*the* glory, not *a* glory —in the midst of her. Now, you all know what the glory was. It was that symbolic light that spoke of the special presence of God and went with the children of Israel in their wanderings and sat between the Cherubim. There was no 'Shechinah,' as it is technically called, in that second temple. But yet the prophet says the glory—the actual presence

of God—shall be in the midst of her—and the meaning of that great promise is taught us by the very last vision in the New Testament in which the seer of the Apocalypse says the glory of the Lord did lighten it (evidently quoting Zechariah), and the Lamb is the light thereof. So the city is lit as by one central glow of radiance that flashes its beams into every corner, and therefore 'there shall be no night there.'" Thus he connects the old with the new; since one increasing purpose moves toward the goal in Jesus Christ. Often the particular use of a word is shown to contain a helpful thought. It is not farfetched when he says, "The word rendered 'lodged' is literally 'passed the night,' and therefore we may suppose that the vision came to Elijah in the darkness." The titles often bring out the meaning of a text: The Stupidity of Godlessness, Isa. 1. 13; God's Last Arrow, Mark 12. 6; The Irrevocable Past, John 19. 22; Silent Christians, 2 Kings 7. 9; Drill and Enthusiasm, 1 Chron. 12. 33; The Soldier's Morning Call, Rom. 13. 12; Monotony and Crisis, Prov. 4. 12; Misused Respite, Eccl. 8. 11; Copies of Christ's Manner, Acts 9. 34, 40. Enough has been said to show that these writings are of inestimable value to growing preachers, who aim to become "more than commonplace retailers of commonplace." Do not hesitate nor delay to obtain this library of expository riches.

The Fatal Barter. By William L. Watkinson, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 256. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Dr. Watkinson's sermons are notable for many reasons, but particularly for his cultivated gift of choice, apposite, and often exquisite illustration. This latest volume contains not quite so many examples as some earlier ones, but enough to give light and color to many pages. The first sermon shows that the skeptics who reject revelation gain nothing by such rejection, for they still have on their hands the great problems of life and the world and destiny, and farther from solution than ever. When men have declined to accept the explanations, threatenings, and hopes of the Bible, they are left face to face with the enigmas of the universe, which are only made deeper and darker than ever by rejecting the Scriptures. Those who renounce or refuse Christ reject the physician, but leave the plague; destroy the lighthouse, but leave the rock; wipe out the rainbow, but leave the storm. This is illustrated as to—1. The Genesis and Design of the World. 2. The Question of Liberty. 3. The Question of Conscience. 4. The Question of Duty. 5. The Question of Suffering. Having shown that to reject the Christian explanation of these tremendous questions only leaves them without answer, and makes the darkest problems darker than ever, Dr. Watkinson says: "Vast is the responsibility of unbelief in conspiring to destroy the confidence of the multitude in Him who is the sum and substance of the sacred book. Walking on the banks of the river Trent, we recently noticed a conspicuous warning to passers-by against damaging the life-buoys provided in case of accident. We may justly wonder as to the motive of persons bent on committing such an outrage. Do they object to the shape of the thing? Does the color offend their artistic sense? Are they skeptical about its floating qualities? Is it

malevolence? Or is it sheer wantonness? They supply no substitute; and, having rendered unserviceable the apparatus of salvation, the drowning are left to perish. It is irrational, cruel, wicked! Is it not thus with those who seek to mar the life-buoy of revelation? Millions passing through deep waters have proved its preciousness. When the enemy came in like a flood it prevented their sinking in the dark depths. When the overflowing river of sorrow swept them away it kept their head above the wave. When they made total shipwreck of health and fortune it brought them safe to land. And, trusting its truth and virtue, the dying have triumphantly braved death's cold, sullen stream until they were lost sight of in the glory of the yonder shore. If faith has its responsibilities, has not unbelief its responsibilities? Is it nothing to nullify the gospel of our salvation, and to leave a world to struggle and sink hopelessly in an abyss of mystery and fear? As to all who have trusted in Christ, let them hold fast their confidence firm to the end, and they shall not be confounded." Walter Pater spoke of "pale, pagan consolations." The Epistle to the Hebrews declares that the Christian has "strong consolation." We will not exchange strong consolation for that which is "pale," yea, as pale as death itself. Most suitably and delightfully, the next sermon is on "The Sufficiency of the Gospel." Nicodemus coming to Jesus by night is the text for a sermon on "Suppressed Discipleship," part of which follows: "This suppression impairs the development of the Christian character. The unhindered manifestation of the spiritual life is the condition of its normal growth. Here many demur: 'Seeing the root of the matter is found in me, why trouble further? Surely the main thing is the reality of the Christian life, and not its profession!' Thus believing, men are tempted to think that the free expression of their conviction and sympathy is a question of comparative indifference. Such a conclusion is a serious misconception. It is of vital consequence that the root of the matter is found in us—nothing can be done without that; but, after all, this is only half the problem. Luther Burbank, the Californian horticulturist, writes, 'The fact is too often lost sight of, or not known at all, that the tops of the trees absolutely govern the roots'; and he proceeds to show that the leaves are of prime importance because in them the food of the tree, in condensed air and sunshine, is made accessible to the tree as a whole. If a tree be rich in foliage, it will be powerful in all its parts, because it has the capacity to take so much nourishment from the air and light. It is thus with Christian character; every point of its self-revelation becomes in turn a source of health and energy. The free manifestation of the spiritual life is essential to its vigor and fullness; far-away branches clothing themselves with foliage, bursting into blossom, bending with clusters, absolutely govern the roots, and determine the depth and strength of the whole character. If the exfoliation of the tree is hindered, its entire aspect is injured; and in spirit and life we suffer inevitably and seriously whenever we venture to check the motions and outgoings of the divine life. Unspoken love waxes cold; faith fails when denied the consummation of action; dumb experience is not sure of itself for long; joy forbidden to sing dies in its cage; loyalty concealing the flag is on the verge of

desertion. We cannot deny free course to our great convictions and preferences without suffering capital loss, as a flower might be poisoned by the suppression of its color or the retention of its fragrance. He who does not frankly and freely honor the Master in word and deed starves the soul and kills character in its very roots. We cannot conceal from ourselves the serious consequences which must follow the shutting down of our religious life from the atmosphere of publicity. Our soul is full of spiritual ideas, instincts, affinities, and possibilities; but to develop, maintain, and mature these, the unchecked action of society upon us is as necessary as the unhindered stimuli of light, air, and rain to which plants respond. We can no more shut up our spiritual life to silence, darkness, insulation, and expect it to grow and ripen, than we can hope to see a bulb in a closet break into sweet flower and ruddy fruit." Here is an illustrated admonition against despising our action and influence because they appear inconsiderable: "He was the man with one talent who buried it, and the lesser gifted are always most tempted to ignore themselves; yet, if the main multitude with the one talent are unfaithful, what will become of society left to a few geniuses? True, we soon lose sight of any little contribution we make to the common good, but really that is of no consequence. The African proverb shrewdly observes, 'The meat may be boiled into shreds, but it is still in the pot.' We readily lose sight of the survival of our gift or endeavor, but it none the less enriches the general life of mankind. We are foolish, indeed, to fret because we cannot keep the results of our work in sight; if that work were truly done, it may be left with absolute confidence. We were told the other day of a child who, by sundry pathetic economies, had got together a shilling which she was persuaded to put into the Post Office Savings Bank. Coming out of the office, the mother noticed that the little one was fretting. 'What is the matter, dear?' inquired the mother. Said the child, 'That clerk has mixed my shilling with a lot more, and I shall never see it again.' We are strangely like the child, as we fret over our vanishing efforts in the flux of things. Let us wipe our tears. Put your contribution into the treasury of the King, whatever it may be; and be sure that you shall, in due season, receive your own with usury." Just here memory gives us brokenly in prose what Mrs. Browning somewhere puts in verse: "Be sure no earnest work of any honest creature fails so much it is not gathered as a grain of sand to swell the sum of human action used for carrying out God's plans. No worker fails so much, observe, that therefore he's cashiered. The honest, earnest soul must stand and work. Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease." To this a more recent verse may not unfitly add itself:

> The soldier, the king, and the peasant
> Are working together in one,
> Till our dream shall become their Present,
> And their work in the world be done.
> They had no vision amazing
> Of the goodly house they are raising,
> They had no divine foreshowing
> Of the land to which they are going;

But on one man's soul it hath broken
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

Simon Peter, Shepherd. By FRANCIS B. UPHAM. 12mo, pp. 239. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

THIS book throbs; you can put your finger on almost any page and feel its pulse beat; a living human heart is pumping blood through it. It would be equally good for Sadducees, Pharisees, and Philistines. A certain incisive, spiritual sagacity recalls that the author's father was named "The Professor of Common Sense." Something in its quality reminds us of what some one said of Chinese Gordon: "His talk fresh as a spring morning, full of sweet humor, and language as simple as the book of Genesis." The Christian Advocate's notice of this book says these sermons "have the tender quality of the greatest Scottish divines without their polemics." We came upon that notice just as we ourselves were about to write that we taste or feel something in this book that seems akin to the work of Ian Maclaren and Ralph Connor, in its tender, inseeing, and intimate dealing with human nature and human life. The scheme by which the book is put together is ingenious. A father has a boy in college who is a bit off in his health and a bit off in his belief. He sends him up into Maine to recuperate, and incidentally asks him to get acquainted with a wise, shrewd, godly minister up there. The young collegian, on his father's request, writes out and sends home some of the Maine preacher's sermons, with occasional comments on them. The sermons make up the bulk of this book. Sense the quality of them in a few extracts: "I knew of a man years ago, a humble brother, who one night left a little meeting in a schoolhouse under deep conviction of sin. On his way home he was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. He was forced to seek shelter under a bridge that crossed the road a half mile or so from his home. He had to stay there an hour or more, but as he stayed he prayed. He told of it afterward in a testimony I can never forget, for it was David's over again: 'The sorrows of death compassed me about. In my distress I called upon the Lord. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. He bowed the heavens also and came down; and darkness was under his feet. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the sky. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice. Then he sent from above and took me, and drew me out of many waters, and delivered me from my strong enemy. He brought me forth also into a large place. He delivered me, for he delighted in me.' Ever after, when that man found a poor sinner who could not get through to pardon and peace, he would say to him, 'Come with me; I know a place where you can find Him. And he'd take the man under the bridge to pray with him, and there, time and again, he saw the sinner leap to meet his Saviour." Read this: "I have read that a stout old warrior, a hero on

many a field, when about to die, craved that his own name be kept from his tombstone. So to-day you may read above the spot where his body rests, only these words: 'Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sidney.' So, at times, when I go about my work, as I see down the street some poor fellow of no standing in the town, I say, 'Here comes a friend of the Lord Jesus Christ.'" Is there any greater distinction than that? The sermon on the man who said, "I was afraid and went and hid thy talent in the earth," cries out thus: "Afraid! God forgive him! Afraid!—and coolly says so! God pity him! Afraid, and thinks that cowardice can be accepted as an excuse!" Poor, miserable, pusillanimous little baby of a man! And again the preacher's contemptuous wrath cries out: "I have often thought of preaching a sermon on 'The Holy Spirit's Second Choice'—not his first, but his second—taking for my text the message of God to the church in Laodicea, 'Because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth.' Hot, the first choice; cold, the second: one thing or another; for or against; out in the open with God, or out in the open against him. I have often thought of doing this, but as yet have found no time. I have a series on hand that will take all my skill and energy for at least fifty years more. I have often thought of paying my respects—under the inspiration, I trust, of the Spirit of God—to the lazy man who occasionally comes to hear me; pleading with him to get up and go where he belongs; to do and dare—it may be for the devil, his master, rather than do or dare nothing for anybody." This preacher's indignation is so good that we will let another spurt of it blaze on these pages: "Not long ago I was called to a home where a little child had just died—the only child of humble people, a young couple that had moved into the town a year or so before. The poor mother was crushed by her burden; the father had gone to the village to make the saddest of all arrangements. I speedily found that I was not the first one who had come to that home, although I had hurried on my errand as soon as word had been brought to me. The doctor had been there and had volunteered to express his opinion concerning what he called the cause of the bereavement. He had dared to tell the mother that God had seen fit to afflict her that he might bring her to himself. 'What do you mean, sir?' said the poor woman. 'Frankly this,' was the answer: 'Nothing of this nature ever comes into one's life except as a punishment for sin—either some open sin or some secret sin. Either you or your husband or both of you have been living away from God, and therefore it has pleased the Lord to afflict you.' 'Tis a lie,' said I; 'in the name of the One whose ministry I covet, 'tis a lie. God has other things to do than to crush the souls of tender mothers. Indeed, before he came in the person of his Son, it was said of him, "He is coming to bind up the broken-hearted."' 'But,' said the mother, falteringly, 'he told me that I had made an idol of my little boy, and so the Lord had been compelled to take him away.' 'That is another mistake of the same character,' said I, though eager to use a shorter word; 'that's like the other one. God wants you to love your children with all your heart. It was said of John the Baptist, centuries ago—that man who was to be

great in the sight of the Lord—that one of the things he had to do in life was to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children. It was not necessary to turn the hearts of the mothers—thank God, it wasn't, and it never will be. And the man who says that a man or woman can love a little innocent child whom God has given them more than they ought to love him breaks one of the thundering commands of Sinai. When he offers his interpretation of some "inscrutable providence," as he styles it, he takes God's name in vain, and is in the same list with the loafer on the corner, so far as profanity is concerned, who condemns everything in sight. No,' said I, 'God is sorry, too. He feels with you. He comes to comfort, not chide; to bid you trust him, not be afraid of him; to tell you that he is keeping your little one for you—keeping him safe where no sickness can touch him, or sin taint him, or sorrow break his little heart. He is keeping him for you ready to give him back when you get home.' That night I went off to the schoolhouse, where I was to preach, and had great freedom in speaking of Job. 'It seems to me you were a little hard on Bildad,' said one of the old men as we were leaving the service. 'Possibly, I was,' said I, 'but I had reasons.'" May the Lord multiply shepherds like this one—so manly, so sincere, so tenderly faithful, so pitiful, and so fearless. The book is better than our quotations from it.

Twice Born Men. By HAROLD BEGBIE. 12mo, pp. 280. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

A YEAR-OLD book: nearly everybody has read it. If there is anybody who has not read it, he is out of fashion. It advertises itself. Who so reads it straightway tells somebody else about it. The author calls it "A Clinic in Regeneration." He says it is "a footnote in narrative to Professor William James's book, The Varieties of Religious Experience"; and Professor James says his own book might as well be called a footnote to this one. When you have read both books you can judge for yourself which of the two is the more important. This book is more affecting than any of the volumes of Christian evidences we were ever examined on. They were academic; they were polemic; this is life, quivering, intense, dramatic, full of hell and heaven, full of the sinking and upsurging of the human soul. The ten chapters have such titles as "The Puncher," "A Tight Handful," "Old Born Drunk," "The Criminal," "Lowest of the Low," "Rags and Bones," "Apparent Failure." We make only the following extract from the author's "Postcript": "Here is a brief story of a man converted by the Salvation Army long before it had assumed its present form and title, while it was still known among the polite as the Christian Mission, and among the common people as the Top-Hat Brigade, the story of a man who has continued in his conversion, through difficulty and obstruction, all those long years down to the present day. John Garry ran away from home at the age of fourteen, and attached himself to a traveling circus. He is described as a 'smart and wicked brat, as good a boy at the game as you could meet.' The immorality of this troupe did not shock him in the least. He proved him-

self as cunning and impudent a rogue as ever lived a vagabond life. Ill-treated, badly fed, and over-worked by his masters, he yet kept his audacity and cheekiness, and saw that he got as much pleasure as possible out of the general wickedness of the company. When he reached manhood he was a dipsomaniac. Turned away from circus after circus, he took at last to a cadger's life, and became what is called an 'unemployable.' He got drinks by performing tricks in public houses, such, for instance, as eating a cat. For what is called 'a navvy's price,' in other words, 'a bob and a pot,' he undertook to eat any dead cat that was brought to him in that bar, and the winning of this wager established for him the name of 'The Cat Eater.' He lived also largely by crime, and was always in hiding from the police. Once, when he was sleeping in some bushes on a London common, he woke up to find a band of people gathered together beside a tent quite close to him. The men were in black coats and tall hats. The Cat Eater instantly imagined that they were detectives. When they saw him, spoke to him, and said that they were going to hold a religious service, inviting him to join them, he replied that if it were a job to nab him he would surely murder some of them. Still unconvinced by their assurances, he suffered himself to enter the tent, and there he was converted. He felt a desire for betterment. He prayed for mercy. He told the missionaries the story of his life, and said that he would begin again from that moment. They were kind to him, helped him to make a fresh start, and watched over his new birth. He married one of the women who had seen him in his rags and wretchedness kneeling as a penitent at that first meeting. And now, in his old age, he and his wife are prosperous and happy people, carrying on a good business in London, and following their religion with devotion. Never once through all these long years of incessant labor has the ex-dipsomaniac, the ex-cadger, the ex-unemployable, the ex-cat eater, looked back to his evil life. . . . To the unprejudiced reader I offer this book, with the request that he will contemplate the narratives with honesty and common sense, considering within himself these simple reflections: Men, radically bad, radically evil—a burden to the State, a scandal to civilization, and a disgrace to humanity—become, under the influence of religion, good, honest, industrious, and kind. Homes where children suffer frightfully, where privation and tyranny obscure all the beauty and all the blessing of existence; homes so base, vile, and cruel that they cannot be described, become, under the influence of religion, happy, virtuous, and glad. Vices which degrade men lower than the brutes, which make them loathsome in the sight of respectable people, and fill our prisons and workhouses with an immense burden on the community, under the influence of religion lose every fibre of their power, and drop away from the strangled souls of their victims like dead ivy, like an outworn garment. Sins and crimes which retard the progress of the race, which breed corruption, degeneration, and prosperous misery, under the influence of religion cease to have power over the minds of men, and in the instant of conversion appear horrible and inimical. Let the reader bear these things in mind."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Group of English Essayists. By C. T. WINCHESTER, Professor of English Literature in Wesleyan University. 12mo, pp. 250. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THE statement of a great publishing house that Professor Winchester of Wesleyan University is a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to English prose is one that runs no risk of contradiction in any well-informed circle. That as a teacher of English literature he has no superior in this or any other country is a claim made and supported by a host of men competent to estimate by reason of their adequate knowledge and capable judgment. That among lecturers on literary subjects none is more trustworthy, engaging, instructive, enlightening, and edifying than he is the opinion which prevails wherever he has spoken, whether to critical or to popular audiences, during many years of extensive public lecturing. But greater and more honoring than his public reputation is the crown which every true teacher covets most—the grateful admiration of his students for not only his conscientious devotion to his high profession, but his patient, painstaking, unwearying, and forever self-sacrificing devotion to his students individually, year in and year out, in the daily work of the classroom, giving them his whole self and all his resources without reserve, the result being that he has copiously sprinkled this land with writers, teachers, and literary workers who thankfully acknowledge that they owe themselves to Professor Winchester. The essayists considered in this volume of essays are of the early part of the nineteenth century—Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, and John Wilson. Our readers remember that the essay on John Wilson (Christopher North) appeared first in our METHODIST REVIEW.. Readers of the book before us will agree with the critic who says that Professor Winchester "has written a book that is not bookish and which nowhere smells of the lamp. His estimates are fresh and penetrating, and his style possesses peculiar charm without a single trace of pedantry." As Richard Burton says, this volume "is in a way a test of the reader's relation to good literature. If its flavors escape and its references mean nothing, then are we not of the elect, and may best return to obvious fiction, informational 'twaddle' and the hopeless mediocrity of the cheap magazine, but if we still preserve a bowing acquaintance with letters, here is a volume for edification and delight." No saner, sounder, or better informed literary judgment than that which speaks in this book is giving verdicts and appraisals in the Court of Letters to-day; and it seems to us not extravagant to say that these studies of eminent English essayists place the writer of them in a class not below the men he studies, while the style in which this book is written is as nearly perfect English style as can be found in contemporary literature. Those of us who have often heard Professor Winchester lecture find ourselves reading these essays to the mental accompaniment of his voice, reproduced by memory—a highly effective and well-managed voice, expressive of the most delicate shades of sentiment and feeling. The New York Evening Post's literary critic writes, "This volume of

essays is one of the few books of criticism which deserve a permanent place in the library," and goes on to say that Professor Winchester holds "that the chief function of the critic is to enjoy the best in literature and to convey that enjoyment to the reader. He admires—what right-minded person does not?—the ease, the purity, the colloquial swiftness of Hazlitt's prose; so far as style is concerned, he aims at the informality of Hazlitt. But his judgments are no more exclusively favorable than are those of that sensitive and disheartened Jacobin; his condemnation has all the point and precision of his praise. Nor is there anything random or discursive in his method. He sets to work in quite systematic fashion to etch the lineaments of his subjects through biographical study, and then to show how their literary powers and limitations were conditioned by their characters. The contributiveness of his portraiture one feels not so much in the detail as in the total effect of fairness, proportion, and completeness. In dealing with these fascinating and intensely personal writers, the temptation of the critic is to be personal, also to take sides and becloud the reader's vision. Except in the incidental case of Gifford, whom he is bent on proving an ass, Professor Winchester's service is steadily directed to clarifying impressions and balancing the judgment. He has, furthermore, the gift of becoming intimate with his author which results from flexible sympathies and a relish for diverse qualities of thought, emotion, and style. He brings out with the greatest zest the lusty and boyish energy of John Wilson. Like Hazlitt, he can be just to Jeffrey and yet adore Lamb. He follows with especial delight the movements of the meditative and soaring imagination; and yet he distinguishes swiftly enough between true and false elevation—between Hazlitt's impassioned solemnities of feeling and the puffed and windy sublimities of De Quincey. These studies, we are told, 'are, for the most part, the result of many pleasant hours in a college seminary room.' Students who have enjoyed this sort of contact with good literature in college seminary rooms are pitiably few and heartily to be congratulated." But it is time to let our readers peep into the book itself. Referring to the old Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, Professor Winchester writes that the critic among the reviewers of that day was Francis Jeffrey, of whom he says: "Jeffrey's criticism has always a certain hard common sense. . . . There is nothing subtle in it. . . . He likes his meaning plain and his emotions familiar. Anything profound, mystical, or even strikingly original is likely to put him out. He emerges from the farther end of one of Wordsworth's long passages of transcendentalism blinking and angry." We are given William Hazlitt's account of his first sight of Coleridge and the effect of the great monologist's talking and preaching at Shrewsbury, where young Hazlitt then was, the son of a dissenting minister: "Coleridge did not cease talking while he stayed; nor has he since, that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in suspense while he remained there, and the Welsh mountains that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion, agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the days of 'high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.'" Hazlitt says that the light of Coleridge's

genius shone into his soul, "like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road." Here is his account of Coleridge's sermon: "For myself I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together. Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of religion. It was even beyond my hopes. I returned home well satisfied. The sun that was still laboring, pale and wan, through the sky, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem of the *good cause;* and the cold, dark drops of dew, that hung on the beard of the thistle, had something genial and refreshing in them; for there seemed a spirit of hope and of youth in all nature that turned everything into good." Manifestly the sermon produced a spiritual awakening in the soul of young William Hazlitt. Here is something that we pause over: "Beauty always has one advantage over truth as an object of contemplation—you know it when you see it; you cannot doubt or dispute over it." Probably *you* cannot, but "the other fellow" can. Fales H. Newhall tells of a man who, standing before the Sistine Madonna, denied or doubted any special beauty in her. To prove that we did not falsify in our editorial on "Pleasures and Pains of Foreign Travel," we quote from William Hazlitt: "An Englishman is sure to speak his mind more plainly than others—yes, if it will give you more pain to hear it." We are glad it was an Englishman who said that and not an American. But it is fair for us to say that *Englishmen* were the last men who ought, and, we will add, the last who were likely, to object to Theodore Roosevelt's plain-spokenness in his Guildhall speech. Of Hazlitt's domestic infelicity, Professor Winchester says: "What perverse fate induced William Hazlitt and Sarah Stoddard to marry, no man can tell; though doubtless Miss Stoddard could have given a syllogism for it—she was of that sort. But Hazlitt said: 'I love myself without a reason; I would have my wife do so, too' "—which was asking a good deal of a lady whose mind was syllogistic. The raciest, juiciest, and tenderest of all these chapters seems to us the one on Charles Lamb. Of Lamb's most intimate essay, the "Dream Children," Professor Winchester says: "In that perfect essay humor is lost in pathos; and the English in which the simple story is told, for purity of idiom, chaste simplicity, and artless grace of movement, is quite unsurpassed. No one else in Lamb's day wrote such English, and to find anything so perfect you will have to go back to the best passages of the English Bible." For anyone who cares for the best literature this is a book to keep permanently on one's shelves and to hand down to one's descendants. Its value is lasting. Its author is the consummate master of a prose in which the great and noble traditions of English style are respected, and which displays the qualities that make literature strong, sincere, rich, and charming.

Government By Influence. By Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph.D., LL.D., Commissioner of Education of the United States. Crown 8vo, pp. 245. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $1.35, net.

Fourteen addresses delivered on various occasions, mostly before collegiate or educational assemblies. One was given before the Conference

on International Arbitration at Lake Mohonk, where Commissioner Brown has for two years past presided over the Indian Conference. Our readers remember the one on "The Culture of Righteousness," which was published in this REVIEW after its delivery at Vanderbilt University. For large-minded and capable discussion of educational problems this book is all that might be expected from a United States Commissioner of Education. An acknowledged master in the realm of education is speaking in these addresses with rare sense, sanity, clearness, and wisdom. The reader is impressed by the breadth of view, the orderly perspective, and the ease of handling, all indicating the trained, experienced, and constructive mind. The narrow pedagogic method of consideration never once appears; Dr. Brown discusses his subjects in clear sight of the various other departments of human interest and action with which educational work must coördinate itself, and the supreme human needs which it must serve. The ability to go all around a subject, and report on it from the differing points of view, without confusion, is marked in these addresses. One notices the calmness and carefulness of his scientific temper, the practical habit of mind, and one feels underneath the whole the all-pervasive throb of strong, firm, confident ethical conviction. There is excellent preaching in some of these pages, fit for the best of our pulpits; and for directness, precision, and transparency the English of these addresses is worthy of imitation. But the addresses which have the grave and solicitous moral earnestness of preaching are everywhere well balanced, temperate, judicious. The address on "Religious and Secular Education" was given before the Religious Educational Association. From it we quote: "The topmost crest of the sectarian wave in our religious history would seem to be already past. It is a wave centuries long, but it is a receding wave. Men still emphasize their religious differences; but already there is notable gain in the emphasis of religious agreement. It is a change that points toward a day when sectarian distinctions shall be decisively subordinated to religious affirmations as wide as undegenerate mankind. The differences will not disappear, and agreement will not be attained by the mere cancellation of differences. But the differences will become subordinate and tributary. And by ways that none but a prophet can foresee, by revivals of religious thought and power such as the world has not yet known, the spirit of man will come to new convictions of religious verity, and they will be wider and deeper than the unities of the past. We cannot doubt it, for we believe that religion, as well as science, stands for a permanent need of the human soul, and stands in truth for the supreme need of the human soul. As long as our temporal incompleteness brings its manifold strain upon the life within us, so long we shall find ourselves stricken with need of some eternal perfectness. And the religion which answers to this need will be either the conscious and dominant interest of our lives or the large background of our lives; unless it be, in occasional conditions of disease, sporadic or epidemic, where for a time the sense for religion may seem to be altogether lost—yet only for a time." The commissioner of education thinks that the chief unifying principle in the religious world to-day is ethical; that, whereas in some periods religious conviction cen-

tered largely around systems of doctrine and ecclesiastical polities, it now centers rather upon the ethical in spirit and life, meaning by this not mere conformity to approved and customary practice, but essential righteousness; and, again, not righteousness as a term in a system of theology, but righteousness as apprehended by the large human sense which values the right above the wrong, and that overwhelmingly. He says: "Already the signs of such a new centering of religion clearly appear. For many in this present age religion is reached by way of the moral sense rather than morals by the way of religion. It is not so often now that the historic authority, the miracles, the incense of religion, bring men to religious convictions, which thereafter are the ground of all their moral convictions, but it is, rather, that, through the moral sense, through hunger after righteousness, they find a moral universe in which the all-righteous God is their Father." He goes on to say that religion bases the brotherhood of man on the Fatherhood of God; but that where an earlier age found the brotherhood of man through the Fatherhood of God, this age of democracy seems destined to find the Fatherhood of God through the brotherhood of man. In the address on "The Art of The Teacher" Dr. Brown says that "Matthew Arnold tried to get some bigness into the prevalent conception of God"; for which we can all thank Arnold, so far as he really did it without damaging the distinctness of that conception. We like this bit about the teacher: "We can be patient with the grand vagueness of the young teacher, full of crude and glowing immensities, provided he show himself able to condense some of his fire-mist into a definite and ordered system. And we can be patient with an old-time schoolmaster's fondness for system if his system have not absorbed and cooled and hardened for him all of that primal nebula with which we may suppose him to have been once endowed. Our teacher shall have system and fire-mist, both at once. Let him show us a true cosmos; but if he have a little wholesome, unperverted chaos left in him, we shall like him all the better for that." Personally, we like this government official, this commissioner of education, for the characteristic manly touch of chivalry which we see in the beginning of the following paragraph: "The wise woman from whom I learn much every day has been troubled to see children scattering papers and disfiguring trees and sidewalks on their way from school. And it has been her dream that some day in our schools they will really come to an understanding of their part in the general responsibility for our community life. It is easy to tell them not to do this or that. May they not come to have things to do, as well as things to leave undone? If some little part might be given to them in making their city or town or district a better place to live in, they would be started on one of the largest lessons that our whole people has to learn. I recall with peculiar pleasure the flowers planted about the public square in Scranton, Pennsylvania, by the school children of that city, and other similar striking examples might be mentioned." This bit of wisdom is given us from Fenelon: "Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things." Speaking of the need of giving little things their due attention, but also of surrounding them with large suggestion of

the outlying cosmic things, Dr. Brown says: "At one time it is a matter of supreme importance that c-a-t spells *cat*, that two and two make four. At another time words and facts, grammar and history are all subordinate things, mere helps or hindrances, while the thing of import is that a group of young people shall become aware of some great tidal sweep and uplift, as in the 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.'" Speaking of the occasional usefulness of a genial sense of humor or gentle play of wit, Dr. Brown repeats a bit of college tradition, the understanding of which involves an amount of scriptural knowledge which he fears the present generation is liable to lack. The story is told of Professor Moses Coit Tyler in his Michigan University days. He was not always prompt to close his lecture at the end of the hour, and the boys of his class made known their disapproval by vigorous scuffing of their feet. One day the lecture was unusually prolonged and the noise of the students was unusually insistent. Taking notice of it at last, the professor raised his hand in deprecation. "One moment, gentlemen," he said, "one moment"; and then he added thoughtfully, "A few more pearls, a few more pearls." The American public hopes for more books like this from its commissioner of education.

Patriotic Orations. By CHARLES HENRY FOWLER, from 1884 to 1908 a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 8vo, pp. 331. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.50, net.

THE most dramatic and tremendous orations reported anywhere in history from Methodist lips. The brawny, sinewy, lunging eloquence of Charles H. Fowler leaps at you out of these pages and shakes you like a storm, as it used to do when you sat spellbound listening to him hour after hour. No cold print here. The types from which these pages were struck off must have been red hot with the intensity of the meaning. And the pages are all ablaze with brain-phosphorus and all aflame with passionate feeling. Can anybody name a patriotic oration or a portraiture of character more colossal, strong-featured, and overpowering than Fowler's Lincoln? Was ever such a crowded tableau of significant moving figures set on any stage—literary, oratoric, or dramatic—as his lecture on "Great Deeds of Great Men"? Here in this volume for perpetual preservation are his Lincoln, Grant, McKinley, Washington, and other men of might and meaning. Oratory is not a lost art unless it passed with Charles H. Fowler. Take, for example, his description of the Battle of Waterloo, transferred without quotation marks: It is a struggle between the two great land captains, Lord Wellington and Napoleon, the most renowned and most self-confident men of their time. Everything combines to intensify the interest. The troops, exactly seventy-two thousand on each side, are largely the veterans from twenty years of blows and carnage. The prize is the dominion of the whole earth. The field is Waterloo. Here stands the Belgian lion to-day. This is where the crest of the battle was reached. This is Waterloo. Yonder to the left of us, the road from Nivelles coming up behind us is intersected at an acute angle by the road in front of us from Genappe. The elevated plane in this acute angle at our

left is Mont Saint Jean. Wellington is there under the old tree, long ago divided up among the families of England. To our right is the Château de Hougoumont, with its brick walls running around the orchard and the barnyard and the garden, brick walls which the French took for redcoats, where Cooke stayed with the Scotch guards for seven hours while Jerome Bonaparte with the flower of the French army tried to drive them out—for seven hours, while Blücher crept through the woods toward Waterloo. To-day they will point out to you a place where a door at the head of the lane leading up to Hougoumont swung open and three times a Scotch colonel reached out his arm and closed it. At our left is a small clump of trees supporting the right of the allied army, and behind us, close to the horizon, is the forest out of which Blücher came at sundown with the fresh German troops. In front of us, well back, is La Belle Alliance. Napoleon is there, glass in hand, confident of victory, waiting for the ground to harden so he could handle his artillery, for it rained that night. It was God's battle. Napoleon was an artillery officer—the best the world ever saw. He fought all his battles with his cannon. He held them in the grip of his genius like a great pistol, swinging them around, pulverizing in the ranks of the enemy here a place and there another, crowding in with a saber called cavalry or with a bayonet called infantry. He waited for the ground to harden from before the dawn, waited until nine o'clock, waited until eleven o'clock, waited until one o'clock, while Blücher crept on through the woods toward Waterloo. At last he thinks he can swing his cannon and gives the order to begin the dreadful debate. These great chiefs have different problems to solve, each working according to the style of his genius. Wellington is cold, methodical, working by rule, venturing the least possible, keeping a way open of escape. Napoleon is the perfection of genius. He is a rule unto himself. He simply goes in to win. He leaps in to do the best possible thing and take all advantages. Wellington has three fixed points—Mont Saint Jean, Château de Hougoumont, and that clump of trees which he must hold. Napoleon's task is to come and take them. Through the long hours of that afternoon they each struggle for these points. Jerome Bonaparte comes with music and banners and troops at double-quick, determined to have Hougoumont. And yonder, on the left, come the old veterans of the French army, without music, without banners, walking steadily over the field. They have marched over the battlefields of Europe for twenty years, and why should they hasten now? They are determined to take that clump of trees. Late in the afternoon the allied armies on the left fall back on the plain, writhing like a great wounded dragon, and crawling out behind Mont Saint Jean. On the right of the allies Hougoumont is on fire. Cooke is out and Jerome Bonaparte is in. Napoleon, looking through his glass, sees the front of Mont Saint Jean peeled bare from every living foot and hoof. He knows by the inspiration of his genius that the critical hour has come, and he gives the signal to Marshal Ney to bring up the Old Guard, the glory of the army of Italy. There they come, horses with their necks arched, banners waving, bugles playing, sabers gleaming! They pass the scaffolding upon which Napoleon stands. He

waves his handkerchief to Ney, the signal to move, and Ney returns a military salute. They drop into a dead run and sweep on and on and up against the front of Mont Saint Jean. Wellington sees them coming, and throwing up his clinched hands he shouts, "Magnificent! Magnificent!" But on they come, riding down everything before them; and suddenly up rise the old squares of England, five deep, kneeling down in front, reaching over from behind with their long bayonets to receive those desperate horsemen. Within the squares are the British cannon, which they load and push up to the front. The men fold back like a sheath of flesh on a lion's paw, and let out those red-hot claws to tear the most magnificent squadrons the world ever saw. On they come, at full speed, in solid lines. The brave leader answers the discharge of the artillery with the military salute. Wellington feels the earth melt beneath his feet. He is silent. His teeth are set. His lips are white. On comes Ney, at the head of the Old Guard. This host has swept many a field, and never once have they turned their backs upon the foe or even been repulsed in a charge. Every man is a hero, and Marshal Ney is at their head. They come with the weight of many victories. The first square is trampled out. The French cavalry dashes on. The squares melt and contract, but stick to the ground. Some are broken in by the heavy horsemen. Six out of thirteen have melted in the awful fire. The cavalry ride round these squares with slackened rein and shoot down the men with their pistols. Still these stubborn Saxons refuse to do anything but die. A Scotch fifer sits on a broken gun-carriage and plays right on, according to order, till the battalions are killed and a saber stroke cuts off the music with his head. Ney, having lost four horses under him, now marches on foot. One epaulet is gone, cut away by a Scotch saber. The star of the Legion of Honor, which adorned his left breast, has a ball hole through it. His plume that the emperor has watched on so many fields is gone. His sword is broken. Still the remnant of the Old Guard dashes on after him. Seeing a hundred years of glory condensed into a single hour, he sends to the emperor for infantry. Napoleon exclaims, "Infantry! whence does he expect me to get them? Does he expect me to make them?" At the same moment Kemp on Wellington's left, called on the Duke for reënforcements. "Impossible," answered Wellington; "we must die on the spot we occupy!" The spirit of the Iron Duke inspired every soldier. One officer said to a young lieutenant, as he handed him his third sword, "How savage you are to-day!" "Why not? We are here to kill the French, and the more the better!" One London prize-fighter attacked seven French soldiers and killed five of them before the other two killed him. The Iron Duke was not greater than the iron soldiers. Great Britain was on the field of Waterloo in person. Wellington, walking back and to under that old tree, watch in hand, said, "Would to God that night or Blücher were come!" Seeing the squares melt, he said, "This is hard pounding, but we will see who will pound longest." Seeing one of the squares yielding a little, he went down toward them, and his shrill voice rang above the din of battle, "Stand fast, Old Ninety-fifth! Old Ninety-fifth, stand fast! What will they say about us to-day in England!" And the Ninety-

fifth stood fast. They melted and went into the ground, but they did not surrender. Hougoumont was taken. The left had fallen back; now the center was giving way before the broken sword of the bareheaded Ney. Seven squares out of thirteen are no more. Sixty English cannon are spiked. All is lost, but one Iron Duke and Almighty God, when suddenly there comes a new sound out of the woods. Ney hears it and throws open his uniform and shouts, "Come on, come on, and see how a Marshal of France dies on the field of battle!" Blücher, pulling down his Dutch cap, says, "Men, we must give these English rest," and driving his spurs into his horse he went at the top of his speed. They ride by, sabering to right and left. The old French Guard is dead. The empire is ended. Napoleon is a factor of history; and Wellington, Wellington is the idol of England. The problem between the Norman and the Saxon, stated on the field of Hastings seven hundred and fifty years before, has a new and final settlement. This is the work of Waterloo.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Life of Mary Lyon. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. 12mo, pp. 462. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

A new Life of Mary Lyon, one of the pioneers in the movement which we commonly call "the higher education of women," and the founder of the first important college for women, has long been expected. The former Lives of Miss Lyon were written under the spell of a sort of enchantment because of her fascinating personality and unusual accomplishments, and were written from the point of view of favorable prejudice. Such books compelled persons to take sides for or against Miss Lyon and her work. The value of the present Life, by Miss Gilchrist, is that it attempts to state in a somewhat dispassionate but thoroughly appreciative way the value of Mary Lyon as woman and worker. The book is made up of ten chapters, an appendix, bibliography and index, and affords an opportunity for a most advantageous survey and understanding of who Miss Lyon was and what she did. The first chapter of Miss Gilchrist's book is entitled "After Sixty Years," and attempts to give a candid estimate, by way of introduction, of Miss Lyon's relationship to her time. It is unfortunate from many points of view that only twelve brief pages have been given to such an important topic. Miss Lyon cannot be explained or justified without relation to the play of great forces that was going on at the beginning of the nineteenth century. No summary of the activities of that period, occupying a few pages, can put Mary Lyon in correct historical perspective, and it is a defect in Miss Gilchrist's book that she has not given more adequate treatment to this particular subject. The style of the first chapter is not as flexible and straightforward as the subject of the book herself would have wished it to be. Notice, for instance, the following sentences: "A life must recede physically to appear in its true proportions. Only when time has had a chance to catch up with it, and to turn the stuff of its dreams into the fabric of reality, can

men distinguish how far-reaching were the filaments it spun into the future, how surely it helped by its own foreshadowing to evoke a world that was not when it lived." "Miracles were then no fables; they happened every day. The sun took pictures, the lightning ran errands, water unrolled an Aladdin's carpet at one's feet. A holy world was not afar off, the vision of saints, but a thing whose imminence was demonstrable by mathematics and in whose coming human enterprise must bear its part." It is in no spirit of dispraise that one calls attention to certain strained effects of rhetoric all through the book. In discussing the birth and early life of Mary Lyon, it might have been more desirable to state the facts without such comments as the following: "On a farm one sees the adjustment continually going on between oneself and the sources of life. There the peas have short shrift between the vines and the kettle, the potatoes come brown out of the earth soon to go into bins in the cellar, the apples drop from the trees into ready hands—a mouth is not far distant." Or this: "A child's world reflects the currents that move its elders; and she was young, with an insatiable curiosity about life and a facile gift of phrasing her discoveries." Or this: "Before her the year unrolled its glories. The pageant of the seasons passed across the hills: spring veiled itself in a translucent mist of promise; summer reveled in jubilant fulfillment; autumn's wildfire torched the slopes to flame; winter glittered in frozen white against the blue." There are certain definite facts in connection with the birth and early life of Mary Lyon which are known to those who have spent months or years of time around the charming village of Ashfield, in the State of Massachusetts, which do not receive definite or adequate statement in this book. In a discussion of Mary Lyon "At School," the shortcomings of education for girls are clearly presented, as in the following statements: "The dame school with its horn-book and primer sufficed for girls. . . . A few fashionable schools prolonged a rich girl's education, but in most of them the graces crowded out solidity and even sense. . . . With something more than French, painting, and manners, it [the school] schooled the gay colonials and the belles and beauties of the young republic; their names run the polyglot gamut of its population." To one who has read the previous histories of Miss Lyon, and who has independently investigated the secret springs of her usefulness, this present Life will seem to give insufficient expression to the poverty which marked her early days. The time has not yet come, and we hope it never will, when a frank statement about early hardships and a clear exposition of the prominence of poverty fail to appeal to the American people. The author of the present Life says that Miss Lyon's first term at the Sanderson Academy was paid for with "two coverlets, spun, dyed, and woven by herself." That is not the tradition which obtained in Ashfield when Professor Charles Elliot Norton and Mr. George William Curtis took it upon themselves to tell plainly, entertainingly, and significantly the story of Miss Lyon's early days. The work of Mary Lyon as a teacher, after her student privileges at Ashfield and Byfield, is very satisfactorily presented. By apt quotations from some of Miss Lyon's significant letters, the ideals and purpose of this enthusiastic young

teacher, who was constantly throbbing with large ideas of what was involved in her chosen work, are clearly shown. The story of the founding of Mount Holyoke Seminary is finely told. It does not seem possible, as one considers the present proportions of educational enterprise for women, that the romance of founding the first woman's college could be such a modern story. Hardship, persistence, patience, and prayer mark the beginning and the early development of Mount Holyoke. Through all the complications that were compelled by a new problem, and through all the adjustments which such a novel experiment required, the statesmanship of this singularly gifted and able educational expert appears as clearly as in the work of the framers of the Constitution of the United States. It would be well if the teachers in women's colleges throughout the country could be constrained to read two chapters in Miss Gilchrist's book on the founding of Holyoke College at least once a year, preferably just before the opening of the college session. The chapter entitled "The Cost of Pioneering" is a most interesting exposition of what was involved in teaching at the beginning of higher educational work for women. How one woman could have endured the physical and nervous strain that was laid upon her by innumerable tasks and insistent annoyances seems like a marvel or a mystery. The ninth chapter of the book is a chapter of memories, giving sidelights upon the work of the woman from the point of view of the students who knew her. The final chapter is an appreciation made up very largely of certain estimates that have been expressed by word and by work concerning Miss Lyon's undertaking and accomplishment. The Appendix contains a valuable bibliography that is in some respects a practical history of the beginnings of educational work for women. The book as a whole is an interesting and valuable contribution to one of the most significant and luminous aspects of human advancement and achievements. Mary Lyon rightly holds her place as one of the greatest women so far produced in America. That was recognized by including her among the famous Americans who are named in the Hall of Fame. The publication of such books as The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer some time since, and now this Life of Mary Lyon, emphasizes the fact that American women have contributed more to the enrichment of human society than we have commonly recognized.

History of the Christian Church. By PHILIP SCHAFF. *Christianus sum Christiani nihil a me alienum puto.* Vol. V. Part. II. *The Middle Ages. From Boniface VIII*, 1294, *to the Protestant Reformation*, 1517. By DAVID S. SCHAFF, D.D., Professor of Church History in the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1810. Pp. xii, 795. Price, $3.25, net (with portraits of Wiclif, Julius II, Huss, Leo X, and Savonarola, and picture of the Kaufhaus, Constance, where some of the sessions of the great Council of Constance were held).

IT is well known that the late Professor Philip Schaff left the rich field of the later Middle Ages for subsequent treatment, and after reaching 1073 plunged into the seething waters of the Reformation. But alas! art is long and life is short. He was never able to return and fill the gap, but passed away at his home in New York October 20, 1893, his end being hastened by his journey to the World's Fair in Chicago and his efforts

there on behalf of Christian Union. He spent one of the fullest lives ever lived on these shores in literary and scientific achievement in theology, especially in the New Testament and in church history, and in bringing together scholars of different denominations for common work. Fortunate for him and for us, he left behind him a son upon whom his mantle fell—David Schley (named for his mother, a daughter of David Schley, of Frederick City, Maryland) Schaff, a graduate of Yale and professor of church history in Lane (1897-1903) and Western (1903ff.) Theological Seminaries. (By the way, his biography of his father [Scribners, 1897] is one of the richest works of the kind ever written in America; to historical readers especially it is a gold mine.) This son has filled the gap referred to above in a way thoroughly worthy both of the subject and of his father's renown, and that is saying all that needs to be said. As this reviewer has read every word (except the Index!) of this portly volume, he can speak with authority when he says that for fairness, for historic impartiality and insight, for conscientious study of the sources and of the best modern and even recent histories and monographs (and what big piles of books that means!), for good English and clear style, for frankness in setting forth both sides of the mediæval church—the sanctity of its saints and the debauchery of its clergy, prelates, and Popes—for comprehensiveness in treating every topic that fairly comes within the period, and especially of treating it with satisfactory fullness (as too brief treatment is exasperating to a man who wants to know)—for all these qualities this volume keeps up the reputation of the series and leaves nothing to be desired. In the frankness and sureness of its moral judgments it surpasses Creighton, who seemed for the time being almost to abdicate his conscience among his documents, and to look with unruffled spirit on the appalling wickedness of his spiritual heroes. While the historian should judge with fairness every age according to its light, and not measure Alexander VI, the monster, with Pius X, the good-hearted saint, yet it is his duty to remember that the medieval clergy felt themselves bound by the Ten Commandments, the fifth of Matthew and the twelfth of Romans, as truly as any minister to-day, and when they flagrantly violated the moral precepts of which they knew they were the guardians, the historian does well to let the light in on their depravity and hold them up as an everlasting warning to religious leaders to-day. That does not mean that we lack charity, for to us there comes the warning, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The noble lines of Shakespeare,

> Truth can never be confin'd enough,
> Though doubts did ever sleep,

might be ethically paraphrased for ministers, Morality can never be guarded enough, though the world, the flesh, and the devil did ever sleep. As to the contention of some Catholic historians that Europe (and especially Germany) was recovering herself from her religious decline before Luther spoiled everything, and that if he had never come out the Catholics themselves would have reformed the church, the author shows the exact truth

in regard to the Catholic revival before Luther and to the fearful declension and corruption which that revival never touched and was unable to touch. The hurt of the church was too deep for Catholic remedies, even when they were applied. The study of church history and the history of doctrine is greatly needed among Protestants. It would save them—or at least it ought to—from the fascination of Catholicism, Roman and Anglican, and would lead them to properly value their inheritance in doctrine and life. All honor to the Schaffs, father and son, for their eight large octavo volumes of church history from apostolic times to and including the Reformation (German and Swiss)—a noble monument to American learning!

History of the New England Conference. By JAMES MUDGE. Crown 8vo, pp. 481. Published by the Conference. 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

WE notice this work because it is in several respects noteworthy. One is that it is fit to be both model and incitement to other Conferences for similar enterprise in preserving Methodist history. To this there is encouragement in the first paragraph of the Preface: "All previous Conference histories, we are told on good authority, have been attended with financial loss. . . . Before this work was fully entered upon enough subscriptions for it had been easily secured to pay all expenses." So the New England Conference shows others how to do a very desirable thing. Contemplating a history, perhaps the first thing to do is to make sure that there are enough events worth recording and enough notable persons worthy of commemoration. But a no less important thing is to catch your capable historian. Until you do, there is no sense in going ahead. We cannot help believing that confidence in the ability of this historian had much to do with the large advance sales of this then unwritten history. Certainly the author of the volume before us brought exceptional qualifications to his task. His scholarly training, his sedulous and dogged industry, his greedy and omnivorous mental acquisitiveness, his passion for accuracy, his patient persistence in exhaustive research, his practiced aptitude for orderly arrangement; also his lifelong and ancestral familiarity on the spot with New England people, places, and events; also his spiritual sense of what is most essentially Methodistic, and therefore most significant and vital to the history—these and other fit and fruitful gifts are displayed at work in this history. On general principles this might be expected to be as nearly perfect a work of its kind as ever was written. Examining the book, we see no reason to fear that any eager reader will find ground for disappointment. The great influence of New England on the church at large is apparent here—an influence somewhat proportioned in extent and intensity to its influence on the nation. Dr. Mudge makes a mighty procession of strong and molding men pass in review in the vividly presented personnel of the New England Conference from 1796 to 1910. The two great historic battles for truth and righteousness in which New England Methodism took a leading part were the fight against high Calvinism and the anti-slavery struggle. The culmination of its moral primacy and power was

seen in the General Conference of 1844, when the slavery issue split the Methodist Episcopal Church. New England held with the father and founder of Methodism, who, having lived in Georgia, called slavery "the sum of all villainies," and almost from his deathbed wrote to William Wilberforce that American slavery was "the vilest that ever saw the sun." Dr. J. M. Buckley is quoted as having said: "Without New England influence in the General Conference of 1844, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that any serious action [on the slavery question] would have been taken." This vast and momentous service the men of New England rendered, to the lasting welfare of the church and the nation, South as well as North. The author dedicates his book to the fathers whose characters and labors are, we undertake to say, so capably and correctly described, and so fitly and faithfully commemorated in the pages of this volume, by the hand of James Mudge.

The Roman Catholic Church at the Fountain Head. By ADNA WRIGHT LEONARD, D.D. 16mo, pp. 74. Cincinnati: Press of Jennings & Graham.

THIS is one of the replies made to the representatives of the Roman Church concerning the Fairbanks-Roosevelt-Vatican incident. The author was pastor of our American Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, Italy, from 1901 to 1903. He has studied the Vatican at close quarters. He is competent to testify concerning its temper and its methods; and his statements may be accepted as to the work of the Methodists in Rome. We recommend the reading this pamphlet, together with Bishop Cranston's strong printed utterances, and the article in the July number of our REVIEW by Rev. Grant Perkins and Mrs. Clark's book The Jesuit. The spirit and work of Methodism in Rome are the same as elsewhere; and the world knows them. The spirit and methods of the Papal Church are what they have been through the centuries; and the world knows them. The world was not surprised or disturbed at the actions and utterances of the Vatican last spring when an ex-President and ex-Vice-President of the United States were snubbed by the Papal Court. The incident was but a momentary bubble on the surface of currents that forever oppose each other. On the one side history sees Popery, and the Inquisition, and the chained Bible, and superstition, and ignorance: on the other Protestantism, the open Bible, science, enlightenment, Cavour, Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, and United Italy. That the granddaughter of the man who led the thousand to Marsala and gave a kingdom to his king should be at the head of our Girls' Home School on the Via Garibaldi in Rome is appropriate and significant of much. Methodism in the Italian peninsula stands with and stands for free modern Italy; and naturally enough the Vatican hates them both alike. In a backward look at the despotic days when the Vatican controlled Rome, Dr. A. W. Leonard tells us that at the time of Bishop John H. Vincent's first visit to Rome, a few years before the fall of the Pope's temporal power, his baggage and clothing were searched by regularly appointed officers of the Pope's Government. They found a copy of the New Testament which he was carrying in one of his coat pockets. He was immediately told that he could not have that.

"Why," said the Bishop, "I read that every morning and every evening, and frequently during the day. I cannot get along without it. It is God's Word. Why may I not have it?" But the only answer was that it was forbidden. A few years after that Rome was opened to the world, and as Victor Emmanuel's soldiers passed through the entrance made in the city wall a few feet from the gate of Porta Pia, there went with them a representative of the British Bible Society wheeling a barrel of Bibles in a wheelbarrow. From that day to this the residents of Rome have had the privilege of reading God's Word as they chose. The rage of the Vatican against our Protestant propaganda in Rome and in other parts of Italy is as impotent as it is natural. France and Spain now follow the example of Modern Italy in endeavoring to throw off the tyranny and greed of the Papal Church, which is the historic enemy of free institutions.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE METHODIST REVIEW

THE VATICAN'S ATTACK ON METHODISM: A REPLY TO ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

Of all the evils which afflict humanity, while denial of God may be the worst, intolerance and bigotry are the most tormenting. It was hoped that according to the expressed wish of Mr. Roosevelt the recent outbreak of religious and social animosity toward him while in Rome would not be made an occasion for the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness between Catholics and Protestants in the United States. Here, under the protection of the Constitution and the genius of our institutions, all religions enjoy equal freedom, and every true American is pledged by his devotion to his country to see to it that there shall be equal rights for all and special favors to none. But the Christian and patriotic words of Mr. Roosevelt had hardly reached this country when the Most Reverend John Ireland, Archbishop of Saint Paul, on April 4, broke forth in what must be regarded as most violent, even ravening abuse and calumny of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of its mission work in Rome.

So gross in the eyes of all men, whether in this country or in Europe, did the blunder of the Vatican appear, and so fraught did it seem with evil consequences to the Papacy the world over, and especially in the United States, that, when the full import of it was borne in upon them from every direction, the authorities of the Vatican and their agents in America evidently felt the imperative necessity of diverting the attention of the world from such an exhibition of intolerance and of providing, if humanly possible, a scapegoat for the sins of an overreaching and miscalculating diplomacy. But it would not do, it seems to have been reasoned, to attack the Freemasons, whom the Pope declares to be the worst enemies of the Papacy in Italy and the rest of Europe, and by whom Mr. Roosevelt was afterward honored in Rome, for such an attack might excite universal Masonic protest,

leading to further and greater trouble. But the Methodist Mission, being a religious body against which, from a worldly standpoint, anything might probably be said on slight foundation without arousing indignation to a dangerous pitch, is selected as a convenient victim, as the one and only cause of "all our woe." 'Tis, indeed, an ancient game. Long since the Bard of Avon, in King Richard III, put the Duke of Gloster playing it with delightful self-complacency.

> I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
> The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
> I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Acknowledging in his first outburst that he knew nothing of the reasons which impelled Cardinal Merry Del Val to suspect that the Methodists would entangle Mr. Roosevelt in their meshes —which phrase "entangle in their meshes" the Archbishop seems to have borowed from Gladstone without acknowledging it—nevertheless, he declares:

> The Methodist propaganda in Rome is so vile, so calumnious in its assaults on the Catholic faith, so dishonest in its methods to win proselytes, that the Holy Father, the supreme guardian of the faith, is compelled by the vital principles of his high office to avert, at all cost, the slightest movement on his part that might, directly or indirectly, be interpreted as abetting the propaganda or approving, even by implication, its purpose and tactics.

On slight examination, however, the utter weakness of this excuse, so elaborately constructed, is so evident that nothing but Archbishop Ireland's electric haste to cover up the blunders of his superiors can be accepted by any sensible person as a reasonable excuse for his own ridiculous mistake. For, who ever dreamed that the Pope of Rome had a tender regard for the Methodists or any other Protestant Church? Who ever imagined in his most fanciful or poetic moments that the Pope ever would, or could, by any conceivable possibility, aid, abet, or approve of the Methodist Mission in Rome? The Pope, forsooth, must insult an Ex-President of the United States, whom the world honors as a distinguished statesman and the greatest and most popular American, lest His Holiness should be suspected of doing something which no one could possibly think him capable of doing! Is not

this going a long way around to find a plausible reason for the indignities and blunders of the Vatican?

To this unprecedented attack on the Methodist Episcopal Church, in language so unworthy a Christian minister, or of any one who is mindful of his self-respect, the Church thus attacked, though shocked by the gravity of the charge and the character of its tone, made no reply in kind; for the Methodist Episcopal Church knows that she does not have to defend either her reputation or her mission before the world. Her past history, coeval with the republic, is her glory, and her present history and methods, both at home and abroad, are an open book read of all men. But at the spring meeting of the Board of Bishops the bitter accusations that had been made by Roman prelates, Archbishop Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, Monsignor Falconio, and others, were examined by these chief pastors, all of whom are thoroughly familiar with the work of the Church in Italy either by having had jurisdiction there or by knowledge obtained in the General Committee on Foreign Missions. The answer of this Board was that the charges were unfounded, and that the maligners of the Church should have the opportunity to produce the evidence. In their statement, which was given to the whole world, these Bishops say:

> We cannot allow to pass unnoticed the recent unprovoked and unwarranted attempt to discredit one of our most useful missions by widely published accusations which, if based upon truth, would bring dishonor upon the Church which supports the Mission.
>
> We regret that after repeated challenges for details of the specific acts supposed to justify these charges they still remain in such general terms that their validity cannot be tested before the judgment of the world. We can only observe: That the methods of our Mission in Italy, now for the first time publicly condemned, are the same that have been pursued from the beginning, almost forty years ago.
>
> From these facts the inference appears to be irresistible that other considerations than the methods of our Mission in Rome must have been the real cause of this sudden outcry. . . . Had there been any other way to avoid certain issues of etiquette and precedence created by coincident circumstances of a public nature, the Methodist Mission might have escaped calumny, and thus lost the valuable recognition of its success.
>
> We now content ourselves with affirming our entire confidence in the moral integrity of our missionaries and methods in Italy, and against the denunciations of their accusers we place the wide open record of the

Methodist Episcopal Church, both as to teaching and method in America and throughout the world.

Thus brought to account, and compelled by the ethical sense of his fellow men to make good the charges he and his compeers had made, Archbishop Ireland appears in the July number of the North American Review, in an article under the title "The Methodist Episcopal Church of America in Italy," an article which, coming from a minister of Christ, is, I regret to say, but in candor am compelled to affirm, for indignation and fury, abuse, sarcasm, and cunning, hardly paralleled in American literature. All through this philippic the putative educated and refined ecclesiastic bespangles his vocabulary with such jewels as "vile insult," "treacherous fraud," "big bag of wind," "loud shouting," "tricks," and other delicate terms expressive of cool thinking and refined feeling. It is quite true, as John Henry Newman wrote in his *Apologia pro Vita Sua,* that mud does not stick, but it stains. Certainly, to throw mud, to lampoon sacred things, to put the worst possible construction on the acts of Christian men, even though they be in error, and to put Bishops and ministers and devoted people of God, even though they believe in Christ rather than in Vaticanism, on a level with vile impostors, is not to be reputed as the crowning characteristic of a Christian gentleman. As indicative of the spirit and Christian character of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of those who presume to assail their judgment in the matter, we may well compare the dignified and calmly confident declaration of those Bishops with the frenzied vituperation of Archbishop Ireland.

In exposing the worthlessness of this Archbishop's attack on the Methodist Episcopal Church, I shall not imitate his use of intemperate language, which is always evidence of a perturbed spirit or of a weak case, nor shall I follow his example by making a similar assault on the Roman Catholic religion with its hallowed associations and childhood memories dear to the hearts of millions, and which, notwithstanding its accumulations through the centuries of errors and superstitions, which intelligent Catholics ignore, still retains the essentials of Christian truth. Nor shall I so far forget myself as to attack godly Bishops and devoted

priests who are entitled to respect and honor for their work's sake; nor the members of the Roman communion, the mass of whom know nothing of and care little for the politics and un-Christly ambitions of ecclesiastical diplomats and veiled prophets who govern the Church from the Vatican—those Spanish and Italian prelates who have in historic truth, as Salorea of the University of Edinburgh affirms, deprived the Roman Catholic Church of its Catholicity—since the German, French, English, and American Catholics, which are the most intelligent sections of the Church, play a secondary or very subordinate part in its government. Between the essential faith of Catholics and political Vaticanism with all its terrible and indelible record in the history of modern nations, there is an abysmal difference, which the people everywhere are coming to see. The one is religion, the other is ecclesiastical politics. Against Vatican politics is the revolt of the people in all Catholic countries to-day. It was against the political methods of "that insolent faction" at Rome (composed of a few Italian and Spanish Ruling Cardinals), as Newman called them in his famous letter to Bishop Ullathorne, that the illustrious scholars and Bishops, Döllinger, Dupanloup, Darboy, Strossmayer, Gratry, Montalembert, and many others, stood out for one reason or another at the Vatican Council. And when, in reviewing this unprovoked and malicious assault of Archbishop Ireland—whose late effort to obtain the Cardinal's hat from these same ecclesiastical politicians through Ambassador Story is so well known to the American people—I shall have to speak of Rome, it is the Vatican, that center of ecclesiastical politics, I shall mean, and not the Roman Catholic Church; for when one sincerely believes in his religion, even though it were false, his pious intention is entitled to our respect whatever we may think of his judgment.

Consider, then, this attack on the Methodist Episcopal Church by Archbishop Ireland. In his supposed defense of the blunder of the Vatican the Archbishop attacked the Methodist Mission in Rome, its methods and its publishing press. The Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as we have seen, demanded "details of specific acts" supposed to justify these

charges—the charges this Archbishop had made in the daily papers. Judging from the boldness and tremendous outcry of the accuser, he certainly has damaging facts, "details of specific acts" not known to the Methodist Church, nor to the American public—facts which, if known, would bring down universal contempt on the Methodist Episcopal Church, destroy the Methodist Mission in Rome, and evoke hearty sympathy for the Pope and exonerate the Vatican. So it would seem at least, for no man not inspired by unreasonable prejudice would dare to attack any Church in such insulting manner as did Archbishop Ireland, unless he had in his possession facts sufficient both in number and character to justify his charges. But, astonishing to say, when the facts are demanded of Archbishop Ireland, instead of promptly producing them, he is compelled to go back sixteen years to a book published by a Dr. Stackpole, who was connected with the Mission work in Italy, and to pick out from that book such statements as best suited him and his purpose. Archbishop Ireland is compelled to go back thus far for his incriminating evidence, notwithstanding he has now, and has had, at his command in Rome for all possible information, the Society for the Preservation of the Faith, a society organized under Leo XIII for the special purpose of fighting the Methodists, and which, according to the Roman Catholic paper, *Extension,* is under the patronage of "several Cardinals, distinguished prelates, and influential lay personages." Is not this a pitiable outcome for such a violent attack? No man sensitive as to his reputation will envy the plight in which the Most Reverend Archbishop has placed himself by such desperate zeal and such woeful lack of judgment. For, be it remembered, this Stackpole book has been before the Church and the public for sixteen years! It was not published in a corner—it was published here in the United States. It was written by a Methodist for Methodists. No effort has ever been made to conceal it, to buy it up, to burn it, as some people who seem to have more enmity than is good for them against certain holy books they do not relish, are in the habit of doing wherever they dare.

The Methodist Church works in the open. Every year all

the missions of the Church at home and in foreign lands pass under a most scrutinizing review before the General Missionary Committee. This Committee does not meet in secret; it meets in the large cities of the republic. Its sessions are wide open to the public, and the whole hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church would be welcome to hear every discussion of every phase of the mission work of the Church in every land. Not only so, but the acts of the Committee, the appropriations to the various fields, and even verbatim reports of the discussions, are given to the secular press and to all Church papers, which the whole world may read. Methodism has nothing to conceal!

But *what are* the terrible things in that book, sixteen years old, which Archbishop Ireland adduces as evidence for his charges? The terrible thing is that in those days, it is alleged, the Methodist Mission in Italy was dependent for its propaganda on ex-priests, religious tramps, mendicants, and all sorts of impostors who were attracted to the Mission by alleged "liberal" distribution of money. It is a grave crime evidently for American Methodists to send money to Italian Methodists, but something worthy of the highest commendation, we suppose, for Roman Catholic priests and Sisters of various charitable orders to beg money from American Methodists and other Protestants to aid them in building their schools and hospitals and cathedrals in the United States. But let us assume that all he cites from Dr. Stackpole is true (which we doubt, even as stated by Dr. Stackpole, as, for instance, that some pious fraud told Dr. Stackpole that "he was converted leaning on General Gordon's monument in Westminster"—we suppose he meant Gordon's funereal monument, which everybody knows is not at Westminster)—true both as to fact, the setting of facts, and the coloring of the whole by religious prejudice. The question then is, *Where did these ex-priests come from?* Who trained them? Why are they ex-priests, like so many others in Italy, who once were esteemed pastors? Are all who leave the Church of Rome bad priests, tramps, and religious humbugs? Is Father Bartoli a bad man? Is Father Cleary, who showed up bad priests in Chicago, a bad man? Are all the ex-priests who have gone into the Church of

England and the Protestant Episcopal Church bad men? Are all those eminent scholars and professors who were once in Catholic universities in Germany bad men also? And to come to the present, is Joseph McCabe, the ex-Franciscan, a bad man? Is Count Campello, of Rome, a bad man? Is Count Paul Von Hoensbroech, of Berlin, who for years was a prominent member of the Order of Jesuits, a bad man? Was not the Countess von Zedwitz (née Caldwell, of Kentucky), who gave nearly half a million dollars to the Catholic University at Washington, acceptable? Repeated efforts have been made to win this noble lady back, but she repudiates the well-meant efforts of Archbishop Ireland and other prelates, whom she knows very well. Archbishop Ireland, however, selects nine or ten cases to prove his case. Father Cleary will give him five times ten of worse cases who are yet retained in the Catholic Church than ever left it, or ever applied to the Methodist Mission in Rome. But ten worthless cases coming to us from the Church of Rome are all that can be fished up to sustain Ireland's terrific charges, *and these we have reported ourselves!* Methodists seem to be rather choice, after all, in their selection. Ten cases in forty years! Surely Archbishop Ireland was hard pushed. The mountains are in labor and a contemptible mouse is born!

The next ground of offense is the proselyting character of the methods of the Methodist schools established in the Eternal City. The same wholesale denunciation which characterizes the Archbishop's tirade is again made to do service for the "specific details" which he was invited to give. He declares, "The hiding of the intention to proselytize is contemptible." Well, proselytism, whether hidden or not hidden, is always and everywhere contemptible. *But what are the Paulist Fathers for?* And why do they, in their missions to non-Catholics, urge members of their own congregation to bring with them their Protestant friends? Surely Protestants have the same right to preach in so-called Catholic countries, when allowed by state law, as Catholics have to preach to Protestants in the United States. Bigotry, however, will have it that if Methodists proclaim the simple gospel of Jesus Christ, it is proselytism; but if the Paulist Fathers or other

orders try to win Methodists, they are preaching the truth. Whatever the Protestant does is an insult to the Papacy—*un insulto al Papa*—but whatever the Roman prelate does is a defense of the faith. A fact, this, which reminds me of an incident at the Vatican Council narrated by the author of the New Reformation, p. 72. The Pope had condemned the Protestant Churches as the parents of mysticism, rationalism, indifferentism. Bishop Strossmayer, of wider culture than the Papal advisors, declared that the charge was untrue, that many learned Protestants had long since refuted the errors condemned in the Syllabus. The Council could not bear to hear any more, and, finally, the president, De Angelis, cried out in rage, *"Hicce non est locus laudandi Protestantes!"* —"This is not the place to be praising Protestants!"

The Christian Advocate well says:

> If the poor—so numerous in Italy (in the midst of vast treasures, imposing convents, monasteries, splendid churches, world-renowned Papal palaces, and the millions of money invested in the most celebrated paintings, statuary, and the magnificence of the Vatican)—are aided by our missions, and in gratitude listen to those who take pity on them, and in the exercise of their own freedom become Protestants, it is not pernicious proselyting, unless the whole machinery of Archbishop Ireland's communion is pernicious.

Methodism does not stand for proselytism or for any of the sheep-stealer's methods. Her mission is to preach the redeeming power of Christ, to establish the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men through the Holy Spirit, and to bring all to see the blessedness of eternal life.

The Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. Homer Eaton, Treasurer of the Board, have just returned from a visitation of the missions in Italy. Each of these well-known ministers was closely interrogated by the writer concerning the missions in Italy and the methods employed by the men on the ground in the prosecution of their work. Dr. Leonard emphatically declares that there is not the slightest foundation for the statements of Archbishop Ireland charging the missionaries there with proselyting and unchristian methods. Dr. Eaton as emphatically asserts the same. During the week that Dr.

Eaton spent in Rome he states that no less than four priests came to the superintendent of the mission requesting aid, that they "might shake off the bondage of Rome." In each case Dr. Walling Clark, the superintendent, declined to offer any assistance, but advised those priests to remain in the priesthood and work for better conditions. Dr. Leonard, whose record, like that of Dr. Eaton, as Secretary for twenty years of the Foreign Mission Board for thoroughness, impartiality, and painstaking labor, is known throughout the whole church, personally investigated the methods of work employed in Rome, and it cannot be that the generalizations of Archbishop Ireland can stand for a moment before the particular statements of Secretary Leonard and Dr. Homer Eaton.

Methodist methods are the same the world over. Indeed, in the nature of things, there can be with Protestants, with their form of worship and belief, only one general method which may vary with the individual missionary—that is, to preach or teach the Word, singing, and prayer. As for inducements to abandon the faith of earlier days by offers of money or place, or by any other such means, this is so extremely ridiculous, considering the small appropriations made to the Mission, that it must appear to any person not impervious to sound reason that whoever can be thus bought into the Church must be purchased at so low a price that he would not be worth the buying. As Dr. Buckley, editor of The Christian Advocate, President of the Board of Foreign Missions, said in that journal:

> We do not believe that Archbishop Ireland can prove that the general plan and process of the Methodists in preaching to the Italians and forming societies throughout Italy is worthy of denunciation. If Roman Catholic priests denounce Protestantism in a fierce manner, if they issue tracts and papers which caricature the Methodists or Baptists, they will provoke, without doubt, resentment and counter-attacks. The Methodists have a right, under the laws of Italy, to undertake to prove their position, a right as sacred as is possessed by the Roman Catholic Church. If the Roman Catholic Church, anywhere where Methodist missions are found, whether in the republics of South America or in Mexico, or in France, where we have lately established a mission, wish to bring on a comparison between the morals and the methods of the Roman Catholic Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, they may do so, but they must be prepared for exposition of a kind and extent and a certainty which will

make them wish they had never challenged comparison; in fact, in the end it will not be a comparison but a contrast.

Against the charge of Archbishop Ireland is the published declaration of Dr. Edward B. T. Spencer, Director of the *Collegio Metodista* in Rome. He speaks with knowledge and authority. His address was given in the Methodist Church in Rome, February 27, 1910, before any trouble had arisen over the indignities to Mr. Roosevelt. In the address, explaining why we are engaged in the educational work there, and speaking for that school, he said:

> I shall first state in most positive form and sincerity that we are not here for the purpose of fighting the Roman Church. * * * I can truthfully say that, as director of the *Collegio Metodista*, I have scarcely ever thought of the Roman Church excepting on those occasions when its interference in our work is unusually noticeable. We are not here for the *purpose* of fighting the Roman Church. We are here, strange to say, for the purpose of promoting education. * * * If the encouragement of intelligence, patriotism, morality, and Christianity is in opposition to any given organization, it is not our fault. (Bulletin, No. 7, March, 1910.)

These statements are corroborated by a writer in the Methodist Review for July, 1910, which is sufficient guarantee for their trustworthiness. In that Review the Rev. Grant Perkins, who was for a time pastor of the American Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, says:

> The schools are under government supervision, they may be seen and inspected at any time. The books are open, the literature sent out is extant. It is the custom to translate standard American books and print them in Italian. The thing emphasized is moral life and honesty of purpose. I don't think Archbishop Ireland, or anyone else, can name any printed word that comes from the Methodist press in Rome, that is in any sense of the word *vile*. As to methods, in no case are they dishonest. The Methodist schools are well managed and the instruction is thorough. The students are taught patriotism and high standards of morality. They are also taught to be truthful and to shun casuistry as a deadly poison. This is new to the Italian mind. Many come direct from the priests' schools, and, while they receive every inducement to return there, after they have breathed the freer atmosphere and partaken of the better instruction, they scarcely ever do. There is no pressure brought to bear upon them to become Protestants. Many of them are already this in principle. They are certainly not Catholics. Every girl in Crandon Hall and every boy in the *Collegio Metodista* pays the tuition and board. They come of their

own choice, pay for their own instruction, and are not disappointed. They are of the best families of Rome and Italy—sons and daughters of bankers, high officials, deputies of Parliament, and members of the king's Cabinet. The talk of proselyting among this class of people is folly. Every interest in Italy that throws its influence toward united Italy, the present government, and better education, wishes well the Methodist propaganda.

When the armies of Italy entered Rome in 1870, 74 per cent of the people of central Italy, which comprised the Papal states and were governed by the Pope, were illiterate; 85 per cent of southern Italy; 86 per cent in the insular provinces. Italy had sunk to the lowest rank among the nations of Europe. What a history of the beneficent rule of the Papacy is represented by such facts! To-day, also, we see the blessed results of the same baneful influence. In the northern provinces, which are anti-Papal, the illiterates, according to official figures, are 28.3 per cent of the inhabitants; in the central provinces, which were Papal, 51.5 per cent, and in the southern, 69.7 per cent. In Piedmont, which is decidedly anti-clerical, the illiteracy is 17.69 per cent, but in Calabria, devotedly clerical, the illiteracy is 78.70 per cent. Perhaps these facts may suggest some convincing reasons why we are engaged in educational work in Italy, since the Methodist Episcopal Church is established there, and also why the antagonistic statements of Papal partisans are not to be taken at their face value.

I know very well what answer will be made to all of this—such as reference to the literature, the architecture, the fine arts, painting and sculpture, and the social culture of Italy when the remainder of Europe was in a semi-barbaric state; the rise of great universities, such as Bologna, Salerno, Padua, and the patronage given them by truly great Pontiffs. But such excursions into early European history or into the Italian Renaissance made glorious by the names of Angelo, Bembo, Erasmus, and other geniuses in literature and art, are no answer to any practical mind dealing with concrete facts of contemporary history given in the official figures above. Similar data are at hand to show the moral and economic conditions of the Italian people under Papal rule and the improvement in such conditions under the government to-day chosen by the people themselves at the ballot box.

"But," says the Archbishop, "it is not to be wondered at that a number of pupils were gathered into schools and refuges, where all sorts of advantages were offered gratuitously or semi-gratuitously, and at the same time assurance was given the intention was benevolence and not proselytism." This statement of the Archbishop is also specifically denied by Dr. Spencer, as we have seen, and Dr. Spencer further says, in the printed Bulletin of the institution: "It is very difficult for the Italians to understand that we are not here eagerly to receive any and every boy who may be presented. Many parents suppose that our schools, like the institutions of the Roman Church, were ready to accept everyone who might be delivered over to us." Other statements of the Archbishop, that young people in our other schools are forced to attend Methodist services, are of similar character. On page 23 of the Review, he tries to show that this is the case in Crandon Institute, but on page 30 even the Rev. P. Mandato, a Jesuit leader in the Society of the Preservation of the Faith—against Methodists—in a letter to the Archbishop himself, says: "There is also Crandon International Institute for girls of the better people; but, generally, the girls who go there, frequent their worship and remain what they were—Catholics or Jewesses or of no religion at all, according as they had previously been brought up by their parents." This letter was written for the purpose of showing how weak and insignificant Methodism is in Rome, but unwittingly the truth about proselytism crops out at the bottom, and Archbishop Ireland is again shown to be possessed of more frenzied zeal than balanced judgment or reverential regard for ascertained fact.

It is in such manner and by such cunning phrasing that this high prelate hopes to defend his cause. Again and again he assails the character and standing of the Methodists in Rome, whom he looks upon as the scum of Italy, but who do not seem to be inferior to him in Christian graces, and for whose methods he has no words to express his reprobation. Methods! Methodist methods contrasted with Roman methods in Mexico, in Peru, in Ecuador, in other South American republics, for instance? But not so do respectable people, Americans and English, living in

Rome, or visiting Rome, think of the Methodist Mission. Not so did President Seth Low, of New York, think. Not so did Mr. Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States, think. Not so did Mr. Roosevelt think, both of whom the Vatican would have been delighted to honor—*if!* But they would not. Not so does the Rev. Walter Lowrie, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Rome, think. When the cablegram came from Rome that Mr. Roosevelt had spoken to Dr. Lowrie disrespectfully of the Methodists, the reverend gentleman promptly denied it—of course we already knew it was false—and in a dispatch dated Rome, April 24, says:

> The report that the ex-President spoke to me of his purpose to drive out the Methodists from Rome, characterizing them as a disgrace to any religion, is *absolutely without foundation.* I desire to say that Mr. Roosevelt said nothing to me with reference to Methodism in Italy.
>
> It is not necessary to make this declaration for Mr. Roosevelt's sake, as nobody would believe that he made such a preposterous statement. I say this for my own sake, for I would not have it supposed that I could listen without protest to such an expression as was falsely attributed to Mr. Roosevelt. My relations with the Methodist Mission in Italy have always been friendly, and I esteem its work here as most useful.

The emphatic form of Mr. Lowrie's denial, and his no less cordial testimony to the character of the Methodist Mission, whose work he esteems as "most useful," are sufficient answer to the allegations of the Archbishop of Saint Paul. Is it an unbearable thorn that the king and queen of Italy and the city government of Rome should look favorably upon Methodism in Rome? Is it unendurable that the king of Italy should decorate Bishop William Burt, the leader of Methodism in Italy, and hated above all men by the Vatican, with one of the most ancient Orders of Italy, making him a Chevalier of the Order of Saint Lazarus, this arch-enemy of the Papacy, whose devotion to the Italian people and the cause of education has called forth encomiums from the king and government?

But nothing is too severe for the agents of the Vatican to allege against this Methodist Mission. They affect to ridicule it. "The Eternal City," exclaims this Archbishop, "suddenly made Methodist, the Vatican sorrowing in silence, the disciples of John Wesley in supreme command." Then they complain of its

aggressiveness and change their tone: "The methods made use of are vilest epithets, most shameless calumnies, insults most outrageous," and instead of doing the work of a Christian Church this Methodist Mission is "a real center of anti-Catholic and anti-Papal warfare, closely linked in with that carried on by Masonry and anti-Clericalism." All the political "firebrands" and "enemies of the Papacy," we are told, find comfort and brotherhood there, and then, as if the importance of the Mission might somehow dawn on the reader, we are told that the "Methodists are making no real progress; rather they are losing ground." "The number of so-called converts to Methodism is very small." "Their work of perversion is chiefly among the children and the youths of the poverty-stricken."

What! Is it possible? This contemptible little Methodist affair in Rome, whose methods are so vile, whose converts are so few, whose ministers and agents are composed of deceivers, mendicants, religious frauds and wandering ex-priests—this burlesque on religion, this organized outrage on common decency, this Methodist Mission is, after all, the "center" of anti-Papal movements on the part of the electors of Rome, of members of the Italian Parliament, of scholars and writers throughout Italy, who are engaged, like the educated and patriotic masses of the better elements in France and Spain, against the political pretensions of the Vatican! Can it be that these inconsistent absurdities which rival Munchausen can be made to hang together so that any sensible man will not have to commit mental suicide in order to believe them? The anticlericals in Italy, as in France and Spain and Germany, are among the most intelligent people of those countries. They are the educated, the thinking classes; and to make intelligent Americans believe that the leaders of modern enlightenment—statesmen, professors, writers, educated men in all professions, together with the Italian masses, who have for patriotic reasons espoused the cause of their country against the political assaults of the Vatican—should make this contemptible, insignificant Methodist Mission, without standing, without character, without influence, their real "center," is enough to make even the groundlings roar with "inextinguishable" laughter! If the Metho-

dist Mission is so weak, why does it excite the alarm and awaken the wrath of the mighty Church of Rome? Why does it so excite the hierarchy and start in motion all the terrible machinery of the Vatican? No! No! The Mission in Rome may have made mistakes, as every Church is liable to do—even the Roman Church—in beginning new work in unfamiliar ground, blunders and acts of partisan zeal—which the Methodist Church in its own case has not sanctioned and does not approve—but no one able to think coherently on the simplest proposition can ever be made to believe the self-destroying allegations of Archbishop Ireland.

Why is everything done against the politicians of the Vatican a crime, but everything that is done by the Vatican against the rights of civil government, against the principles of political, intellectual, and religious freedom, a virtue? War is declared by the Vatican on the Methodist Mission because, it alleges, the Mission has allied itself with the enemies of the Papacy—the natives of Italy. That is sufficient reason for denouncing it in the most scathing and sarcastic manner before the American people! The Church is deceived and, cries the Vatican, led into disgrace by her missionaries in Italy. That is sufficient reason for insulting the Church! But has the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome, or elsewhere in Italy, or any other Church or body of men on the face of the earth, ever been so grossly and yet so willingly deceived by her ministers as the Vatican was by its own agents, Bishops and priests, in the Diana Vaughan movement against the government of France? Was there ever in history a more diabolical effort to awaken against a government all the dreadful passions of religious fanaticism than this attempt of the adherents of the Vatican to swerve the allegiance of the French Catholics from their constitutional government? The Methodists deceived! Was there ever a more ridiculous or degrading deception than that of Leo Taxil with his mythical Diana Vaughan, his devil-worship of the Freemasons, his transportation of an English general by the devil from Gibraltar to Calcutta and back in a single night—in order that he might join the Satanic rites of an Indian Freemason lodge—and all this in the light of the twentieth century? Was not this deception eagerly swallowed by Bishops

and Archbishops? And does Archbishop Ireland himself forget that he was accused of being connected with this same Satan worship according to Mgr. Delassus (see P. Sabatier, Disestablishment in France, p. 119, Scribners, New York), a French Monsignor raised for his glorious services in this and other follies, by the present Pope, to the rank of Domestic Prelate to His Holiness? And is it not a fact, as Sabatier states, that after every Low Mass throughout Catholic Christendom, a prayer is said which was first ordered by Leo XIII, in 1886, to support Leo Taxil's anti-Masonic agitation, and remains a standing witness to the fact that the official Church was hopelessly committed to a hoax which would not have taken in an intelligent child, educated anywhere but in a clerical school? (Sabatier, Disestablishment in France, p. 21). M. Paul Sabatier, one of the best known and most respected writers in France, gives the facts in the work mentioned, facts which are enough to make the heart sick, and over which no Christian soul can ever rejoice, but which show that the very worst possible things that Ireland can bring against the Methodist Mission in Rome, even if true, pale into insignificance before the facts brought out in M. Paul Sabatier's historical work on Disestablishment of the Roman Church in France.

But it is not in Sabatier's volume only that the facts may be found. In a French daily (*Le Figaro*), June 15, 1895—see Literary Digest—J. K. Huysman, an ardent supporter of the Vatican policy, shows up the worship of the devil in France, in which cult the whole Masonic fraternity throughout the world is involved. He tells us that this devil-worship has its Black Pope, its Curia, its College of Cardinals, which is a parody of the Vatican. Americans will be interested to know that General Pike (the late General Albert Pike, of Washington, a well-known Mason) was during some years the Vicar of the Infernal One, the Pontiff installed in the Satanic Rome, at Charleston. Of course, this whole tribe of Satanists, and Palladists, devil-worshipers, who rob the churches of the holy wafer for the purpose of philters and infernal ceremonies, are the enemies of the Vatican, in alliance with the government of France. And yet there are those who believe such appalling insanities and use them in

their feverish zeal to arouse ignorant people to oppose their government and to defend the Vatican, which antagonizes *Methodist missions in Rome!* It is no wonder that such outrages on human credulity and common sense in the name of religion create a revolt of the heart and intellect among the thinking men of France and of Catholic countries against Rome everywhere, and even against Christianity itself. Nowhere are there to be found so many avowed atheists and other infidels as are to be found in so-called Catholic countries as France and Spain.

But it is the *Evangelista,* the Church organ of the Mission, and the book publications of the Mission, that seem to draw the fiercest condemnation of the Archbishop in the North American Review. That books or pamphlets are published by Methodists in Italy or the United States which slander the Catholic Church, or its Head, books which ridicule its true doctrines or asperse its members, may be set down as the product of an exuberant but reckless imagination. The Methodist Church has no relish for such intellectual efforts. As Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the writer has rejected and does reject numbers of manuscripts and printed pamphlets which are fiercely antagonistic to Rome, and are offered for publication to the Methodist Book Concern. Many of these should not be published at all by anybody, while others show more animus than argument, though written by ex-priests of the Church of Rome. When Archbishop Ireland made the charge, in his first attack on the Mission in Rome, that "Books circulated and displayed in the windows of the Methodist bookstores are slanders against the Catholic faith, the Holy Pontiff at Rome, and a misrepresentation of the whole Catholic system," the official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York—The Christian Advocate—replied:

> This would be very difficult to prove. We take, however, the testimony of Archbishop Ireland that we are not *secretly circulating them,* but publish them and place them where the defenders of the Catholic faith may see them. If he will produce a book circulated by *the authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church which slanders the Catholic faith, slanders Pope Pius X, and is a misrepresentation of the Catholic system,* we pledge him that we will secure the withdrawal of such book from circulation. But, having seen many of the books sold there, and not having seen in

them anything fundamentally wrong as to the teachings of the Catholic Church, we question the accuracy of the Archbishop's representation.

As to the *Evangelista,* it is evidently no slander to the Papacy to say that there have been infamous Popes, Roman Catholic historians themselves being our authorities. Platina, in his Lives of the Popes, declares that the three Popes, Benedict VIII, Sylvester III, and Gregory VI were "three most filthy monsters." The same historian states that John VIII, Benedict IV, John XVI, Stephen VI, became Popes through bribery and pretended witchcraft and murder. Alexander VI, Julius II, Leo X, and many others, such as Martin V, Benedict XIII, John XXIII, are all held up as examples and warnings in the pages of history. There can be no more terrible indictment against the morality of many Popes than those given by the Roman Catholic historian Alzog (Manual of Universal Church History, vol. ii, pp. 316-319; vol. ii, pp. 898-900, 906, 907); and in all literature where will there be found, if one could only prevent staining his imagination with it, a more frightful description of the enormities of such Popes as Pius II, Innocent VIII, Alexander VI, Calixtus III, Julius II, and others, than are found in Pastor's History of the Popes, a Roman Catholic work of acknowledged authority, the fourth edition of which was dedicated to Leo XIII with his permission? Was there ever displayed in Methodist shop windows in Rome any work containing as vile reading against the character of the Pope Julius II, as may be found in Pastor's History, vol. vi, p. 342? These facts are notorious, and the Methodists in Rome did not invent them, nor are they responsible for them. It cannot be a calumny on the Papacy to print and publish for the instruction of the people what Baronius, a Roman Cardinal, in his Annals himself wrote: "What was then the face of the Holy Roman Church? How exceedingly fouled when harlots—*sordidissime meretrices*—as powerful as they were profligate ruled at Rome?" and more of like nature we will not quote. Nor can it be a slander on the Roman Church to publish works exposing the baneful effect of casuistical morality on any people when the sixteenth volume of Sismondi's History of the Middle Ages—*Historia Moyen Age*—which shows the dire result of such teaching

in Italy, escaped the censure of Rome. Nothing worse could ever be found in Methodist shop windows than is written by Roman historians themselves, and it cannot be regarded as an insult to the Papacy to record such facts here, when the Most Reverend Archbishop of Saint Paul must go back to a Methodist book sixteen years old to find material with which to bolster up his slander in the North American Review against the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"The columns of *La Evangelista* teem with insults to the whole Catholic Church and the Pontiff." Its cartoons are offensive, we are told, although the Papal cartoons on the news stands around the corner from the Methodist Church on *Via Venti Settembre* must not be offensive to Protestants, nor must anything be said about them. Religious journalism, whether in Rome or New York, whose purpose is to insult, caricature, or belie any Church or any person, whether Catholic, Protestant, or heathen, cannot be approved by any enlightened or Christian conscience. The Methodist Episcopal Church has not, does not, and cannot indorse such a policy. Such a thing is inconceivable. Unfortunately for the Vatican, this cannot be said of its organs in Rome. One has but to read the article on the "Vatican and the Press" in the Contemporary Review for December, 1908, to see how the organs of the Vatican are turned against even Catholics, Bishops, and priests who are suspected of opposition to its policy. Summing up the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," as Brete Hart said of the peculiar Chinese, the writer, who shows extraordinary knowledge of the means by which false news from Rome gets into the press of all countries, says:

> It would be impossible to enumerate here all the campaigns which the *Correspondenza Romana* has conducted by similar methods in the past year against Roman Catholics, priests or laymen; treacherous insinuations, false denunciations, and outrageous mockery. M. Benigni never quails before meanness or improper methods. The victim who would like to reply can scarcely do so, as few papers in Italy, or even abroad, care to enter into open conflict with the terrible *Correspondenza*.

Well, as our Lord said on his way to Calvary, "If these things are done in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" If Vatican papers do such things to Catholics, what will they not

do to Methodists? The *Evangelista* may be extreme in utterance, it may make serious mistakes—editors of Catholic journals are not exempt—and for such blunders, if they are blunders, neither the Mission nor the Church can be held responsible unless they are especially avowed. Is the Catholic Church responsible for that most infamous and cruel attack by one of its papers in Saint Louis on Mr. Gaynor a few days before his election as mayor of New York? Is it responsible for that denunciation of him from the altar by a priest in New York, which called out such indignation? Should we hold the Roman Church responsible for the morality of the friars in the Philippines, which was brought to light in the process of a special inquiry in the Senate of the United States? We have more good sense and more of the spirit of fairness than to think so. Vigorous in its tone and offensive to the Vatican as the *Evangelista* may have been, we doubt whether there has ever appeared in its columns such a declaration against Vaticanism as this by a Catholic paper, the Western Watchman, published in Saint Louis, against Protestantism, the faith of millions of intelligent citizens of these United States:

> We would draw and quarter Protestantism; we would impale it and hang it up for crow's nests; we would tear it with pincers and bore it with hot irons; we would fill it with molten lead and sink it into hell-fire a hundred fathoms deep.

And if the hot-headed editor tries to save himself from contempt by adding that he would not harm a hair of a Protestant's head, he does so at the expense of his logic.

But while we are not called upon to defend all the individual utterances and pasquinades of the *Evangelista*, we cannot, on the other hand, find it in our hearts to condemn them all. The members of the Methodist Mission in Rome are Italians. They are loyal to their country. They do not forget the continued insults to their king by the clerical party and the ecclesiastical leaders of the Vatican. They do not forget the denial of the Vatican of the right of Catholic kings or princes or state officials to pay respect to their beloved king before first recognizing the superiority of the Pope. Even Archbishop Ireland, a foreigner in Italy, canceled an engage-

ment to speak at a Lincoln banquet in Rome because, it is said, the toast to the President of the United States was to be followed by one to the king of Italy and not the Pope! Their king is designated in Vatican newspapers and by leaders of the Vatican party as the "Robber King," "The Wolf of Savoy," "The Usurper of My Throne." They do not forget the struggle for Italian unity against which the Papacy flung all the power of its mighty influence, supported by French bayonets. They are patriots. They stand for king and country, against both of which the Vatican wages ceaseless war. It is no wonder, then, that when Vatican organs basely assail, as the enemies of God, all who support the government, and manifest especially their traitorous wrath against the Italian Methodists, the organ of the Mission, which is supported by Italians, should resent these attacks. We need not defend everything the *Evangelista* says, but before these Italians stand the propositions of the Syllabus of Pope Pius IX, which insists that the Papacy has the right to interfere with the jurisdiction of the civil power, and condemns all who assert that the Church may not employ force; or who teach that the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope would be advantageous to the Church; or that any other religion may be established by the state; or that in countries called "Catholic," the free exercise of other religions may be laudably allowed; or that the Roman Pontiff should come to terms with progress, literature, and modern civilization. They do not forget the disgraceful history of Papal rule in the corruption among clerical administrators, the brigandage so general that thousands of troops were needed to guard the highways when the king of Prussia visited the country; the ignorance of the masses, the poverty, immorality, and degradation of the people; Rome itself, as "immoral as any city in Europe," the crowd of clerical politicians surrounding the Pontiff, living on the contribution of Peter's pence from all nations, Cardinal Antonelli, at the top, leaving at his death a fortune of 100,000,000 lire, and, as the ex-Franciscan, McCabe, writes, "a natural daughter (Countess Lambertini) clamoring for a share of it." These Italians see constantly before their eyes the traffic in holy things, and the consuming avarice of the priests, they see the thinking

men of Italy loaded with the anathemas of the Church for their opinions, their books, like all modern books that do not square with Papal claims, placed in the Index, as was Fogazzaro's novel Il Santo, in which he voiced the prayer of Italy that the reign of avarice and ignorance and disloyalty should cease. These Methodist Italians, with their compatriots, in the middle classes and among the working people, see and remember all this and stoutly maintain an attitude of resistance and defiance, which to all lovers of religious freedom and civil liberty is worthy of the highest praise, but which, *from the viewpoint of political Vaticanism, is worthy of the deepest reprobation.* This is the ever-widening gulf between religious freedom and Papal intolerance and oppression.

No! The Methodist Mission in Rome cannot be made the scapegoat for the Vatican in its humiliating and insulting attitude toward American representatives. As Bishop Cranston says: "The introduction of the Methodist Church as a feature in this last instance is gratuitous. It is the spirit of Americanism that is now again under the ban by the Pope." In Italy, as in France and Spain and Portugal, and everywhere else, according to the defenders of the Papacy, the Freemasons are the arch-conspirators, the "vilest" antagonists of the Vatican. In Rome they are the most hated and most dreaded of all its enemies. Why did not the Pope lay it down to Mr. Roosevelt as the, or as another, humiliating condition of admission to an audience, that he should not visit the Freemasons, these "pests"—*"pestes,"* as they are called by the Vatican? (Syllabus of Errors, section iv.) No, the trouble is not Methodism. As one Catholic editor remarks, "Mr. Fairbanks (and we might add Mr. Roosevelt) might address all the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Mohammedans to be found in the Eternal City and the Pope would not concern himself about it."

The open secret of the whole matter is that the prestige of the Vatican in Continental Europe is dead or dying. In no country is it less respected than it is in Italy, where it is best known. Against the Vatican, not the Catholic faith, but against that political power composed of Italian and Spanish prelates who

govern the Church, are arrayed the most intelligent and progressive forces in Italian life. To restore that lost prestige, to impress the Italian people and government with its supposed power and influence abroad, whatever they may think of it at home, is the one end to which the ecclesiastical politicians of the Vatican bend all their arts of diplomacy, or "finesse," as the Catholic editor of the Pittsburg Observer unwittingly, but rightly, named it. It would be a victory worth a thousand battles with hostile forces in Rome if Ex-President Roosevelt of the United States, a statesman recognized the world over by all governments as among the foremost leaders of modern times, should pay his respects to the Vatican without acknowledging by any act the equality, or even existence, of any anticlerical power in Rome. Even a private assurance that he will not do so will be accepted. Mr. Seth Low, a highly honored representative of America, had disappointed them. Mr. Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States, had openly, and in blunt American fashion, refused to bow his neck or bend the knee. There must be no mistake next time. But the manly independence of Roosevelt was too much for the domineering ecclesiastics. He would not aid the Methodists (who did not ask his aid), but he would not sell himself to the politicians to bolster up the waning prestige of the Vatican. *There lies the trouble.*

The whole unfortunate affair is the result of the Vatican's ungodly ambition to subordinate all things to itself. During the pontificate of Leo XIII his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, managed the affairs of the Church with discretion, but since the accession of Pius X, the history of the Vatican under the direction of His Eminence, Cardinal Merry Del Val, successor to Rampolla, has been nothing but a history of blunders which have done the Church irreparable injury. It is he who brought about the open rupture between Catholic scholarship and the Church. It is he who changed the policy of Rampolla and thereby brought about the separation of the Church and State in France. Listening with willing ear to the representatives of the French royalists, that the Catholics of France would defy the government and uphold the Concordat, he undertook to humiliate the govern-

ment and by means of the tremendous religious forces at his command to expose to the world the weakness of the republic. He refused to recognize the government nominations for vacant Episcopal sees in France, thereby himself violating the Concordat, which he insisted French Catholics should sustain at his command against their own government and at their own risk. The French prelates in Parliament who were in favor of separation he ordered to resign. When they refused he excommunicated them.

This outrageous presumption in interfering with the government of France resulted in the government handing the Papal envoy at Paris his passport and a seizure of his private documents, which revealed the deception and intrigues of the Vatican. When Loubet, President of the French Republic, visited Rome in 1906, this Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry Del Val, the evil genius of the Vatican, issued a circular letter to all Catholic governments protesting against this visit because the President would not visit the Vatican, but would pay his respects to the Quirinal, which is in open hostility to the Vatican.

The Prince of Monaco, of little consequence indeed among European kings, but still a recognized prince, was recently invited, it is said, to Rome, to lecture on oceanography, a subject on which he is an authority. The Vatican forbade him, since his visit would entail a visit to the Quirinal first—a recognition which could not be tolerated by the Vatican. He went.

In the straitened relations between the Vatican and the Spanish government, at this writing almost at the breaking point, when Spain will follow the example of France, the same anti-Christian policy is being pushed to its fatal end, both for the Papacy and that unhappy people. This is the root cause of the humiliating conditions being laid down as a *sine qua non* to Mr. Roosevelt, and not the presence nor the activity of the Methodists in Rome.

Everywhere the thinking people of Europe are revolting from the dominance of the Vatican and gradually losing their faith in Christianity. In Italy, according to such writers and authorities on social conditions as King, Okey, Fischer, E. Hutton, and Dr. Murri, hostility to the Vatican is well-nigh universal. Such

newspapers (whether good or bad does not change the fact) as the *Asino,* which claims one million readers, the *Papagallo,* the *Azione,* the *Regione,* daily and weekly, the *Tribuna,* the *Aventa,* and *Le Secola,* are all open enemies of the ecclesiastical politicians. The people elect their representatives, except the Senators, who are appointed by the king, which delegates of the people certainly voice the sentiments of their constituents in the Parliament of Italy. But the Parliament stoutly resists the demands of the Vatican. A Vatican paper, *Roma,* recently summing up conditions in Rome lamented thus: "Of its [Rome's] five Deputies, four are violent anticlericals, and the fifth one anticlerical at times; its municipality is in the hands of the anticlerical block, its mayor is bitterly anticlerical; the last shred of religious teaching has been abolished in the public schools; the organizations of the working classes are dominated by the anticlerical spirit; three fourths of the newspapers are anticlerical."

Again, as stated by McCabe, when the International Freethought Congress was about to assemble in 1904, the Vatican protested against its being held in Rome. The government not only ignored the protest, but actually offered the *Collegio-Romano* for the meeting of the Italian section of the Congress. The mayor of the Eternal City sent an address to the Congress saying that Rome was a fitting place for the struggle of the human intellect in which they were engaged. There were 8,000 delegates, 4,000 of them Italians. Four hundred Italian societies, political, educational, industrial, 160 Masonic lodges, and 97 Italian municipalities sent representatives or letters of adhesion to this monster demonstration against the character and policy of the Vatican. These facts indicate the situation in Italy. They indicate the drift of the masses, with which Methodism has had nothing to do.

In Austria the situation is no better. The Methodist Review for July, 1910, notes from the Protestant High Church Council in Vienna that during 1908, out of 4,505 who entered the Evangelical Church, 4,099 came directly from the Church of Rome. This Loose-from-Rome movement began in 1898. In that year Rome lost 1,598 members; in 1899, 6,385; in 1900, 6,598; in 1901, 6,639; and in following years an average of 4,500. In ten

years—from 1898 to 1908—Rome lost in Austria 51,177 adherents.

In France a similar dismal record is made. The recent conflict of the government with the Vatican, which resulted in the entire separation of the Church and State, is too well known to require rehearsal here.

But this separation is not to be compared to the calamity that has befallen Christianity itself, for in France as in Italy and in all Catholic countries where there is a break from that Church which represented religion to the people, it is not usually to the evangelical faith, which is strange and foreign to them, that the people go, but into agnosticism, blatant infidelity, or absolute indifference. One has but to read the pages of the French writer, P. Sabatier, no enemy of Catholicism, to see how the groveling superstition of the masses is nurtured, still misled as they are by their spiritual advisors, and he will cease to wonder why the intellect of France has set itself in irreconcilable hostility to the persistent claims and intrigues of the Vatican. Let us not deceive ourselves with the notion that this state of affairs in France is the work of crafty, godless men who are politicians only. If so, how is it that they are able to continue in power against all the machinery of Rome? No; back of the French Deputies in Parliament who resist Papal interference in politics are the *French people.* Again and again has Rome thundered her commands to her Bishops and priests to rally their flocks and defeat the representatives of the government, but at each election the defenders of national rights, from Gambetta to Briand, are again returned to power. If one would understand the whole history of this revolt of the French, let him read the speeches *pro* and *con* of the Deputies in Parliament, in Eug. Réveillaud's *La Separation des Eglises et Des L'Etat: Prescis Historique Discours et Documenta* (Fischbacher, Paris) and the speech there by Gambetta, on pp. 128, 129. After Cardinal Gibbons had written his letter condemning the French leaders for the spoliation of the Church, which letter drew from Sabatier a reply that the Church was no longer of public service and should not be endowed, the enemies of the Church, or rather of the Vatican, gained fifty-eight seats

in the Chamber of Deputies. This was France's reply to foreign clerical interference with their national affairs. France has broken with the Papacy. In the Church itself there is widespread defection. In 1901 three hundred and forty-eight priests revolted. In 1907 this movement was strong enough to establish a monthly journal. Scholars and writers of distinction are silenced or driven from the Church which will not listen to their patriotic advice. "When we remember," says a Catholic writer—M. Chaine—quoted by Sabatier, p. 55, "that from 1871 to 1875 the Catholics had in their hands every public office from the presidency down to the rural police force, that the army—always very Churchy—and the officials of every grade were at their beck and call, what egregious blunders must they not have committed to have been driven from power to a man, when circumstances had put it into their hands, and they filled every avenue to it." France has definitely broken with Rome.

In Germany there is the same hostile feeling against the pretensions of the Vatican as was felt under Bismarck during the *Kulturkampf,* though occasion for its manifestation has not been given until quite recently, when the Vatican received a rebuff which it is not likely to forget in its dealings with the land of Luther. Pope Pius X, in his recent Encyclical on Saint Charles Borromeo, made an unfavorable comparison between the Reformers of Germany and the Modernists, against whom the Pope has launched his condemnation—Loisy, Murri, Minocchi, Tyrrell, and their followers in all lands. Germany stands for the Reformation. The Encyclical gave offense. In the Prussian Parliament the Chancellor telegraphed to the German Ambassador at Rome to demand an apology. The Chancellor declared:

> The contents of the Encyclical reflect upon the German Reformers and on the princes and peoples of the reformed faith in a manner likely to wound deeply their religious convictions. Their political and moral sentiments are equally affronted.

It is needless to say that the imperious Vatican became obsequious. The power of the Papacy over the governments of the earth is not what it once was. The empty affirmation, "the temporal authority must be subject to the spiritual power," a

right of the Papacy based on the famous Encyclical *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII, and which claim Butler, a Catholic writer, in his Historical Memoirs, declares to have been "one of the most calamitous events in the history of the Church, is not regarded to-day as worthy even of consideration by any Chancellerie in Europe. The German Ambassador called the attention of this same Cardinal Merry Del Val to the demand of his government. The Papal Nuncio at Munich telegraphed to Rome. The Archbishops of Breslau and Cologne telegraphed to Rome. The German people, high and low, were deeply stirred. The Vatican was stirred. It awoke, when aroused by the muttering thunder of an offended people to the serious nature of this new blunder—a blunder which it had deliberately made, and which it had hoped would be allowed to stand as a fresh condemnation of the Reformation. But, as usual, the Vatican had failed to understand the modern mind. The spirit of Protestantism was not dead, as it imagined, nor was Germany to be trifled with. The apology was quickly made and another Vatican blunder was recorded in history. But here in America, where the Catholic Church is permitted to be, according to Protestant principles, on equal footing with other Churches, a Catholic editor declares with impunity that he would bury Protestantism "in hell-fire a hundred fathoms deep," and an Archbishop of the Catholic Church does not scruple to insult, without fear of consequences, three millions of Methodists.

The simple truth is that the Vatican is striving everywhere and by every means, direct and indirect, to regain its lost prestige; to keep alive, if it can, a sense of its political importance among the nations, but it has signally failed. It is indeed essential that he who would study history in order to obtain some knowledge of the forces which operate in the development of humanity, must study it with the scientific interest of a biologist, the impartiality of a jurist, the outlook of a statesman, and the faith of a believer in the providence of God. But some things lie on the surface. Any ordinary observer of contemporary life and thought can see on a survey of the history of the Papacy that the people, the democracy, in every land, have moved away from the authority

of the Vatican and the mediæval ideas which it would thrust into the thought and life of the twentieth century.

It would indeed be evidence of fanatical ignorance or of unintelligent bias to deny the beneficent influence of the Papacy at certain periods, and to affirm that its entire history has been nothing but an unmixed evil. Learning, literature, and art in all its presentations, and the restraint in defense of the people and weak kingdoms placed by the spiritual authority of the Vatican on despotic kings and robber barons in the development of European civilization out of the ruins of the Roman empire, speak too eloquently against that which no scholar or informed student of history will affirm or could wish to affirm. But the world has grown, and the Vatican has not. To-day it is everywhere at war with the human intellect and the progress of the nations. Where are the scholars, the theologians, the historians, the professors in the universities that were once the equals in erudition to the great teachers in the Protestant universities of Europe? Dr. Charles A. Briggs, one of the foremost scholars of this generation, in his letter to Baron von Hügel, on "The Composition of the Papal Commission on the Pentateuch," says that "while there are many able scholars in the Commission whom I honor for their work in many different fields of theology, the Commission is singularly destitute of biblical critics; and hence its opinion, standing for that of the average member, or even for that of the majority of the members, can, whatever its importance in ecclesiastical circles, be of little or no consequence before the tribunal of biblical scholarship." Of Dr. Janssen, a prominent member of the Commission, he says, "His treatment of the Bible is so unscholarly, and his use of the Hebrew language shows such profound ignorance, that no serious worker could deem him competent to give an opinion in matters of Hebrew scholarship, and his name discredits at once the report of the Commission." Of another prominent member he says, "The name of Vigouroux stands for an antiquated apologetic, distinguished by special pleading and a closing of the eyes to everything that does not count for his side of the case." In reply, Von Hügel, a Catholic scholar, says, "I do not see how I could materially challenge or add to your criticism of the present

majority or of the spokesman of the Commission" (The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch, Longmans, Green & Co., New York). And what shall we think of the following from the Encyclical of the present Pope, Pius X (February 2, 1904), on the Immaculate Conception, quoted by Robert Dell, himself a Catholic, in the Nineteenth Century Review (April, 1906)?

> Adam, when he saw in the future Mary crushing the serpent's head, restrained the tears that were being wrung from his heart. Mary filled the thoughts of Noah as he lay in the womb of the saving ark; it was of Mary that Abraham thought when he was restrained from sacrificing his son; Jacob thought of her as he contemplated the ladder on which the angels ascended and descended; Moses, as he marveled at the bush which was burned and not consumed; David, as he sang and danced in front of the Ark of the Covenant; Mary was in Elijah's thoughts as he perceived the little cloud rising from the sea.

Apologize for such statements as we may, interpret them, if we must, as the glowing rhetoric of exalted piety, as the allegorizing or mystical products of an unscientific imagination more desirous of making religious impression than of accuracy in theological teaching, notwithstanding his infallibility, and this too in a public document teaching the Church, still, what can we think of that quality of mind or character of scholarship in which such ideas could find lodgment, or out of which they could possibly spring? There is not to-day a single book in history, in science, in literature, or in philosophy, that is worth the reading, that is not on the Index of prohibited books: Ranke, Ferrari, Hume, Robertson, Roscoe, Hallam, Sismondi, Pressense, Descartes, Kant, Pascal, Tyndall, Huxley, John Stuart Mill, Cousin, Jeremy Bentham, to mention only a few at random from long lists before me, are all there, not mentioning at all, of course, the works of the Modernists, Loisy, Tyrrell, Murri, Minocchi, and others who are condemned, soul and body, with all their teachings.

The enlightened intellect of the modern world, with its marvelous science and aggregation of knowledge, can never be forced back to the dead and forgotten formulas of scholastic theology, to the ignorant dreamings of monks in ancient cloisters, to the twilights and dim dawns of far-away yesterdays, to the mediæval notions of the subordination of the State to the Church, this last

projecting a false dilemma before the consciences of men; for, as Sabatier, in *Modernism,* says, we know that since no science is subordinate to another science, theology cannot be subject to science, nor science to theology, and that both Church and State do not exist for themselves, but for the larger end which is higher than both, and which requires both for its adequate expression. The enlightened intellect of the modern age can never believe that all the pious legends, religious novelties, new ceremonies, new doctrines, and Christianized paganisms and astounding demands of the Vatican are the revelations of the Eternal God and binding on the souls of men on pain of eternal damnation. The Bible alone contains the revelations of God, and whatever is not read therein, nor can be proved thereby, is not necessary to salvation. Historians of the faith know that the doctrine of Papal infallibility, not to mention other novelties in religion, was not a doctrine in the Roman Church prior to 1870, and that it was then opposed by the foremost scholars in that Church, chief among whom was Dr. von Döllinger, whom Gladstone, in 1873, declared to be the "most famous and most learned living theologian of the Roman Communion, long the foremost champion of his Church." They know that the Irish Bishops affirmed under oath before a commission of the English Parliament, in 1825, that the authority of the Pope was limited by councils; that Keenan's Catechism, before 1871, declared Papal infallibility to be a "Protestant invention"; that Overburg's German Catechism denied that it was an Article of Faith—*"Nein, dies est kein Glaubesartikel."* (See Professor Friedrich's Documents relative to the Vatican Council.) They know that the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, the twin doctrine of Papal infallibility of the new Romanized Church, was not a dogma of the Church prior to 1854, and that it had no existence in the Church prior to 1206, when it was first proposed by Duns Scotus. And yet these doctrines, and other novelties, introduced by the Papal Church, are to be accepted by the modern mind under pain of separation from God! Tertullian, voicing the early Church forbidding the introduction of new doctrines, says, "In the Lord's apostles we possess our authority, for

even they of themselves did not choose to introduce anything, but faithfully delivered to the nations the doctrines which they had received from Christ" (Prescrip. Against Heresies, chap. vi); and yet Rome not only adds to the faith what was never known to the apostles of our Lord but condemns all who do not applaud her awful presumption and would preach the gospel of God in its purity.

We are not assaulting with unchristian spirit the Church of Rome. We are not indulging in any little, puny "No Popery" cry of anti-Catholic prejudice. None of that! Liberal Catholics themselves in America, in England, Italy, France, and Germany, recognize and deplore the departure of Rome from the primitive faith and its irreconcilable antagonism to modern progress, to the promulgation of truth in every field of criticism, historical, biblical, philosophical, or scientific.

Archbishop Ireland says the Pope must be respected. True—but *so must the Methodist Episcopal Church be respected!* So must Protestantism, which is cruelly assailed and insulted by the Pope's emissaries in every land, be respected. To preach the gospel in Rome is not to insult the Pope. To defend the principles of human liberty, to stand firm as the everlasting hills for religious freedom and civil rights even in Rome, is not to insult the Pope. The only vicar of God on earth is conscience! Let His Holiness come out from his voluntary seclusion as the "Prisoner of the Vatican" and put an end to that sentimental farce; let him come out to the throbbing life of the modern world, to the homes, the shops, the crowded marts of trade, the schools and universities where real men live and think and toil; let him trust humanity, let him trust the highest aspirations of Christian men, who, like those who watch for the morning, long for the reunion of Christendom and the coming of the kingdom of God; let him as Supreme Pontiff put the reality of God, immanent in his creation and in human history, as preëminently before the world daily as he does Papal encyclicals and Vatican decrees; let him present the redeeming Christ as he does the saints to those who need Christ more than they need the saints; let him set forth the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost in personal experience as insist-

ently as he does the blessed influence arising from the use of indulgences, rosaries, scapulars, the veneration of relics, and pilgrimages to holy shrines, which multiply with every fresh trouble between the Vatican and civil authorities; let him give the Bible, even in his own version, to his people as he does the Breviary, as the British and American Bible Societies scatter the Scriptures in every tongue throughout the world; let him, finally, put himself on the side of progress, of intellectual and religious freedom, not thereby on the side of materialism or agnosticism or destructive criticism, or of any of the wretched substitutes for Christianity, by whatever name they may be called, which come and go, but on the side of all true and holy believers in Christ and defenders of the "faith once delivered to the saints." Let him do this, and there will be no occasion for conflict between the Methodist Episcopal Church, or any other Church, and the Church of Rome; for then, all Christian forces working together in the unity of the Spirit to the glory of God the Father for the redemption of the world unto Jesus Christ, there will be realized at last the prayer of our Lord for "One fold and one shepherd." Otherwise, as Gladstone said in his Vatican Decrees and their Bearings on Civil Allegiance: "It is neither the abettors of the Papal chair, nor anyone who, however far from being an abettor of the Papal chair, actually writes from a Papal point of view, that has a right to remonstrate with the world at large, on the contrary, it is the world at large that has a right to remonstrate with His Holiness; secondly, with those who share his proceedings; thirdly, even with such as passively allow and accept them."

The Methodist Episcopal Church is in Rome. In Rome it will stay. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*

R. J. Cooke

NOTE.—It should be noted that the Bishops' statement on page 849 is not all that they wrote. Archbishop Ireland garbled their statement by omitting what would tell against him, but I have allowed his citation to stand as it appeared in the North American Review.

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1910

Art. I.—THE SUPREMACY OF CHRIST

Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.—John 6. 68.

The superficial disciples of Jesus were beginning to fall away when these words were uttered. He had begun to unfold the deeper truths concerning himself and his mission, and many took offense at them and walked no more with him. "Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." In these words Peter, by implication, sets Jesus on high as the supreme Teacher, with whom no one else is to be compared, and whose teachings are so great and worthy that they are rightly called words of eternal life. And this conviction of the apostle is more and more justified by the religious life of the race. The religious history of humanity is daily becoming better known. In the last century it was possible to claim that religion is adventitious to human nature, not even an excrescence, but, rather, a barnacle generated by fraud and ignorance. This is the case no longer. As our geographical and historical knowledge has extended, it has become clear that man is naturally religious. So much is this the case that unbelief now commonly takes the form of claiming that all religions alike are the natural outcome of that religious sentiment which is instinctive in human nature; just as the various art products of the race in all their forms are to be traced to the æsthetic instinct which is founded in human nature. But however this may be, we stand to-day in the face of vast religious systems of which our fathers never dreamed. Chris-

tianity has to confront great historic religions, older and having more adherents than itself. The Christian missionary finds himself in the presence of old and venerable faiths, with their Bibles, their temples, and their supernatural history. Indeed, their sacred books have been translated in some twenty-odd volumes, and we read them in our own tongue. Christ, then, is but one of many religious teachers. Along with this growing historical knowledge has developed a still more wonderful knowledge of nature. The nature upon which the thinker of to-day looks out has almost nothing in common with nature as it seemed to men in the apostles' day. Limits have vanished in both space and time, and instead of the simple bodies of the senses we have a wonderful, mysterious energy on which all things forever depend and from which they forever proceed. We have a threefold infinitude—infinitude of extension, infinitude of duration, infinitude of power; and then, brooding impenetrable over all, an infinitude of mystery. But none of these things, nor all of them together, have in any way returned an answer to Peter's question. Standing in the face of our increased knowledge of the world and of man, we can only repeat his word: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." More and more it is becoming apparent that for knowledge and help and hope concerning the deepest things of God and life and destiny we must depend on Jesus Christ or abandon ourselves to apathy or despair.

Our greatest need in matters of religion is to know how to think about God, what he is and what he means. Our next greatest need is to know how to think about ourselves, our life and destiny. This unseen Being in whom more or less blindly all men believe, what is he? Is he, perhaps, some metaphysical perfection to which right and wrong are indifferent? And if he be a moral Being, what is his attitude toward us? Does he forgive sin or hear prayer? Indeed, does he care for us at all, or are we rather forever beneath his notice? And this life of ours—does it mean anything or tend to anything? Is there any outcome to human history, or is it only an uncared-for product of eternal laws which roll on forever and with equal indifference to life and death? These are the supreme questions to which the earnest minds of the

race have ever been seeking an answer; and the only answer which commands the assent of the enlightened mind, heart, and conscience is the answer given by Jesus Christ. He tells us of a Father and Almighty Friend upon the throne. Our God is not an absentee apart from the world in self-enjoyment, but he is present in the world, in life, in conscience and history, carrying on a great moral campaign for the conquest and training of the human will and its establishment in righteousness. We are now God's children, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when God's will concerning us has been wrought out, we shall be like him and shall see him as he is. Meanwhile all good things are safe in the plan and power of God, and are moving irresistibly Godward, for nothing can thwart God's righteousness and loving will. Such is the answer of Jesus Christ to our eager questioning concerning God and life and destiny; and this answer in its clearness and power to produce conviction and control life we owe entirely to him. By this I do not mean that God has nowhere else revealed himself to men; but I mean that all other revelations are obscure, uncertain, and incomplete in comparison with the revelation by and in Jesus Christ. In the confusion and groping of the childhood of the race they served a temporary purpose and were better than nothing. They furnished a bond of union for scattered and warring tribes. They kept alive a sense of the invisible, and gave to human relations and duties a measure of divine sanction. To be sure, they often erred and strayed most grievously from the way, and never attained to any clear and comprehensive moral and spiritual insight; but, in the main, we can see that they performed a beneficent function in the life of men. So much we can see in the light of Christian thought, but we can see it only in the light of Christian thought. If we may believe in God as Jesus has revealed him, we can readily believe that he has never left himself without a witness in the hearts of men, and that he has used these blind gropings and blurred apprehensions of men as means of reaching him while the way was preparing for the perfect revelation of himself and his Son. But if we must believe that Jesus was mistaken, that he did not reveal the Father, then the sure result of the loss of this higher

faith will be the loss of all lower forms by those who have developed far enough to understand the higher. We can go back to atheism or to agnosticism, but we cannot go back to Mohammedanism, Buddhism, or Hinduism or Confucianism, or to any of the myriad forms of polytheism and superstition. In the times of human ignorance and childhood these systems may have served a temporary purpose in the divine education of the race, but in the development of intelligence and conscience a point is reached where we must go beyond them or abandon them altogether. One who has learned in the school of Christ can accept no other conception of God than that which Christ revealed. The Epicurean gods, the immoral gods, the vindictive gods of the heathen pantheon stand hopelessly condemned and repudiated by the consciousness of modern civilization. They are equally condemned by modern intelligence. A mind which has been formed by the study of nature and the world of law cannot tolerate the superstitions of these decaying systems. They are doomed in any case. They are not able to think any worthy thought of God or of man. They furnish no hope and no inspiration. Hence, for us, the alternative is Jesus Christ or nothing. If he was mistaken, then all lower religious effort was all the more mistaken; and there is nothing to do but to look upon the religious history of the race as a phase of the total cosmic process without any abiding significance, somewhat tragic indeed, when viewed from the human standpoint, but after all only a transient phase of a transient humanity. It is only as we hold the higher faith of Christianity that we can find anything divine in lower faiths.

The supremacy of Jesus further appears when we turn to the study of nature to get an answer to the supreme questions concerning God and life and destiny. Here, also, Jesus alone has words of eternal life. We get a great deal of valuable information from this study, valuable for practice, valuable for enlarging and correcting our thoughts; but to those supreme questions we get no certain answer, and for life itself we get no supreme inspiration. The study of nature has, for the most part, been carried on by Christian men, and the interpretation of nature has taken place under the influence of Christian ideas. These have steadied

and directed our thoughts to an unsuspected extent. The fundamental doctrine of monotheism was reached less by speculative reflection than by the positive teaching of the church. This made it a matter of course. In particular the moral interpretation of nature has been thus influenced. In the sure and settled conviction of a God of goodness, we have not been distressed or even disturbed at the sinister aspects of nature; and thus we have failed to get the impression which a purely inductive study of nature would make upon us. And the conviction has been very general that God's goodness and righteousness are very clearly and unambiguously revealed in the natural world. But this conviction has received many a rude shock in our day. To begin with, the theistic conception itself is seen to involve mysteries so impenetrable that thought gropes and staggers in the attempt to grasp it. Then the doing away with all spatial and temporal limits in the cosmic process leaves us almost without the conditions of thinking. And when we study the phases and products of this process, we find ourselves equally unable to comprehend the power and the purpose which underlie the whole. There is very little that we should have expected and a great deal that we should not have expected. And in the organic world we find the same unintelligibility and, in addition, the positive fact of pain and death. The whole creation groans and travails together in pain. And in the midst of this unintelligible scene, man, a helpless and transitory creature, finds himself placed, a momentary inhabitant of a mere speck in the boundless material system, and subject to the same laws as rule in all organic life—birth, pain, struggle for existence, all ended by speedy death. This is the picture which nature alone presents. It knows nothing of immortality. The recurrent spring, the chrysalis and the butterfly, and similar images, serve well enough to express a faith already possessed, but they are exasperating when adduced as arguments. Both the individual and the species perish. The immortality of a type is rather a shadowy thing at best, and, such as it is, it is only a fiction. Sooner or later, individuals and types alike pass. Nature knows nothing of immortality of any sort, and it is highly ambiguous on the fundamental doctrine of the

divine goodness—so much so that those who have broken away from Christianity in our time have very largely fallen a prey to pessimism and despair. So far, so infinitely far, is nature from having words of eternal life. And the great and only sufficient barrier to this way of thinking is Jesus Christ. He is manifestly the Light of the world, the Desire of nations, the Hope of humanity. More and more the thought and hope of the modern world center about Jesus Christ. Of the many religious masters of the race Jesus Christ is the only one that lives as a present personal power and inspiration. Others have left systems and disciples behind them, but the masters themselves are dead. Their power was in their words, not in themselves. Just the opposite is the case with Jesus Christ. His power is in himself. What he was—not what he said—is what influences men. And by simply standing in the midst of history before the eyes of men he has become the revealer and searcher of hearts, the Judge of the world, the rebuker of its iniquity, the inspirer of its good, its great Leader against evil, and the hope and Head of all who look for the redemption of humanity. Anna in the temple spoke of the child Jesus to all those who were looking for the redemption of Jerusalem. The course of history bids all who hope for a redeemed world to look for him.

In the biblical world Jesus Christ has become the center and completion of revelation. He is the supreme revealer and revelation, and the only final authority. Long since he became the proof of the Bible, so that now our main concern for the Bible depends on its relation to him. So long as we have him we have all that is important in revelation; and if he were taken away, it would matter little what else might be left. One good result of modern biblical study has been to fix the attention of the Christian world on Christ himself rather than on the Bible, to show, moreover, that Christ is the center of the Christian faith. Whatever criticism has shaken, it has only brought out more fully the testimony of history to Jesus Christ; and anyone whose faith may have been disturbed concerning the biblical literature should find relief in this thought, that Jesus Christ more and more appears the unshakable Cornerstone against which no gates of hell shall

ever prevail. Again, Jesus Christ has become the chief inspiration and support of the conscience of the modern world. It is a great warfare which is waging in the upbuilding of men. A vast body of forces and impulses tend to drag men downward. Men are of the earth by one side of their nature, and the earth draws and claims its own. Hence the sense-life proves so attractive. And many are found who persistently claim that the sense-life is all. On this plane selfishness and animalism soon develop; and the strong begin to think meanly of the weak and to oppress the weak; and caste is born; and oppression and tyranny go hand in hand with animalism for the destruction of humanity. This tendency has been manifold in manifestation, but it is ever the same in spirit, and it is far enough from being finally cast out; and the most powerful agent against it is the life and words of Jesus Christ. He has borne the most effective testimony to the supreme worth of the individual man, and delivered the most effective rebuke to all attempts to degrade him. Nowadays whenever anyone wishes to make a great and solemn appeal on behalf of humanity, there is almost sure to be some implicit reference to Jesus Christ. And the most effective rebuke of the world's selfishness, the most searching illumination of its evil, are found in simply placing them face to face with the mind of Christ. On the other hand, there is no way of arousing repentance and hope in the sinful mind so effective as to bring it face to face with Christ. He is the apostle of humanity. He knows what is in man. He identifies himself with all its members. The good or evil done to the least of his brethren is done to him; and the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple does not pass unnoticed. Against all worldliness, and selfishness, and oppression, the great barrier and the great condemnation are found in the teaching and authority and personality of Jesus Christ. Again, Jesus Christ is the great barrier against pessimism and despair. I have before spoken of the depressing aspects of nature, and the depression pursues us into our theory of man himself. What with the influence of heredity and environment, a great many are found who deny, and many more who doubt, the possibility of reforming men or making much of them in any way. Here, again, Jesus is the

great optimist and has a gospel of hope for all who will receive it. The weary and heavy-laden without exception are bidden to come to him. The resources of God are infinite, and whosoever will may take of the water of life. There is a divine heredity as well as a human; and the Fatherhood of God can set right all aberrations arising from human fatherhood. The disciple of Buddha looks forward to unknown ages of entanglement with an evil past, but Jesus Christ undertakes to free men from the law of sin and death. He alone can speak the word of deathless hope and almighty power to the morally lame and deaf and dumb and blind of our race.

Finally, we find the same supremacy of Jesus Christ in the matter of social regeneration. From the standpoint of experience it is very far from clear what the future of the race will be. Malthus portrayed a crowded earth with hunger and famine as the end. The struggle for existence readily lends evil dreams. The physicists now and then tell us the universe itself is growing effete and must yet wear out. Certainly, it is far from sure that we are not using up the physical capital on which civilization depends. But apart from these dismal predictions and reflections, we find many forces at work in civilization which would suffice for its destruction if left to themselves. The wisest statesman can see but a little way, and his power is far less even than his knowledge. Humanity is driving stormily on its perilous way, and no man knows from history or observation what the end will be. If we really think about the subject, the only reassuring thing is the optimistic teaching of Jesus Christ based on his revelation of God. If God be indeed such as Jesus reported, if he be our God and Father, if his name is Love, if he has made man for immortal life and blessedness with himself, then, of course, all must be right with the world, and the end must be divine. But on any other view, the only preservative against deep anxiety, if not despair, is simply not to think. The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ can be trusted even when we do not understand him; but if we seek to know God apart from his Son, we are at the beginning of confusion and sorrow.

It is a grim scene which the historical procession of humanity

presents—the many races, their alienation, their wars and mutual slaughter, the failure to reach anything in most cases, and the scanty and insecure result in all. The great mass of individuals have not had the conditions of a properly human existence—buried in ignorance, pursued by disease, persecuted by pain, and all the while, like some tremendous Niagara, pouring over into the abyss of death and darkness. We are fascinated and almost paralyzed by the awful spectacle. What does it all mean—these fearful methods, this silence and indifference, this apparent traversing of all our ideas of justice and mercy? Is there any justifying outcome? Jesus Christ bids us trust God and fear not. Love and wisdom rule, and we shall yet see it when the day breaks and the shadows flee away. Others have echoed His words, but His is the only original voice which commands our conviction and establishes our faith. Now that these things are so, I am profoundly convinced. Jesus, instead of becoming less and less necessary to humanity, is more and more necessary. Our problems are larger, more pressing, more insistent to-day than ever before. Past times were in comparison times of childhood. And the solution of our problems is hopeless without the light thrown upon them by Jesus Christ. The question which Peter asked in his first dim insight into the supremacy of his Lord, the disciple of to-day repeats with all the added emphasis of nearly two thousand years of history: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

Borden Parker Bowne

Art. II.—THE LITERATURE OF SAINTS; OR, THE REALISM OF GOOD

The classics are the books that are contemporary with all generations. They cannot be scientific books, for these are so quickly outgrown that scholars often cease to recognize those which have been published as much as a decade. "Only literature is permanent," that which relates to humanity. The material universe will never lack explorers, but the more afield the investigator goes the remoter he seems from his kind. We sing his praises because of the few who really know what he has done. Not so the student of human nature, who gets nearer to us the more deeply he probes the human heart and shows the subtle motives which often unconsciously determine conduct and character, character which is both the child and father of conduct. The same man, like Leonardo, may be both the greatest explorer of his century in the physical realm and the founder of engineering, while his real fame rests on his knowledge of the soul and the ability of his brush to spiritualize the human countenance until we see, as in a mirror, the depths of our own souls. Whether Newton, or even Darwin, will be much read generations hence is doubtful, but Shakespeare will never lack readers in any generation. Macaulay once ranked the six great classics as Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Æschylus, Milton, and Sophocles, declaring that had Milton written only the first four books of Paradise Lost he would have ranked above Homer. Shakespeare will hold his place until one shall appear who can better portray the very soul. Less than nine generations have tested the writings of the bard of Avon, while there is a classic to which more than a hundred generations bear witness. I venture to call it "The Literature of Saints." Because of its excellence it promises both permanence and universal interest for the human race.

Shakespeare holds his place despite the fact that there is not a saint in all his writings, not even a child, and only one mother. What that great master wrote within his limitations was so per-

fectly done that its fame is sure. But how narrow the range compared with a literature of saints, and one that abounds in mothers, with songs and prayers which tell of the depths of their natures humanized by a great joy or a great sorrow, and in little children, who like cherubs fill the canvas, as Raphael loved to paint them, the approving critics of his masterpieces! Is it because saints are so little known that they find no better recognition in literature, and that a great genius is more at home in creating a Caliban or an Iago, a monster or a villain, human nature at its worst rather than at its best? Total depravity is now the theme of the materialist, who is usually the pessimist, not of the Christian. The realism of evil must be offset by the greater realism of good. The fact is that only Christianity has ever grown a saint, and to reproduce one in literature or art should be the highest aim of the pen or brush. Hear Professor Seeley, of Oxford, in *Ecce Homo:*

> Compare the ancient with the modern world; "look on this picture and on that." One broad distinction in the characters of men forces itself into prominence. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world there were scarcely one or two to whom we might venture to apply the epithet "holy." In other words, there were not more than one or two, if any, who besides being virtuous in their actions were possessed with an unaffected enthusiasm of goodness, and besides abstaining from vice, regarded even a vicious thought with horror. Probably no one will deny that in Christian countries this higher-toned goodness, which we call holiness, existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is that there has scarcely been a town in any Christian country since the time of Christ where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed? or can Christianity die?

Caricature may amuse for a day, but it cannot be long-lived. Human nature deserves the benefit of the best light when put in literature or on the canvas. Let our humanity be judged not by its criminals or its Pharisees, but by the best it has produced of saintly characters, as we seek to judge it by its best poets and artists, its noblest heroes and its greatest orators. Where shall we find morals aflame with holy love, souls loyal to the unseen Christ both before his incarnation and after his ascension, "whom

not having seen we love," as in the world's greatest Classic that we confidently expect to be contemporary with every generation of the sons of men? It is not its history, albeit it goes back earlier than any other literature, nor even its vision of the future such as cannot be found besides in all the writings of men, but it is the holy men and women that move upon its stage, inspiring and comforting us by their serene faith and hope and love, that give the Bible its unique and immortal fame. "A great life is the meeting place of the seen and the unseen, revealing the world's unity." It is the men who have lived here in abiding fellowship with the unseen God that have made real to us the very heaven of heavens. "I never read history," said a man in public life whose familiarity with history was a subject of congratulation; "I always read biography." He read illuminated history, the lives of the great men who have made history. Said Aristotle, "History is a poor drama, full of episodes." But a great biography is dramatic through and through. This is the notable thing about the Bible—the lives it portrays, the aspirations and hopes, the disappointments and triumphs. Its several books are mostly biographies, and the biographies of great men; great because they were recognized and used of God. For the most part God himself has written their epitaphs and they remain unchanged in the judgment of men. The Bible is God's "Hall of Fame." Since "the main aim of culture," as Matthew Arnold puts it, "is to know the best that has been said and thought in the world," no man can claim to be cultured who has not acquainted himself with the Literature of Saints. The chief end of religion is to make holy men and not a holy book; but in making saints it makes the Literature of Saints with its confessed power to help make other saints, as it inspires men to holy living. Milton's Satan cried, "Evil, be henceforth my good." Thomas Carlyle, who at times spake like a Hebrew prophet, and whose words search our souls, well said, "No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than his disbelief in great men." Is it because he has nothing in common with them that enables him to measure them? What shall we say, then, of the unfortunate mental and moral stature of a man who does not believe in

holy men, such as those who walked and talked with God, and whose messages from God's lips have been the world's solace and strength? All true moral progress is made through admiration. Our God must be above us, not beneath us. He must be goodness, and not simply power. The most dangerous skepticism is not about the being of God, but his character. We may increase our physical power, and even our mental strength, by the study of what is beneath us—the rocks, the animal world, the forces hid in nature—but we increase our moral power by communion with what is above us. In short, the highest point in the evolution of man is communion with God. The next is communion with those who know God, until each of us is but one remove from God. Next to seeing God's face is to see his glory reflected in some pure soul that has been on the mount of vision and has seen God. Stanley went to Africa to seek Livingstone and, finding him, found God.

Ever greater than sage or hero is the saint. Other religions have produced philosophers and warriors; Christianity alone has produced saints. It is ever regarded as one of the signs of a true church that it produces saints. It was not necessary to canonize Francis Xavier or even to beatify him, for the Christian world to recognize him as one of God's saints. He who left his father's castle for a life of love and service both of God and man, touching India, Japan, and China only to bless, quickens our pulses by his heroism and his holy life. No wonder the Chinese long deemed the very sands fragrant that for a brief time held his dust before it found its resting place in India. The prophet who sees God and declares him to men does them far greater service than he who adds to their material comforts or wins their battles. It is usually a reversion to the savage type when men with heated blood find some new warrior out of whom to make a hero. They prepare triumphal arches and sing, "See the conquering hero comes," and then forget him while he is yet alive, ashamed at once of their hero and of their standard of greatness. Every nation does a wrong to its heroes both when it inflates them and when it forgets them. The soldier or sailor can never be the world's final hero. They are the creation of our less rational hours. In

our saner moments we enthrone the prophet and the saint. It is true, however, that the heroic element is never wanting in the saint, for it is his power of resistance which manifest his strength. Martyrs were called "athletic" by the early church. Wherever the example of Christ is offered to us in the Scriptures for our imitation it is the example of suffering and of endurance. Christ is at once the world's greatest hero and its greatest saint. But it is not the hero that we worship but the Hero-God. There is something finer in a great soul than in anything he says or does. However men differ in creed, they agree on character. This is the test of a religion: what it enthrones and reverences. Recognition of man and his duty comes to be the chief element in every purer form of religion, while recognition of nature is ever the chief element in paganism. It was said of Phillips Brooks's preaching that "every Sunday seemed like the bridal of earth and sky." The invisible world seemed the only real world, as it furnished the inspiration for the life that now is; and heaven and earth found their unity in the soul of man for whom both were made. Man was seen to walk the earth a son of God, and never out of the sound of the Father's voice. Years ago when Cambridge University wanted a professor of Sanscrit it was found that there were only two candidates, Edward B. Cowell and a German. It chanced that the German was but little known in England save by Cowell, who was loud in his praises as a scholar eminently fit for the place. In short, Cowell's own candidacy consisted simply in the praise of his competitor, over whom he was finally chosen. So conscientious was his work, and so unselfish and Christlike his spirit, that the Mohammedan court interpreter to England said of him, "The fact that Professor Cowell is a Christian makes it seem probable that Christianity is true." Such a character is the living epistle that helps to interpret the Book, such as Griffith John tells of in China, where it was said of a native Christian, "That man is just like the Book." Can such men be produced without the Book? or the revelation of which it is the record? If so, we would look for them in Greece, and as the fruit of Greek culture. Why are morals so defective even where culture is so stressed? Let Matthew Arnold answer:

> Greece was the lifter-up to the nations of the banner of art and science, as Israel was the lifter-up of the banner of righteousness. Now, the world cannot do without art and science. And the lifter-up of the banner of art and science was naturally much occupied with them, and conduct was a plain, homely matter. And thus brilliant Greece perished for lack of attention to conduct, for want of conduct, steadiness, character. . . . Nay, and the victorious revelation now, even now, in this age when more of beauty and more of knowledge are so much needed, and knowledge, at any rate, is so highly esteemed—the revelation which rules the world even now is not Greece's revelation but Judæa's, not the preëminence of art and science, but the preëminence of righteousness.

The supreme claim of Christ is as "Lord of conduct," and the ideal of life must be sought in conduct to meet his approval. It often happens that in the best music, painting, poetry, building, and sculpture man is the being he fails to be in the actual world. The ideal creation may be the expression of the man who would live an ideal existence, but too often stops short of the attempt except in art. There is a pagan standard of life and of living, as when a man's ideals and purposes are such that he is seeking to attain them at the expense of his fellow men, but when every step toward their realization means the advancement of those about him the ideals are Christian. "Whether the cause is sought in his individual genius or in the Renaissance influences, the spirit of Shakespeare's art is in many respects pagan. In his great tragedies he traces the workings of noble or lovely human characters on to the point—and no further—where they disappear into the darkness of death, and ends with a look *back*, never on toward anything beyond." Was the hold of Greek tragedy greater on his artistic instincts than the hold of Christian faith? Well might any artist hesitate to paint a saint unless he himself sought to possess the saintly character. Only the God who made the world can make a saint, and only one who believes in saints can paint one. The choicest graces and highest acts of religion are due to the power that worketh in us, conforming us to the divine nature, and so become a proof of the reality of that nature. We are not surprised to find saints in a literature where believers in Christ were addressed as those "called to be saints," and where such great stress was ever laid upon the example of Christ, who was delivered for our offenses and was raised for our justification.

If reconciled by his death, we are saved by his life. That is not an impossible life which Christ both gives and nourishes. It is the life of God in the soul of man. John Locke uttered a great truth when he said, "He that taketh away reason to make way for revelation puts out the light of both." Unless the Bible is man's book it cannot be God's book. So reasoned Hallam when he said: "I see that the Bible fits into every fold and crevice of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe that this is God's book because it is man's book." It was not Coleridge alone, philosopher that he was, who said, "There is more in the Bible that *finds* me, finds me in greater depths of my being, than in all other books put together." A Chinese scholar aiding in translating the Bible found the sacred book a mirror of his own heart, and said, "Whoever made this book made me." The marvelous portrait gallery of the Scriptures is both for our instruction and for our comfort. It shows not only what manner of men we are but what manner of men we may become. "The glory of God is the living man," alive in all his being; "and the life of man is the vision of God." So taught Irenæus, who also said, "Christ began anew the long line of men." He came to give men life and to give it abundantly. He came not to destroy a single faculty, but to vitalize, to empower, to perfect every faculty. Christ staked everything on what he could make of man. Because Christ believed in men men believe in him. They also believe in each other as objects of his love. When Christ taught the perfectibility of man he distanced by the diameter of the universe every other teacher who sought the ear of the race. His henceforth became the gospel of hope to fallen men. To make good his claim he ate with publicans and sinners, forgave the sins of despairing men and outcast women, and inspired such love of goodness in the soul of a dying malefactor that the very tree of a Roman cross bore fruit fit for the Paradise of God.

Gibbon could not write the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire without acknowledging the Rise and Progress of the Kingdom of God. He became a hero-worshiper, even of a saint, when he attempted to sketch the character and

work of Athanasius, "Athanasius against the world." He was compelled to acknowledge among his Five Causes of the triumph of Christianity the virtues of the early Christians. There were many saints among them, and the average of morals was so high that a Roman governor could not write to his emperor without stating that the Christians were wont "to meet together on a stated day before it was light, and to sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ as God, and to bind themselves by an oath, not to the commission of any wickedness, but not to be guilty of theft, or robbery, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor to deny a pledge committed to them when called upon to return it." Like Daniel, whose example of fidelity under persecution inspired them, no fault could be found with them save their respecting the law of their God. These believers would strengthen each other in time of temptation by the example of Joseph, who resisted the world, the flesh, and the devil by crying, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" They talked much of "the prisoner of the Lord," as Paul loved to call himself when he gave the world some of its richest "prison literature," writing in large letters from Rome because with his hand chained to a soldier it was with no little difficulty that he could affix his apostolic benediction, as in every letter, "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you," and then sign his name. They talked much of one Stephen, who died saying that he saw Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and with a prayer for his murderers such as fell from the lips of his Lord: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." They were strong and pure in the midst of the vilest pagan lives because they were able to give a reason for the faith that was in them, and could tell of a great cloud of witnesses to the faith that should overcome the world. They declared, "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and comfort of the scriptures we might have hope." The early Christians believed in a holy Book because they believed in holy lives. They believed in an inspired Book because they believed in inspired men. The disciples' own holy and inspired lives were to make possible the New Testament, with its many new chapters in the Literature of Saints. A little

book, this New Testament, but worth more to the world to-day than all the literature of Greece and Rome, of Germany and France, of England and America. Its heroic saints were to overcome the world by the word of their testimony. The experience of one generation becomes the faith of the next, and the unbroken succession of believers, who have the keys of the kingdom to admit yet others, is due to the holy men whose lives are given us in both the Old Testament and the New, and who both lived and wrote as they were upheld and borne along by the Holy Ghost. Their lives and their testimony would make any book holy. Is it not singular that but one Book gives such saintly lives as well as such holy words? It becomes trustworthy to us when we know the men who wrote it. They believed that they were guided by the Spirit of truth who had been promised to guide them into all truth. They believed that being called to be saints meant to be taken up into the life of the Godhead, to be lifted above the world, to have not simply moral goodness but a divine life in the soul as the very sons of God. In them, as in Jesus their Lord and Elder Brother, we realize that the living core and center of their whole religion is joy in the divine sonship. Theirs was a surrendered life, the surrender of the whole man to God, and a new life which results from the surrender. No wonder the apostolic church existed before the New Testament. It had to, or there could have been no New Testament. As with the Old Testament, holy lives were needed to make a holy Book. Without saints there could be no Literature of Saints. Both Testaments were religious experience before they became Scripture. The Holy One of Israel made possible the holy men of Israel. The word "holy" is the central word of the Old Testament as "Father" is the central word of the New. Said Professor Robertson Smith, who had to restudy the Bible in the light of biblical criticism, with its somewhat erratic claims but genuine service:

> I am sure that the Bible does speak to the heart of man in words that can only come from God—that no historical research can deprive me of the conviction or make less precious the divine utterances that speak to the heart. For the language of these words is so clear that no readjustment of their historical setting can conceivably change the substance of them. Historical study may throw a new light on the circumstances

in which they were first written. In that there can be only gain. But the plain, central, heartfelt truths that speak for themselves, and rest on their own indefeasible worth, will assuredly remain with us.

Religions perish but religion endures. In fact, "the only way in which we can get rid of religion is to abolish both man and God." "Man is incorrigibly religious." One grave cause of perplexity is found where men fail to appreciate the immense importance of human nature as distinguished from physical nature in any study of theism. Human nature has been found to be the most important part of nature as a whole whereby to investigate the theory of theism. While true biblical science is comparatively new, it has made such progress in its search for historical truth, and that by the most approved methods of historical research, that we now have undoubtedly a rational basis for our faith as regards the essential facts of the Bible narrative in both Testaments. But more than the facts of history are those of experience such as are given in the lives of the saints who appear in the sacred pages, rejoicing in the hope of a perfect Character who is to appear, or in the memory of what he taught and did and was.

No subsequent growth of knowledge, whether in natural science, ethics, political economy, or elsewhere, has discounted any of Christ's teachings. Doubtless next to Jesus, but at a far remove, men would rank Plato as the most spiritual teacher of men. Says Bishop Westcott:

There is no grander passage in Greek literature than that in which Plato describes how the contemplation of absolute justice, temperance, and knowledge is the sustenance of the divine nature. There are times of high festival, he says, in the world above, when the gods in solemn procession mount to the topmost vault of heaven and, taking their places upon its dome, gaze over the infinite depths of perfect Truth. This spectacle supports the fullness of their being. Nor are they alone in the enjoyment of the magnificent vision; all the souls that can and will follow in their train. Such of these as are able to gain the fair prospect, and keep it before their eyes, while the spheres revolve, remain in the possession of supreme joy. The rest, baffled, wearied, maimed, sink down to earth and are embodied as men. Henceforth their condition in this lower life depends upon their past apprehension of Truth. Their human existence is a striving upward toward the glory which they have once seen. They live still, so far as they really live, by the recollection of that which has filled them with a noble passion (Phædrus, p. 146).

Is it possible that the same pen could advocate a community of wives and the parental abnegation of children in the ideal state of society? The cross of Christ, on the other hand, is ever lifting men upward. After trying for twenty-five years to live a prayerless life, overcome with the sense of utter loneliness without God, the Great Companion, Romanes at last wrote, "Only to a man wholly destitute of spiritual perception can it be that Christianity should fail to appear the greatest exhibition of the beautiful, the sublime, and of all else that appeals to our spiritual nature, which has ever been known upon our earth." Whatever the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of the race, it can never leave behind the Literature of Saints. Luther and Wordsworth, who got their inspiration from the Bible, introduced afresh little children to the world of letters. Dickens, who could paint innocence where he could not paint saintliness, continues to be read for his little Nells and little Pauls and Tiny Tims, who humanize us with their sorrows and joys and simple blessings as we bow the uncovered head to hear them say, "God bless us everyone." Now it is Christ who discovered childhood afresh, even in the Jewish world, turning the hearts of the parents to the children and the hearts of the children to the parents. Who dare despise one of these little ones when the arms of the Saviour are filled with them? In laying his hands upon the heads of the children Christ laid them upon the hearts of men and women. Well may Strauss confess: "Christ remains the highest model of religion within the reach of our thought, and no perfect piety is possible without his presence in the heart. As little as humanity will ever be without religion as little will it be without Christ."

In the Literature of Saints the historical is the personally religious. Events are recorded because of their relation to the religious history of man, and man as working together with God or against God. It is of immense value to us as showing some men ever walking and talking with God and so teaching God's historic fellowship with man. It is the man who has the ear of God who most interests us as realizing the best that can instruct and inspire us. It is bringing to its utmost best the best that is in man that is meant by religion. These best men of the race alone

can help us. We call them inspired men when their messages win our minds because their lives have first won our hearts. We believe what they say because we believe in what they are. We want to see the face shining with the reflected glory of the Divine Face before we are ready to hear the message which they claim to have received from the Lord. God ever speaks *in* men as in these last days he spoke unto us *in* his Son. "The essential function of inspiration is the creation of personalities." The Holy Spirit awakens and vitalizes human powers, giving elevation to every faculty. The heathen imagined their gods to be jealous of gifted men whose intellectual or material achievements were out of the ordinary. Revealed religion shows the delight which God has in a man who gives the whole of himself, that he may know and do the will of God. Think you that God would use a man who seeks to know God through sense alone? As if a mere fraction of a man's powers were sufficient to know all of God! What man can know his fellow man through sense alone? We know our friends not by seeing them, or even having them with us, but by trusting them. As we give ourselves to them they stand revealed to us. As we serve them they serve us. Only when we give our all to God can we know him and can he make use of us. Whatever of selfish motives control us by so much are the intellectual faculties dulled and the spiritual perceptions dimmed. We increase our power and enlarge our influence only as we forget ourselves. Horace used to say that no avaricious man could be a poet, and Milton declared that "he who would write a great poem must make his life a great poem." God makes the largest use of those whose powers are wholly his in fellowship and service. Isaiah's lips must be purified before he can give God's messages to a listening nation. The prophet to the nations must first be a son of God. When we hear the world's greatest poets invoking their muse before they dare attempt to sing we can the better understand that even the best writers must be in a sense inspired, that not until they themselves are possessed can they hope to possess others with their lofty theme. It has been well said that

All great human creations are the products of the unconscious element in man. It is as though man were no longer a personal being in

certain moments of his existence, but came to be "beside himself," as the old Greeks said; as though he left his personality behind him and became part of the universal whole, an instrument to do the work of humanity, unconsciously, or even against his own conscious will. It appears strange to us, and yet it is not stranger than the birth of a child of man, which is always a work in which mankind as a whole participates, and not merely the father and mother, for in it something is created beyond that which two human beings can impart to a third. Man's unconscious life is greater than his conscious existence, and exceeds in importance his thinking and his willing.

So Weinel speaks of Paul, whose noblest powers are seen as the Roman governor cried: "Thou art beside thyself," and when he feels himself a debtor to every creature because he has a message that outweighs the world. The sense of shame was scarce known in the Greek or Roman world when art, which, as Ruskin points out, was childless, became the slave of sensuality and vice. It is not found to exist in the heathen world to-day even when men are detected in falsehood or theft. Their regret is not for the act, but that they were found out and so deprived of their unlawful gains. The measure of the true religion is that "it possesses the moral power to shame the heart of the man who dreams but does not do." Sin is not simply transgressing the law of God, it is falling short of the glory of God. Man can be at his best as the spokesman of God only when he has absolutely given himself to know God and to serve God. If the mind of Socrates is best known to us by Plato, who gave himself completely to know and interpret his great teacher, how much more is it necessary for a man to give himself wholly to God if he would know him and interpret him. Even blind old Homer said, "Whoso obeyeth the gods to him they gladly hearken." Only they have a message from God who have an offering for God. The lips of God speak in the anointed ear. Only the tongue of fire can declare the mind of God. It is the holy man that speaks as moved by the Holy Ghost. Revelation is the light of the knowledge of the glory of God seen in a face, the face of Jesus Christ. Christianity is the religion of a Person and not of a Book. This is the distinctive glory of Christianity—the Word made flesh. The Book is but the record of the revelation in a Person. But for that Person, whose hold on men is due to his revealing the Father, and only inasmuch

as he reveals the Father, all the other revelation or record would be incomplete. It would tell of holy men who looked forward to Christ, even rejoiced to see his day, like Abraham; or like Moses, who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; or like David and Isaiah, whose bold faith saw him as already come, and dared call him the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Such faith in the Christ who was to come led them to pure lives in which they were saved by hope. But if the object of their faith were unreal, the mere dream of an enthusiast, what did it avail? But it was given to Moses and Elias to testify on the mount of transfiguration that this was the Messiah of their hopes and prayers. To their testimony was conjoined that of the Father, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Then came the record of the apostles in the Gospels *because there had first been a Gospel:* the Word made flesh and dwelling among us. This revelation in a perfect Life was now to be given to the world. Lecky has well said in his History of European Morals:

> It was reserved for Christianity to present the world an ideal character, which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue but the strongest incentive to its practice; and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists.

The value of Christ to the world is his revelation of the Father who is eternally on the side of righteousness, a revelation made both in the life and death of the Son of God. The resurrection and ascension of Christ are the proofs of his approval and acceptance by the Father, because it was not possible for him to be held by the grave after his triumphant life and death. Him the heavens *must* receive until the times of restoration of all things. Christ, who belongs to both worlds, is God's way to man and man's way to God. "God has for man the value of Christ." "He that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." We believe in Christ not because we believe in the Bible; we believe in the Bible

because we believe in Christ. The Person makes the Book and is more than the Book, which confesses that it cannot tell all the story of his Person and his love. Christ is at once the justification and completion of our faith in God. None can question his power to inspire others who himself possessed the Spirit without measure. He put his spirit into the disciples, both inspiriting and inspiring them, and he who was the Truth promised them the Spirit of Truth to guide them into all truth. It is Christ's power to make saints that has won for him the allegiance and faith of men in all ages, for all true moral progress is made through admiration. No religion makes such use of example as does Christianity. We must admire its saints, whether their portraits appear in the Book or are the result of reading the Book. Burns, "the prodigal son of the Church of Scotland," not only paints a saint in his Cotter's Saturday Night, but gives the secret of it when he says,

> A correspondence fixed in heaven
> Is sure a noble anchor.

To say that men are capable of inspiration is to say that they are capable of the most exalted and devout communion with God, and that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. In that rapt fellowship man recovers his Eden, whose loss meant that the loss of truth enslaves man and unfits him for service, and whose recovery, as promised by the Lord, was that "everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." It is the passion for the truth that prepares to win the truth and to give it to men. Such was the passion of prophets, psalmists, and apostles, the three great sources, aside from Christ, of the inspired revelation, and whose lives witnessed what the Book records of holiness and truth. It is because they were holy men that we believe the messages which they give us in a holy book. Because we believe their lives were inspired as they witnessed to the truth we accept the truth which they spake as having come from God! Man's nature implies religion; religion at its best implies revelation; and revelation implies inspiration. Natural religion is man seeking after God; revealed religion is God seeking after man. The man who is fit to receive God's message becomes at once God's messenger. The

prophet was Israel at its highest, a peculiar, a holy people in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. His personal exaltation in rapt communion with God was more than the content of his message. There were deep religious experiences that no language could tell, and it was unlawful to attempt it. The inspired man was more than the inspired message. God spake through him only so far as God spake *in* him, and God speaks mostly to us *in* the prophets and *in* his Son. We believe the message because we believe the messenger. It is the holy lips of Isaiah which have won a hearing for his inspired, because holy, words. Where outside of revealed religion did ever man speak like this gifted and saintly man? Where, too, outside the record of such a revelation can be found the story of such a life and of such rapt and loving vision? Verily, "He who sees without loving strains his eyes in the dark." The satisfied vision is his who follows on to know the Lord, such as aged Simeon knew when a touch of his incarnate Lord made death easy. Men have ever looked through the gates of pearl as their eyes have followed Jesus home.

The Psalms, with their language of humility, of penitential abasement and of filial confidence toward God, are the appeal of the heart of man to the heart of God. Mr. Gladstone well said:

> All this is severed, as a whole, by an immeasurable distance, from the language, ideas, and mental habits of pagan antiquity. What we find there of religion associated with intellectual culture turns upon external relations between God and man, as between sovereign and subject, or master and dependent. The prehistoric verse of Homer abounds in prayers. They are not such as we should use, yet they indicate fully these external relations. But in the life of later, of classical, Greece, prayer seems wholly to have lost its force and place as a factor in human life.

In the Psalms there is such a sense of the righteousness of God that a nation's sins became the theme of a nation's songs as nowhere else in history. The nation as a whole is at prayer, and the very imprecations that startle us must be regarded as the nation's curse upon its foes. But the individual no less than the nation weeps and sobs and confesses and rejoices and sings in these incomparable songs of Zion, of which Milton said, "There are none like them." John Bright said to Mr. Gladstone that he

would be content to stake upon the book of Psalms, as it stands, the great question whether there is or is not a divine revelation. It was not to him conceivable how a work so widely severed from all the known productions of antiquity, and standing upon a level so much higher, could be accounted for except by a special and extraordinary aid calculated to produce special and extraordinary results; for it is reasonable, nay, needful, to presume a due correspondence between the cause and the effect. "Nor," adds Mr. Gladstone, "does this opinion appear to be unreasonable." It is not strange that the language of devotion has for three thousand years been saturated with the language of the Psalms. There are not less than two hundred and eighty-six passages in the New Testament that show their impress. In a special sense the Psalms, together with Deuteronomy, Isaiah, and Daniel, made the Bible of our Lord which he most read and quoted. It was while singing some of these Psalms of Ascent that we see him going up with his parents to the house of the Lord. Olivet and the "upper room" in Jerusalem heard them often from his lips, and Golgotha heard him repeating one as he died. If "poetry and architecture," as Ruskin claims, "are the two enemies of forgetfulness," the Psalms will keep alive the memory of the sweet singers of Israel long after their temple is forgotten. Men do not question that those men are inspired who can inspire others. How great that inspiration, and vastly elevated above all others, which comes from the lips and lives of men who come sobbing their songs of pardoned sin from the presence-chamber of a merciful God, and who call upon their souls and all within them to bless his holy name who redeemeth their life from destruction and crowneth them with loving-kindness and tender mercies! These are they who cry, "Search me, and know me, and see if there be any evil way in me, and cleanse my thoughts." It is this personal element that wins for us a hearing for their inspired songs. As we must believe even Christ inspired before we believe his words inspired, so we believe in these holy men at their devotions, with the closet door ajar, as, all unconsciously to themselves, they draw weeping listeners where they sing and pray. As Christ was at once the manifested God and the completion of humanity, so that the two natures are

inseparable, so we can always tell the men who have been with Jesus. The measure of their experience is the measure of their knowledge as it is also the measure of their inspiration and influence. Faith means not only trustfulness but trustworthiness. We are ever willing to listen to the men who have unmistakably heard the still small voice of God.

> One whisper of the Holy Ghost
> This heedless world has never lost.

A true test of the inspiration of any part of the Holy Book is to throw oneself into the current of the thought and aspiration and then see how strongly the current sets toward God. It is because "that which came from out the boundless deep turns again home." Aspiration in man comes from the inspiration of God. Had not the voice of God found an echo in the soul of man, there had been no holy lives and no inspired Book. Only saints can make such a literature as shows men walking and talking with God. We have in that literature somewhat of their fellowship and speech; and this is what makes it sacred literature. This is all the account which the Bible gives of itself. It attempts no definition of inspiration, whether verbal or plenary. God in times past spake unto the fathers *in* the prophets, and in these last days has spoken unto us *in* a Son. The more complete the filial relationship the fuller the disclosure; the holier the person the fuller the apprehension and the more complete the revelation. It was human hearts, and not tables of stone, that were to hold God's final revelation. No wonder even Spinoza asks, "Would God commit the treasure of the true record of himself to any substance less enduring than the human heart?" That which distinguishes man from other animals is his religious feeling, his moral sense, and his perception of the sublime. What develops these makes for itself a permanent record in the human heart, and these exalted powers in turn become the chosen and best channel for making known the truth of God. Man is to find his perfection in sharing in the eternal life of the Son of God, whom to know is life eternal, while Christ has best revealed his own perfections and achievements in sharing the life of man and ennobling it. It is history, not nature, that is the true region of

the supernatural, and more wonderful the miracles of grace in raising men into a new life than any that took place in the home of Jairus or at the sepulcher of Lazarus. The supply of grace in the soul daily is more than feeding the five thousand in Galilee. Account for it as we may, history shows that Christianity has unequaled power in cultivating saintliness of character. Greece disciplined the mind and taste; Rome disciplined the will; Judæa has disciplined the conscience. The gulf-stream of history which gives the world a new climate starts from where Abram heard the voice of God saying, "Walk before me and be thou perfect." God was choosing his companions among the best of earth, for God has an eternal preference for the best. But he also has a divine sympathy for those who are struggling, taking sides with their better nature in the fight against their lower nature and what appeals to it. Said Francis W. Newman, "The great doctrine on which all practical religion depends is the sympathy of God with the perfection of man." Man *unaided* can destroy himself, but life and holiness can come only from another and a higher than himself. It is not theoretical ethics that can save men, but a scarred hand and the devotion of the soul to one's Saviour. "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic." Mohammedanism, or even Confucianism, is the religion of a book; Christianity is the religion of a Person. "Contact with nobler natures arouses the feeling of unused power and quickens the consciousness of responsibility." It is Christ alone who can give men power to become the sons of God. A practical mystic is the most formidable of combinations, as were John and Paul, or Oliver Cromwell and Stonewall Jackson. "Man is a vessel destined to receive God, a vessel which must be enlarged in proportion as it is filled and filled in proportion as it is enlarged." The nature and attributes of God were not discovered or evolved; they were revealed, and that as men were prepared to receive them. Hence the progressive revelation of God as recorded in the Scriptures, as in sundry times and in divers manners God spake unto the fathers. By many portions and in many ways was the Father made known to us even in the Son. Doubtless the beloved disciple who rested in the bosom of the

Lord gives the best, because the longest, "time exposure" alike in his life and in his Gospel. No wonder the early church claimed a written Gospel from one who had so long given the world a living gospel. Men long took knowledge of John that he had been with Jesus. The boldness which men saw in him was not the impetuousness of a "Son of Thunder" who would call down fire from heaven, but that passionate devotion to Christ as truth that makes him put the fearful or the cowards as the first to be excluded from the city of God. The city which is the despair of men is the glory of Christianity when God builds and guards it.

The measure of a man is the measure of his responsiveness. What is in a man is seen by what he responds to and how fully he responds. The test of a man is not that of the animal—how much he can perceive by his senses. Then would the savage shame us by his quick eye and ear, that rival the senses of the wild animals he hunts. Sense, after all, can know only the things of sense. The glory of man is his power of seeing the unseen and the invisible. Doubtless God had called other men before Abraham heard only to obey, and was rightly called the father of the faithful. Because Moses stood with unshod feet he saw God in the burning bush. Because Elisha refused to be separated from Elijah in the hour of his translation, and dared look into the supernatural and gaze upon the ascending chariot, a double portion, an eldest son's portion, of the spirit of the glorified prophet fell, with his mantle, to the young man with the upturned eye. Our Lord put a high price upon the place at his right hand and at his left, even that men should be able to drink of his cup and to be baptized with his baptism. What central fires are necessary to scatter the silver and the gold as the very mountains are upheaved! The human soul never finds its true voice until it sees God. Only the response that comes from the depths can tell of the heights. It is only the attuned instrument that even God can use. The soul must be humanized by a great joy or a great sorrow to give forth the true echo to the divine voice. The insulated soul alone can receive the message from the skies. This is the price of truth—that we sell all that we have to buy it. This is the world's great reproach—that it rejected whom God accepted;

that it missed the beauty of the Lord; that when it saw him there was no beauty that it should desire him. There was no response to his loveliness and his truth. God could not use the eyes that could not see and the ears that could not hear. An apotheosis can glorify only the good and can come only from the good. The bad neither deserve it nor offer it. It is the response of the best in man to what is revealed of the indwelling of God in good men and in Christ. Canon Liddon, the greatest preacher of his generation, chose for the theme of his last sermon, "The Inspiration of Selection." In the historic pulpit of Saint Mary's at Oxford, where years before he had given his great Bampton lectures on the "Divinity of Our Lord," his last words were about the promise of the Holy Spirit who should receive of Christ's and show it unto his disciples. The theme is most suggestive of God's mode of revelation to the fit. Had not God's method ever been one of divine selection, a chosen nation, a select family or class, a prepared soul in whom to speak to men? Even Jacob is preferred before Esau because of the unstable character which the descendants of Esau would doubtless show after the slight estimate which he put upon a spiritual birthright. Jacob at least appreciated the covenant, however unholy his method of winning its blessings for himself and family. Our Lord must select men, and transform, purify, and invigorate their powers, if they become channels of blessing. He staked everything on what he could do with twelve men. Unless they could be made to respond to his teaching and life all was in vain. Not only were they selected as witnesses of his life and resurrection, but the Spirit of truth was promised them to guide them into all truth. Amid all that Christ said and did, and that was handed down from mouth to mouth, the Holy Spirit by the elevation of their thoughts, as well as the deepened spirituality of their natures, was to aid in making selection of what men need to know of the Son of God. The perfect life was to find expression in the matchless Book. The test of the Book is, Does it worthily represent the Christ? Does it set forth the perfect Character for which the world had waited so long? "The personality of Jesus is the impregnable fortress of Christianity." The great preacher did not deem the work of the Spirit done when

the disciples were guided into all truth by this inspiration of selection. His closing words shall be ours: "The test of the true worth of the spirit of our day—of the spirit which rules our own thoughts and lives—is the saying, 'He shall glorify me.' All that wins for the Divine Redeemer more room in the thoughts and hearts of men, all that secures for him the homage of obedient and disciplined wills, all that draws from the teachings of the past and the examples of the present new motives for doing him the honor which is his eternal due, may be safely presumed to come from a Source higher than any in this passing world, and to have in it the promise of lasting happiness and peace."

Happy the man who can sing with the angels: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Eugene R. Shinkle

Art. III.—THREE BORDER TOWNS

As it had been decided to spend the holiday abroad, the question of destination became important. How, suggested the titular head of the party, would it do to travel along the eastern frontier of France? There was Belfort unvisited, and Strasburg to be revisited, and Metz visited often, but only in one's dreams. Ah, but, and but, and but! The beds would be bad, the dinners worse, the frontier trains might easily combine the pleasures of the *train omnibus* and the *Personenzug*. In the event several of these calamities came actually to pass. Memories of famous scenes and accounts of heroic deeds are strangely mingled with recollections of the worst dinner ever eaten—or did we really eat it?—in the fair land of France. One long, happy day of ardent traveling took us through two changes of trains and two customhouses, and over at least a hundred miles of distance. The high idealism of the leader raised him above such petty annoyances. The others—the confession is their due—loyally adhered to the engagements made. They even bore bravely the discomforts of their lot. But there were covert smiles against whose sting idealism has no armor of proof. And now, at home, you might judge from their descriptions of the journey that theirs was the insight which inspired a successful tour.

Belfort is situated at the angle where France and Germany and Switzerland meet. Thus it guards the southern entrance into France. Northeastward stretch the Vosges mountains, which until 1870-71 formed an effective bulwark along the Alsatian frontier. Southeasterly lies neutral Switzerland, with the Jura chain along its border. Belfort closes the gap between. So the fortress becomes a place of considerable importance. Although it is less prominent than Strasburg and Metz, which are cities of greater size and situated more directly on the line to Paris, it was fortified early in the modern age, and it has played its part in more than one of the conflicts of the century just ended. This was notably true in the war of 1870-71. After their amazing victories to the north the Germans turned their attention to Bel-

fort. By the beginning of November, 1870, the seige was formally commenced. From early December a fierce bombardment overwhelmed the town with the worst horrors of war. But still the garrison held firm. Sufferings and tricks and threats alike proved unavailing to break their courage, and all the arts of the enemy were insufficient to beat down their stout defense. In mid-February, 1871, the resistance was still strong enough to prevent the capture of the place. The spirit of the commander, Denfert-Rochereau, withstood even the neglect at Paris, where the authorities failed to include Belfort in the armistice which was now applied to the rest of the seat of war. It was only in compliance with express orders from his government that he turned the fortress over to the Germans, marching out at the head of his troops, colors flying, arms intact, deserving and receiving all the honors of war. It is not surprising, therefore, that Belfort has become a symbolic name for France. Moltke sought to obtain its cession at the peace in order to complete his control of the frontier, but Thiers centered his efforts on its retention and wrung it from the conquerors as almost their only concession, paying as well a large indemnity to secure the prize. And yet Belfort is rather a city dignified by noble deeds than one completely admirable in itself. Its situation is fine. Built on the edge of an upland, the citadel looks eastward to the German border, over the outlying forts which dot the land between. To the north the summits of the Vosges rise to the level of our White Mountain range. Westerly, in the direction of France, the eye travels across the town and valley to the lower hills, which themselves are crowned by massive works of war. Toward the Jura, southward, the landscape is also entitled to the praises which it commonly receives. But with the town the case is different. Numbering now 35,000 inhabitants, in 1870-71 it had only 8,000 population. The newer quarters are praised by the guidebook, and perhaps with reason, but the old, central town is distinctly disappointing. One grows accustomed to strange contrasts in France. Beauty and disease—physical or social—art, history, and squalor combine in forms difficult to understand. Here the unlovely union reached a climax. Dirty streets, squalid buildings shocked the senses and the spirit

both. It depressed the heart to note the vulgar resorts yawning to tempt the common soldier, though in fairness it must be said that those we saw gave little sign of pandering to his vice. And then, rising to the thought of his superiors, you queried concerning the life of an educated officer in this "little garrison town." After his work is done, where are his rational pleasures to be found? Here, within sight and cannon-shot of the enemy's frontier, how is he to maintain his force and vigor, how continue a model for his men, amid the dangers and the temptations which he encounters in his daily lot?

One advantage officers and privates both enjoy at Belfort: the memory of a great example. The defense of Belfort was, perhaps, not unique in the annals of war. A simple lieutenant-colonel of engineers found himself appointed to command the place. His garrison was few in numbers and composed of divers elements. A handful of regular troops, a depôt battalion or two, some fugitives aand wounded from the earlier disastrous battles of this strange campaign—this was the medley which he welded into an effective defending force. So again he husbanded the scanty stock of old-fashioned military supplies. The outlying forts were manned and new works constructed instead of permitting the enemy to approach the main defenses. Above all, the commander and his aids, animated by high courage themselves, inspired the troops and the citizens with a like spirit of self-sacrifice. So, whether Denfert-Rochereau was a military genius or no, his defense of Belfort showed soldierly capacity adequate to the hard circumstances under which it was conducted. Sound military sense, stout-hearted firmness in disaster, a cool courage amid the wreckage of the great defeats and the downfall of the empire—these were none too frequent among the French commanders of the "terrible year." Therefore, if his countrymen have called him hero, who shall quibble over the exact fitness of the term? He proved, at least, that still there were men in France—men of the old mark, capable, undaunted, true.

Back of the commander stood his subordinate officers and the men of the rank and file. The deeds of all are commemorated by a noble work of art. At the base of the citadel Bartholdi has carved

a massive lion crouching against the rock from which the fortifications rise. The beast is harried, yet defiant. With its paw impounding an arrow from the enemy, its head raised and turned in the direction whence the missile came, it represents the spirit of France, bruised, beaten, but unconquered, as it guards the frontier, as it mourns the captured provinces, as it asserts anew its dauntless confidence, mindful here of the deeds which helped it, a generation ago, to recover that moral vigor without which no nation can endure. On the pedestal of the monument are carved a few simple words: *"Aux défenseurs de Belfort, '70-71."* And the lion is so placed that the inscription seems expressive of the fact. You cross the shallow Savoureuse on the bridge which leads toward the older town, you walk a little way along the narrow street—and suddenly the figure stands out, on guard above the town. In their daily round civilian and soldier both live in the shadow of their emblem. It is difficult to recall so nobly placed a monument of war. As a work of art Thorwaldsen's lion of Lucerne may be presumed superior to Bartholdi's, but the lion of Lucerne lies apart, in the midst of its garden, as it were, removed from the ordinary affairs of men. At Belfort the heroic figure dwells high but not apart. The virtues for which it stands were shown by common men. It is fitting that their monument should rise in the midst of the community which their courage saved, seen each day by their successors, whose it would be in any later conflict again to defend the gateway to the fatherland.

It was *Kaisertage* when we visited Strasburg. Now, *Kaisertage* are not planned for the convenience of the traveler. The presence of his Imperial Majesty creates attractions for the tourist, but it does not conduce to the minor pleasures of his lot. Of this a long search for quarters thoroughly convinced us, although even our discomforts brought compensation of an interesting sort. The *Hôtel zum Rothem Hause* finally gave us shelter, along with a larger collection of German dignitaries than it is usual to meet in close association. Some were men of position in the civil service or the army. Some were plainly men of birth, perhaps above the rank which they for the time enjoyed. All apparently were possessed of means beyond those which the line-officer has at

his disposal. It was therefore with some concern that we thought of two days of residence in their company. What rights had a modest American family in a hotel crowded with gold lace and uniforms? Two young Americans were from the first all eyes and wonder at the display around them. And there was a gentle lady to be cared for amid the sentries, and the spurs and sabers, the rush and the din of various sorts. The result, it must be admitted, belied these fears. In student days, many years before, one had learned to admire nearly all things German except the German officer. Our days at Strasburg convinced us that, at very least, there are officers and officers in the German ranks. These men acted as gentlemen the world over are wont to do. It was pleasure to watch them as, "all dressed up in their Sunday clothes," they sallied forth to this function or to that, and you wondered whether men of birth and training could really enjoy the amount of millinery they were obliged to wear. But swagger was conspicuous by its absence. Of jostling, or crowding, or even of endeavor to secure the better chance, there appeared to be none. Civilians were accorded the same rights which they claimed for themselves. Even if there were minor happenings which escaped the notice of the stranger, it was evident that not all the gentler virtues are confined to democratic societies. Without, the people made an interesting study. Strasburg was crowded to the gates. The Alsatians had come to the city from near and far, despite the fact that the conditions of the celebration were not propitious. It was *Kaisertage*, but *Kaiserwetter* failed to justify its name. Overhead the sky was lowering, with now and then a drizzle of rain. In the streets the crowds plodded to and fro, enjoying the spectacle and seemingly unmindful of the wet through which they trudged. Never, as it seemed, was there so large a crowd with so little of selfishness shown, not to say of roughness and disorder. For, as is well known, there are great differences in crowds. This Alsatian throng included soldiers of the common ranks, townsmen, travelers, peasants from the countryside. The police control was notably defective, for most of the scanty force was needed to guard the palace and its imperial visitors. At night, during the illuminations and the military concert, carriages and

trolleys came crashing through our midst, since no attempt was made to stop their circulation. There was a jam and crush, to be sure, so great that one was glad to escape to his hotel, but good nature was everywhere uppermost. It is difficult to recall an incident showing anything worse than a slight tendency toward horse-play. The crowd thus was German or Alsatian. Perhaps the adjectives might reasonably be combined, since Strasburg was the capital of German Alsace, and the traces of its Germanic origin persisted even during its two centuries of occupation by the French. Now the reminders of the French connection have almost disappeared. The change in this respect is marked from the condition shortly after the war, for the process of Germanization has, to surface view, made unexpected progress. Moving through the throngs, one now and then could catch the sound of spoken French amid the guttural German. The Paris newspapers were regularly on sale at the booths and plainly purchased by habitual readers. In the *Kléber Platz* a single street name in French was discoverable, for it had been carved into the stone and could not be entirely obliterated. And it was quaint to watch a pair of German soldiers, in tunic and helmet of the familiar types, as they read the inscription on the monument to Kléber, the old hero of the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. But, apart from a few buildings, this was all that we could find to show that for one hundred and ninety years (1681-1871) Strasburg had been counted one of the foremost cities of France. Outer Strasburg, then, has lost its Gallic aspect. A good deal of its old Alsatian appearance, however, is retained. With this the newer German quarter, on the farther side of the Ill, is strangely contrasted. Much here can be only counted as improvement. The broad avenues, the noble edifices are among the best external benefits of the German occupation. But the imperial palace can hardly be commended. Nothing in modern Berlin is worse than this, although it stands within easy view not only of the cathedral but also of the older official buildings on the Broglie. The style of architecture is unknown by name, but with the thing itself Americans are unhappily familiar. Although different in specific development, the type is much the same as that of our own post offices and customhouses

of the period of the seventies. Here on August 29-30, 1908, their Imperial Majesties were installed. Over the cupola waved the flag of the empire with its flaring motto, *"Gott mit Uns, 1870,"* as though to remind the Strasburgers of the providence which had torn them from their French allegiance. The combination of piety and self-congratulation carried thought back to the days of the war itself and the spirit in which it was conducted.

But perhaps it should be acknowledged that the influence of recent visits to France may have affected our impressions of things German. The grace, the charm, the brightness of the French people and their ways, the memory, too, of the great humiliation which was visited on them by the war, predispose the traveler to criticism of the ponderous, if strong and honest, German culture. Be this as it may, we could not escape a certain sense of oppression as we watched the celebration of the Kaiser's visit to the Alsatian capital. The behavior of the officers has been praised, and that of the troops off duty in the streets, but the mind traveled from these sturdy soldiers to the eager conscripts watching a few leagues away on the westward side of the frontier, and you questioned whether, in any new campaign, they could possibly withstand the onslaught of the forces in your presence. You enjoyed the show and the parade, but amid the tokens of success it was impossible to forget that in the very streets where the conquerors were marching men had sobbed out their hearts for loss of country, and that still, behind the quaint old gables, wrecks of families lingered on which had been torn asunder in the city of their love as well as of their ancestral history. Most of all our French sympathies revolted at the illumination of the cathedral. As a spectacle it was of wondrous beauty. The lower walls might have been more fully lighted up; but the lines of the great building, picked out in fire, in particular the lacelike carving of the spire, as with the shimmer of the candles it seemed to sway against the sky, made a delight which it is not given often to enjoy. And yet, enjoy it fully we could not. Perhaps there was no risk of fire to a building all stone and roofed with copper, but the flaring, guttering lights gave the appearance of danger. Perhaps it was an excess of critical temper which made one restive under the illu-

mination of just this edifice; but it did seem a certain profanation to use the Strasburg minster as a means of glorifying Kaiser Wilhelm II. It seemed as though at least this humiliation might have been spared the adherents of the French régime.

The emperor left the city in the evening, with the illumination in full display. On the morrow Strasburg was returning to its workday habit. The lights were out, the crowds had gone. Under a sky still lowering the citizens were resuming their accustomed tasks. A short time before our own departure the writer wandered forth for a last look at the cathedral, and as he drew near, the bells in the tower were ringing for morning prayer. Not the loud clanging of the great bells, as the night before to speed the imperial guests; it was now the gentler tones of the small bells giving the summons to familiar worship. But the soft notes, floating through the dampened air, fostered a train of revery. It is uncertain what the service may have been—perhaps the office of the mass, perhaps the prayers for the day, droned out, as one has heard them elsewhere, by a few careless members of the chapter; but, splendid or humble, it suggested the permanence of things divine. Within range of this cathedral spire history has been made for centuries—from Cæsar's conquest of Gaul to the wars of Napoleon; from Napoleon the Great to the lesser of the name, whose last campaign began hardly beyond sight, quite within earshot, of the building. And hence the living bearer of the new imperial rule had shortly gone after two days of celebration and of festival. But still the bells rang out their call to prayer. Armies may pass, generals and emperors depart. With the ebb and flow of human power change steals over the course of history, nations wane and others govern in their stead, societies dissolve, or find new birth, amid the tumult of war, but always there abides the thought of the Eternal. Above change and loss and gain hovers the shadow of the Unseen. Nay, forms of belief themselves increase or lose in power. This minster has seen eras of faith as well as our own age of questioning discovery. Yet amid the revolutions of man's thought, as in the wreckage of his political life, the divine remains supreme. As these sweet bells on a gray August morning floated their message out over the waking town, so the

influence of things beyond man's sensuous ken pervades his fevered life, to purify, to sweeten, to enlarge, if he but will, the springs from which that life in its innermost self proceeds.

The third border town we visited was Metz—*Metz la pucelle,* as its citizens proudly termed it until 1870 brought the surrender of the virgin fortress. Metz differs from Belfort and Strasburg in its situation and its strategic importance. As you approach the city from the direction followed by the German armies you leave the valley of the Rhine, and yet you do not come on higher hills like those where Belfort guards the gap. This is rather a rolling country and then a land diversified by deeper valleys divided by wooded spurs. Toward the east there are mines of coal and iron. So at Saarbruecken, where the contact with the enemy began, and where the prince imperial received his "baptism of fire." Nearer Metz the ground is similar: a broad meadow by the Moselle and the Seille on which the city stands, surrounding ridges crowned with great fortifications at their summits, westward a range of hills, and then a downward slope to the uplands of eastern France. In sum, a smiling country, neither mountain nor yet plain, intended, one would say, to be, what it has been for centuries, the home of a prosperous, self-respecting people. Here also there grew up a distinctive type of culture, whose groundwork, however, was not German, as at Strasburg, but substantially French; the language and the habits of the people, the architecture, and the aspect of the city, derived from the westward civilization rather than from that which flourished across the Rhine. Strasburg cathedral is a Rhenish minster, Metz shows the influence of Rheims. Forty years at Strasburg have sufficed to destroy the outward signs of the French occupation; in Metz French is still a favored language in the shops and streets, the appearance of the city is half-Gallic still, intercourse with France is more constant and complete, and the people cherish the memory of the time when their city formed the eastern bulwark of Napoleon's empire rather the German menace to the border peace. For Metz is not only a flourishing community, it is also a fortress of the highest class. Originally it was fortified by the Romans, whose work has been continued by the masters of modern war. And the reason for their

activity is clear: the city occupies a position of strategic importance. From Metz, marching in general eastward, an army debouches into the heart of Germany. Westward it commands the shortest route to Paris, whether you go by road, or take one of the railways which converge toward Metz almost as toward a center. Moreover, after Metz is passed there is hardly a natural barrier between Paris and the frontier. Here, as always, Moltke knew his trade when he exacted the cession of the city as part of the price of peace. The line of the Vosges and Strasburg to the south, the possession of Metz to the north give the Germans free entrance into France. If they had secured Belfort as well, every bulwark of the frontier would have been delivered into their hands. Thus the prevailing impression at Metz becomes an impression of war. In particular the visitor cannot escape the memories of the siege of forty years ago. On July 19, 1870, the French government issued its declaration of war. By early August the whole campaign was in confusion. The emperor was sick and hesitant. The generals quarreled among themselves. No one knew exactly where the Germans were, or how great their numbers, or anything definite of their probable plans. Finally, on August 12, Marshal Bazaine was given command, the fortunes of France being practically committed to his charge. Bazaine now became the hope of the army. Brave, fortunate, he had risen from the ranks to high position. But he was also aging, sluggish, and yet cunning by nature, a creature of the imperial system withal, and, it must in fairness be added, elevated to power in a desperate situation of affairs.

The general strategy needed was plain. If, retreating, Bazaine could unite with MacMahon to the westward, a stand might still be made against the invaders. But the enemy gave the retiring army no peace. From August 14 to 18 there was a succession of battles culminating at Gravelotte—with the exception of Sedan the most decisive conflict of the war. The French occupied high ground a few miles west of Metz, and themselves faced westward, looking toward the coveted roads to France. The Germans attacked in the direction of their own country, seeking once for all to drive their opponents to the shelter of the forts and the city

itself. The struggle was long and doubtful. In fact, except on the extreme right of the line, the Germans failed of any decisive success. The right, however, was the weak point of the French position; and here, with a perversity which, later, men called treason, Bazaine had stationed his most poorly organized troops. Indeed, the marshal's actions on this day were among the principal causes of his fall. His entire force was engaged in deadly conflict—never once did he appear upon the field. As the day wore on and the attack became more fierce, as help was demanded for his right, where defeat would cut his communications with France, he refused to send it until all chance of victory had vanished. One third of his artillery stood idle all that livelong day, while at Saint Privat, the exposed position, his men needed chiefly guns to force the Germans backward in disaster. As it was, the Prussian victory was dearly purchased. Saint Privat is a little village from behind whose walls the French poured a deadly fire on the advancing foe. It was only at evening that the guard, aided by the Saxons, was able to charge up the hill and crowd Bazaine's right wing back toward Metz. The flower of Prussia had driven home the victory—but there was mourning in almost every noble household in the land. The success thus won, however, proved conclusive. With all his men Bazaine retreated under the walls of Metz and settled down to supine action. Only once did he seriously attempt to break through the German lines, if the battle of August 31 can itself be termed a serious effort to escape. The army hungered, disease increased—the marshal played billiards, or negotiated with the enemy, or sent futile embassies to the empress with proposals to end the war. At length, on October 29, he surrendered on the enemy's terms, associating his name forever with one of the most shameful capitulations of modern times. Into the controversies occasioned by the campaign this is not the place to enter. It is a melancholy story, which depresses the visitor even in his holiday mood. Though Bazaine was not a traitor in the literal sense of the word, and although he was not condemned for literal treason, he was a "political general," and conducted himself as such. If he was placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, and these not of his own choosing, he showed himself unequal to

his task. It is perhaps true that France sought a scapegoat to cover the memory of her own shortcomings, but never had a scapegoat so prepared himself for slaughter. A fortress of the first rank, a large and courageous army, itself the last regular force and the last hope of his country, he surrendered without a struggle. Is it any wonder that the French cried "Treason"? that the Germans themselves marveled at the triumph of their arms?

It has been remarked that impressions of war prevail at Metz; of war, it must now be added, in its repulsive forms. At Belfort there lingers the memory of heroic deeds. At Strasburg you see a civilization remaking, or, if you will, in process of restoration to its earlier type. The Metz of to-day shows the victor busy chiefly to maintain his conquest, and there is scant relief to be found in the remembrance of how his success was won. One sunny September afternoon we visited the field at Saint Privat. The hamlet remains much as it must have appeared forty years ago. Here are the houses and the walls behind which the French infantry made its last valiant stand. Yonder stretch the grassy slopes up which the Prussian guard charged to final success. The view is broken now by monuments to individuals or regiments, some of them designed with skill and reared at large expense. But it is not the more pretentious memorials which best recall the conflict which here took place. All over the field rise simple iron crosses marking the resting places of the humbler dead. Not single graves are these, but trenches into which were gathered the remains of many sturdy men. On each cross a short inscription tells the story of those who lie beneath: *"Hier ruhen Krieger vom 18n August, 1870."* And as we wandered over the field one asked himself, For what did these men die? Was it for a principle, or to satisfy political ambition? And did they fall following a leader who staked all in desperate struggle for the fatherland? Or, if ambition led them to the conflict, was it baseness which made their efforts vain? No one, perhaps, could give to these several questions an assured reply, but history makes it clear that they cannot all be answered in a way fully honorable to mankind. Here were done brave deeds and splendid feats of arms, but there was weakness also, if not treason; and weakness

is akin to treason when the issue concerns the safety of the fatherland.

The next day we left Metz. Journeying into France, the railroad passes the forts and crosses the battlefield. Thus impressions of war beset the traveler to the end; the landscape is disfigured by the preparations for future conflicts, even where it does not show the memorials of the past. But ere long you reach the fertile plateaus of eastern France. The soft colors of the autumn sunshine, the wholesome labor of the peasants in the fields, the great horses straining at the plow, the graceful outlines of the villages or of some village church—here were light and strength and beauty instead of sternness; a vision of peace for suggestions of war. One's hatred of warfare was not diminished by the contrast, but the spirit was soothed by these simple reminders of normal human life.

A. C. Armstrong

Art. IV.—THE GENIUS OF METHODISM AND THE DOCTRINE OF THE IMMINENT APPEARING OF CHRIST

Two world-famed evangelists were returning from an exhilarating campaign in Australia when it chanced that "Thanksgiving" found them in the city of Bombay, where, as loyal Americans, they were welcome guests at an American and Methodist dinner. Conversation was crowded with the victories of our victorious Christ. One of our visitors was speaking of a mighty meeting at Northfield, where a sermon on the imminent coming of Christ had stirred an immense audience to unwonted demonstration, when, suddenly pausing, he remarked with a twinkle of humor, "But I should not be telling this story at this table, for Methodists do not believe in the premillennial return of our Lord." A Methodist missionary sitting opposite immediately replied, with an answering twinkle: "But, sir, are you not in error? It is indeed true that premillennialism, as popularly interpreted, finds scant favor in Methodist doctrine, nevertheless, the expectation of Christ's imminent return is the crown of the triumphant theology of our church, the very capsheaf of the world-harvest to which Methodism is pledged." To maintain that thesis is the purpose of the present writing.

That Jesus Christ once lived and died upon the earth all men believe—all who have heard. That one day he shall come again "in glorious majesty to judge the world" has ever been the faith of the Christian Church. It is apposite, therefore, to inquire, What is the logical attitude of Methodism as touching the doctrine of the imminence of Christ's appearing? In entering upon this inquiry no particular theory of the *parousía* need claim our attention. Nor of times and seasons will it be necessary to descant at all, nor of the various eschatologies. It concerns us only to resolve this question: Is aggressive Christianity, whose every movement postulates a far-reaching plan of action and a final triumph over evil through faith in the risen Christ, predisposed to accept a phi-

losophy of life and history whose solution of world-problems requires the swift culmination of the age through a supreme intervention of Almighty God in the midst of the years? In this discussion three points press for consideration. 1. The present trend of evangelical Christianity, apart from Methodism, as touching the doctrine and expectation of the imminent manifesting of Christ. 2. The inevitable attitude of Methodism as touching the philosophic basis of such doctrinal expression. 3. The call of Methodism to a restatement of the New Testament doctrine of the second coming, and to an ampler development of its implications. Expositors of the Christian Scriptures have written exhaustively of "The Appearing." It is beyond the limits of a brief writing to attempt the full teaching of the Scriptures concerning this doctrine, and it is unworthy to cut the Word of God piecemeal into convenient texts. This writing, therefore, so far as the biblical doctrine is concerned, is an argument *a priori*. Its sole purpose is to inquire, What is the ethical content of our Lord's return?

1. Among reverent believers the day of the prophecy-monger is past. A broader learning and a finer spirituality have entered into the study of the prophetic writings. But, while the church has little patience with the professional expert, there is a listening ear when spiritual leaders interpret world-movements and unfold again the solemn scriptures of warning and comfort and hope, and the church has a growing wealth of regal men whose alert scholarship is abreast of modern advance, and whose unshod feet press often the pathway of the mount of God. These words of the late Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall are significant because they represent the sober thinking and holy expectation of increasing numbers of the strong constructive leaders of the churches:

> This day I affirm in all humility and lowliness my belief in that Pauline hope, derided by many, set aside by the strenuous conditions of modern life, yet never withdrawn, never recalled, never abrogated; the hope that seeks to live with the open mind and with the open eye and with the unfaltering voice of testimony; believing that amid the intricate problems of the modern world the supreme manifesting of Christ may be imminent. God guide us along the apostolic line of the truth, and marvelous results shall come! As the whole Eastern world to-day is breaking up and preparing for new combinations and for the reception and assimilation of new forces, God keep us all expectant and open-eyed and open-minded, looking

for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.[1]

Words like these are typical of the higher scholarship and purer consecration which have gripped the mind and heart of workmen in the wide harvest of the world; men of the open vision, who love Jesus Christ unswervingly and believe his word unflinchingly. Dr. Hall's testimony falls upon the church to-day like a message out of the blue—solemn, tender, passionate. It cannot have failed to be noted that much of the stimulus to far-reaching evangelistic and missionary work during the past twenty years has emanated from Bible schools and training institutes where the second coming of the Lord is stressed not only as an undoubted Scripture truth, but as a near and blessed expectation. Such assemblies as Keswick in England and Northfield in America draw together leaders of intellectual and spiritual girth, and send forth profound influences which not only permeate the churches at home but vitally touch the distant mission fields. In these assemblies, and in many others of lesser note but of no little popular following, the doctrine of Christ's imminent return pervades as an atmosphere the studies and sermons and songs. Perhaps no special address will deal directly with prophetic themes, nevertheless, one will recognize the familiar teaching beetling from a sudden phrase or glowing in a solemn benediction. Multiplied believers among the churches, humble lovers of the Lord, rejoice in the hope of his appearing. Theirs is not a fanatical expectation. Certain there are, declaimers of destiny, enthusiasts, and here and there little coteries from the churches, cozened of judgment, who cheapen the Scriptures and caricature a reverent exegesis, but this need occasion no further remark than that it hath ever been so with the vital doctrines of the New Testament. Of the thousands of believers whose faith has been quickened by the hope of our Lord's near coming, the greater number are faithful supporters of the churches, zealous of good works and forward in all the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. No one can accurately know how many evangelical Christians have been reached and influenced by premillennial teaching,

[1] Twelfth Conference Foreign Missions Boards United States and Canada for 1905, p. 79.

but certain it is that they are not growing less in number but, rather, more. Says Dr. Handley Moule, Bishop of Durham:

> It is a significant fact in the history of the church that the "blessed hope," instead of fading with time, has come in these latter days to be a vastly more prominent truth to countless Christians than for ages before. This last century has seen a remarkable development in the prayerful study of the great promise and in the realization of its glory.[1]

The wide reach of the doctrine is readily recognized by one acquainted with the mission field. It is the simple truth that, of the strong contributing motives that have impelled hundreds of men to volunteer for missionary service, the steadfast faith that thereby they are hastening the return of the Lord must be reckoned among the most potent. This is seldom, if ever, named as a controlling motive, for there is a higher and holier—obedience to that Lord's command; and yet, in analyzing the influences that have caused men to hear and to obey the supreme commission of Jesus Christ, the imminence of his appearing will surely be recognized as a persuasion both persistent and masterful. It is safe to say that, with few exceptions, independent missionaries—and they are many—come to the field representing home constituencies whose main interest in missions arises from an *ex parte* interpretation of Matthew 24. 14, and similar scriptures, which seem to emphasize the relation between the end of the age and a "witness unto all nations." It is right to say that of these the great majority are humble and fruiful laborers in the Lord's harvest. The cumulative weight of their testimony and teaching is no inconsiderable element in the life of the native Christian community. Says the Pundita Ramabai:

> The most precious truth which I have learned since my conversion is the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. He will most certainly come and will not tarry. I praise the Lord for the great promise of his coming, and his counsel to watch and pray.[2]

But the pervasive influence of a great doctrine is more significant than an acceptance of the literal dogma itself. Where one man accepts the teaching, and adds to it the voice of his own testimony, ten will receive it and hold it in abeyance; they cannot wholly

[1] Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year, 1901, p. 247.
[2] Our Monthly, June, 1908, p. 115.

accept, nor will they fully deny; they cannot easily uproot their past thinking; they wait in patience and sincerity if so be the new will align itself with the old. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions is a notable force in the religious awakening of these days. Its motto, "The World for Christ in this Generation," has thrilled the church with a new sense of possibility and power. This watchword is intended as a summons to present duty, and, in itself, is wholly without eschatological significance; and yet in a multitude of minds it has provoked the subconscious query, "Yes, and what then?" Said Bishop Phillips Brooks in one of his prophetic sermons:

> The real question everywhere is whether the world, distracted and confused as everybody sees that it is, is going to be patched up and restored to what it used to be, or whether it is going forward into a quite new and different kind of life, whose exact nature nobody can pretend to foretell, but which is to be distinctly new, unlike the life of any age which the world has seen already.

Few have been so foolhardy as to set the bounds of the present dispensation or to dogmatize of coming events, and yet there can be no doubt that in the midst of the strenuous life of to-day and among spiritually-minded people there is a widespread notion, undefined and yet very real, that in some sense the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. If we except the spasm of fear that swept over the church at the close of the tenth century, and, perhaps, the fanatical outbursts of the Anabaptists in the period of the Reformation, it is entirely probable that there is among Christians to-day a keener and more intelligent expectation of our Lord's imminent return than at any time since the last half of the second century, when, Justin Martyr declares, it was the belief of all but the Gnostics.[1]

2. The question that now presses, and with an unhappy urgency, is this: Is the genius of Methodism in sympathy with this undoubted renascence of what Paul named "That blessed hope"? By the genius of Methodism one means, of course, the dominant influence or spirit pervading the church. Certainly there is nothing in our doctrinal standards which either affirms or denies the imminence of the appearing of our Lord. With

[1] Shedd, History of Christian Doctrine, vol. ii, p. 394.

the holy catholic church our people believe and our children are taught that Christ "ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." Whether that coming be near or distant, whether it be personal or spiritual, whether it shall precede or follow a glorious reign of righteousness, popularly phrased "the millennium," or whether, indeed, that coming may already have been fulfilled, on this and similar themes of Scripture interpretation our church has deemed it well that her ministers shall think and let think, if so be, they teach nothing contrary to godliness. But there is a trend in nations more powerful than their laws, and there is an atmosphere in churches which penetrates farther than any formal statement of belief. Dogma reaches its thousands, but sentiment its tens of thousands. However our Methodist people may or may not have been touched by the prevailing teachings of the second coming, certain it is that the doctrine is seldom proclaimed from Methodist pulpits and finds scant mention in the Methodist press. Among Methodist theologians there is a frequent lack of agreement which leaves our preachers without a united scholarly leadership. Says Professor Olin A. Curtis in The Christian Faith, the latest formal expression of doctrine with the Methodist imprint, "This [the second coming of Christ] is the one subject in systematic theology which I would gladly avoid, were such a course possible in fairness." Professor Curtis has no doubt that the teaching is "bound up with important Christian doctrines," and yet he frankly concludes as follows, "But the fairest thing for me to do is to place two great specialists in biblical theology over against each other," and then leaves the dismayed reader to watch in wonderment the exegetical tournament of the champions. And while Professor Salmond affirms that "it must be admitted," and Professor Terry declares that any such admission is "a species of worthless and misleading speculation," Professor Curtis genially moves into the next paragraph.[1] And so it is, for the most part, with Methodist preachers also. A sane preacher will not worry a congregation through an exegetical threshing machine, and he does not prefer to

[1] Pp. 445, 446.

preach an indeterminate doctrine which seems unrelated to present life and action. So, with a vague and general reference, he passes on to other themes which can receive virile and positive treatment. It would seem that an ardent expectation of the return in glory of the Lord Jesus Christ has not found notable expression among the people called Methodists. But the popular teaching of the second coming brings more than negative dissent; it awakens actual and unequivocal opposition. Nor does such opposition concern itself mainly with questions of biblical exegesis, for here the spirit of Methodism is liberal almost to a fault. It is not an antagonism of the schoolroom, but of the martial camp of the church, for the hope of our Lord's appearing has unhappily become the special evangel of a narrow theology and a pessimistic philosophy. The party name, "Premillennialism," as popularly understood, repels the spirit of Methodism as night vapors repel the morning lark. And there is a valid reason. A wide-visioned and militant church can have no sympathy with such words as these of a great evangelist now passed into the heavens: "I look on this world as a wrecked vessel; God has given me a lifeboat and said to me, 'Moody, save all you can.' This world is getting darker and darker, and its ruin is coming nearer and nearer";[1] nor with such as these of Bishop Ryle: "Once let the number of the elect be gathered out of the world, once let the last elect sinner be brought to repentance, and then the kingdom of Christ shall be set up";[2] nor with these of George Müller: "The gospel, indeed, is to be preached 'as a *witness* to all nations,' but it is not to be the means of the *conversion* of the world."[3] One cannot too earnestly aver that with teaching such as this Methodism can have no part. It is one of the roots of the old Calvinism that still encumbereth the ground, a gloomy philosophy which makes the race of man a failure in spite of redeeming love, and compels God to bring his purposes to pass by decrees and judgments and not by his imparted life in the hearts of men. An aggressive church may await the return of her Lord with joyful expectation, but such a church can never find inspiration for her faith in the "down-grade" theory that usually accom-

[1] The Colportage Library, vol. ii, No. 34, p. 28. [2] Ibid., p. 45. [3] Ibid., p. 65.

panies the premillennial teaching concerning this present age. There are two sufficient reasons why this is so. (1) A rational philosophy of history cannot be satisfied with a theory of development which affirms the supremacy of evil in human affairs. If the persecution and scattering of the pentecostal church was overruled for the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ, if the breaking up of the Roman empire extended the constructive power of Roman jurisprudence, if the passing of feudalism made for the birth of nations, if, in a word, history shows any "movement" whatsoever, it is difficult to understand what good men have in mind when they declare that "this world is getting darker and darker." Surely they dwell in some valley of the mountains and do not behold the sweep of the whole majestic range. Wars have not yet ceased, but in all the world to-day it would not be possible to reënact the scenes of blood when weary captives marched in Cæsar's triumph. Political oppression is not unknown, and fierce social conflicts darken the horizon, but no Greek slave, nor Roman bondman, nor medieval serf ever dreamed that he was deprived of any right of his. Uncleanness has not yet been purged away, but have we slipped deeper into the slough since the days when ladies of the imperial court, wives and daughters of Roman senators, received their besotted patrician visitors with lewd display too beastly to recount? Was the court of Victoria less chaste than the court of Elizabeth? Is the England of Asquith less hopeful than the England of Marlborough? Is the administration of Roosevelt a weak attempt to maintain the ideals of Van Buren? Surely somewhat possessed the rude barbarians of Germany until there was wrought out Luther and the Reformation. It was a preparing for the increase and not the decrease of the kingdom of God when the Armada was scattered and England pledged to a free and expanding faith, when the American continent was colonized by men who feared the Lord, when Plassey made Britain responsible for an Oriental empire, when Manila Bay threw American brain and nerve and conscience into the heart of Asia. Never was a day when prayer assailed the throne of heaven more persistently than our day; never was a generation more than our generation shot through with holy purpose to succor the unfortunate, to protect

the poor, to abolish war, to evangelize the world. Shall one interpret history by taking counsel of his fears, and, because evil men and seducers wax worse and worse, even as Scripture hath foretold, therefore conclude that evil is triumphant? And if, perchance, men or movements shall become engulfed in a fierce counter-current until they lapse backward into the ancient bog, shall one therefore imagine that the whole course of nature is plunging into unfathomable mire? Not so! Our age is facing toward the glory and not the dark. When good men affirm the decadence of virtue and the triumph of evil it must needs be they speak in some mystical or tropical sense; they cannot use the plain language of sober reflection. (2) But were the voice of world-history silent, still standeth the ancient record of the Covenant.

> The blood of Jesus streamed to earth;
> Earth wears that crimson still.[1]

The death of Jesus Christ is not one of a series of incidents in God's healing of the world; it is the one glorious and awful event in time, his oblation of himself once offered. Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." It is the crucified One who shall draw all men unto himself, not the glorified One, not the returning One. If, as some affirm, the death of Christ was but an exhibition of the love of God, and without another visitation of divine judgments has no power to regenerate the world, then were sin a disease so hopeless of cure that even the outpoured life of Deity cannot avail; then were the devil master in the realm of moral forces at war in the world, and the only hope of God and good is the termination of evil not by the overcoming power of virtue, but by a fiat of the Almighty. But such a doctrine is the defeat of goodness. Divine judgments are moral sequences, and not ethical processes. A world-cataclysm would manifest the power of God and declare his hatred of iniquity; there would indeed be a spectacle of victory, but not a real triumph of inherent righteousness. "If a man contend in the games, he is not crowned except he have contended lawfully"; he must match with men of his own class.

[1] The Rev. Ernest A. Bell.

Jesus Christ was ethically unable to use his superhuman power for the satisfying of his bodily hunger. The temptation was to outclass the human by super-adding the divine when the human alone was involved. But the Christly athlete spurned an unfair contest. In like manner also evil must be overcome of good. In a moral universe other victory than this is meaningless. Evil will still remain evil even in defeat; thus there can be no ethical consummation if the tense issue be obscured by a cataclysmic intervention in behalf of virtue. Every moral intelligence would intuitively judge: Goodness alone could not prevail, it must needs have been holpen of puissance; it was an *handicap*. Evil would be gleeful even in defeat and goodness unrejoicing in victory. But the death of Christ was not a moral expedient. It was the very outpoured life of God; a sacrifice for sin, full, perfect, and sufficient; and an uttermost enabling unto holiness—not in some future age when Satan hath been bound, but here in this world, this very world of ours, with all its dogging devils and tumultuous temptations. The cross of Christ is the supreme manifesting of God in human history. Calvary stands alone in splendor unapproachable. I will glory, but not in prophecy nor its fulfillment, not in the victorious return of our Lord, nor the portents of the resurrection, but

> In the cross of Christ I glory,
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time.

These two sufficient reasons, were there none other, must determine the inevitable attitude of Methodism toward the hopeless theory of this age which has so unwarrantably been attached to the doctrine of the imminent appearing of Christ. But this is far from affirming that Methodism is antagonistic to the doctrine itself. On the contrary, there is the broadest catholicity when reverent scholarship expounds the Scriptures and develops therefrom the doctrine of the imminent return of our Lord. If Methodist preachers have seemed to avoid the topic in actual pulpit use, it is because there is apparently no place in our theodicy for the alignment of the doctrine. In the strong phrase of Professor Curtis, "Every Christian doctrine eventuates!" and the teaching of the second coming as imminent has seemed, so far as the

great work of the church is concerned, not a consummation but a catastrophe. Methodists have been confused. One well remembers the words of a saintly minister[1] of the Rock River Conference, now with Christ:

> The apostolic doctrine of the imminent appearing of our Lord is to me a most precious hope; but how to preach this truth in a Methodist pulpit, how to square the doctrine of Christ's near return with our accepted theology so that it becomes an integral part of a victorious gospel message, I find no easy thing to do.

One ventures to affirm that such is the mental and spiritual attitude of not a few ministers of the New Testament.

3. Has Methodism, then, a call to set forth a more generous statement of the New Testament doctrine of the appearing, and to suggest an ampler development of its implications? With exceeding humility one enters upon this consideration. Methodism is a spiritual world-movement. Its interpretation of the Christian Scriptures is a synthesis of life. The Bible is to us the word of God because it burns itself into the Christian consciousness. Christian doctrine is not the cloistered product of the schools, howsoever wrought out with reasoned arguments and weighted down with Bible texts; it is a holy philosophy of human life and must find its final sanction in the spiritual experience of Christian men. If, therefore, a given interpretation of doctrine antagonizes the intuitions of a generous Christian experience, it is fair to affirm that there must be a larger interpretation. There can be no antagonism. Doctrine and experience call to each other as a grove of palms calls to the southwestern monsoon. The doctrine with which we are dealing is this: Jesus Christ in person shall return to this world, and his coming may be imminent. Of the scriptural basis of the doctrine no word need now be written. For our present purpose it is sufficient to have noted two facts: first, a multitude of Christian believers find comfort and inspiration in acceptance of the doctrine; and, second, the ordinary setting of the doctrine is based upon a theodicy which antagonizes the very spirit and genius of the Methodist movement. It remains for us to inquire, Is there not a larger inter-

[1] The Rev. C. A. Van Anda, D.D.

pretation of the doctrine and a more generous statement of its implications? If it shall be seen that the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ in the midst of world-problems is the supreme and necessary consummation of victorious Christianity, and if it shall be found that the doctrine itself accords with sound principles of Scripture exegesis, then, in very truth, the position of Methodism with reference to this doctrine of perennial interest, a doctrine crowded with potencies both of good and ill, shall no longer be a lack-luster demeanor of nerveless negation, but, as best fits the quality of conquering Christianity, shall become an attitude of positive and exultant leadership. A thoughtful survey of the evil and the good in human history reveals this twofold law of their development: of the evil, gradual degeneration and sudden catastrophe; of the good, gradual growth and sudden consummation. And these two do often persist together, fulfilling each its own nature during the same period of time, often intermingled but never confused. Herein is the mystery of the kingdom of heaven, and herein is the moral setting for the doctrine of the appearing. There is one transcendent event, but there are two pathways of approach, and these two are pole-wide different. A glance will reveal the plainer pathway and discover why the genius of Methodism may rationally expect the near coming of Jesus Christ, and that with an ecstasy of joy and a quickening of faith to which the Calvinian theology must be a stranger.

A stately oak falls crashing. The catastrophe is sudden, and apparently uncaused, but years of slowly creeping death had consumed the very heart of it. Character knows no sudden lapses. Before the assassin could strike the blow, or the thief reach forth his hand, or the harlot beckon from her window, there were months of polluting preparation, and then, suddenly, perhaps unexpectedly, the plunge into crime. In God's judgments upon evil he waits not until the uttermost limits of infamy have been reached, but when it is established that moral turpitude is without repentance he lets fall the thunderbolts of his wrath in one hour. When it was certain that the ancient world was corrupt beyond redemption God did not permit it to rot under the eye of heaven, he destroyed it out of his sight. When the cities of the

plain stank, and there was found no saving virtue in all their putrid borders, God delayed not; he purged the festering sore with fire and brimstone. When the Jewish nation had filled up their cup of iniquity by the murder of the Son of God, they were not permitted to drag out long generations of hypocrisy; they were smitten with famine and pestilence and destruction until the dispersed of Judah were driven to the ends of the earth. Did Rome fall in a night? No one has ever dreamed it. The empire had been eaten of decay since the reign of Augustus Cæsar, but, when the fullness of the time had come, the catastrophe in the days of Honorius was sudden and awful. Thus the evil. Volumes could not declare it. The full story of it is the sad, persistent undertone of human history; the tragedy of it is big with warning and even with dread. But, though Niobe weep at every hearthstone, the resilience of human hope still springs exultant. The lift of righteousness is more persistent than the pull of evil. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound." The very degeneration of evil and its sudden catastrophe are but a darkened silhouette of the radiant law of good, the law of gradual growth and sudden consummation. The pen leaps to expand the gracious theme, but to name it only is to demonstrate it fully. It is the recurring law of nature. Every springtime sees a renewal of the miracle—the life juices held dormant in the frozen earth, then slowly pressing toward the friendly warmth, till, suddenly, like a new creation, they blossom in a thousand violets. The cellular structure of our very bodies is a series of beginnings and consummations. Every heartbeat is a rest, a readiness, and then a sudden expansion; every childbirth is a germ, a growth, and then the swift travail of completion. It is the law of progress in science and the arts. Slowly did Europe awaken from the stupor of the Middle Ages, slowly did the revival of learning spread from Italy to the north; then came the art of printing, and with it an intellectual and literary consummation which have been the envy of succeeding centuries. Slowly had peasant hands wrought out the art of weaving cotton into cloth; then came the cotton gin, and, suddenly, the mills of England had entered the era of gold. What weary centuries of pain and

slow medical advance! Then, with antiseptic surgery, the art of healing suddenly leaped from twilight to the noon. Slowly the nations developed in intercommunication and in commerce, and then, suddenly, the expansive power of steam and the hidden impact of an electric current brought the marvelous and modern consummation. It is the law of religious and political reform. See the struggling light of the Reformation feeble and slow, but waxing stronger, streaming wider, until, suddenly, flaming from the torch that Luther lifted, the blaze was kindled as by magic throughout the whole of northern Europe. How the English people struggled toward the liberty of constitutional government while the slow leaven of democracy was working unseen! Then, one day, came the generous William, foil of the sullen James, and, suddenly, unexpectedly, the bloodless Revolution of 1688 brought the precious consummation directly within their grasp. The story of the emancipation of the slaves, how the conscience of the American people slowly awoke, how the pressure of events increasingly forced the issue until Lincoln signed the proclamation, and, suddenly, to them unexpectedly, the year of jubilee had come for a multitude of bondmen. It is but the inward history of every righteous reform from the days of Joseph in Egypt to the temperance whirlwind that shall presently sweep to its destruction the beverage traffic in strong drink. It is the law of culminations, the successive steppings whereby the world is moving into the purposes of God. Here, then, is the unfolding movement of the kingdom of heaven whose stupendous climax is reached in the second coming of Jesus Christ. Our Lord's appearing must indeed mark the sudden and awful catastrophe of irremediable evil, whose law of degeneracy is also here connoted. But Methodism bends not her gaze upon the mystery of iniquity, and builds not her hope of Christ's kingdom upon the future catastrophe of evil. With exultant faith aggressive Christianity declares that all the elements of victory are even now at work; that evil is already under sentence of eternal banishment, and the decree in part fulfilled. In the coming again of Jesus Christ the church beholds the sudden and glorious consummation of triumphant good. Whatever dire catastrophe it may signify to the workers of

iniquity, the manifesting of Christ is not conditioned by the evil to be judged. The returning Lord is constrained by righteousness and not by wickedness. He has heard the voice of his beloved, and his appearing is to finish the very work which the church in his name has already begun and, in part, accomplished. Thus the *parousía* swells as a gleaming summit from the midst of rolling plains and verdant foothills, and not as a shadowing mass that lifts its awful form sheer from the sea of salt. Thus the doctrine of the appearing honors the Holy Spirit and magnifies the cross of Christ. Thus also is the church girded with power and filled with an holy enthusiasm to lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, for that she knows her labor is not in vain in the Lord. The second coming of Christ marks the sudden and glorious consummation of the good in human history. If, therefore, the business of the Spirit-filled church is to press toward that same consummation by every holy means within her power, it clearly follows that the hope of our Lord's near coming is the only logical attitude of aggressive Christianity. Such an attitude is not a dreamy gazing into the clouds, it is an intense and intelligent colaboring with the Master. The "time" of the appearing is the idlest speculation in the world, but the ethical content of the appearing is big with human interest. The time is a pure contingency and known only to the Father, but the conditions must be wrought out in the church itself, and may therefore, in some sense, be discerned by men who know the Lord. That Christ's coming will be sudden, and may be imminent, is in the very nature of the divine goodness. For God and his moral government are independent of time-relations. The kingdom of heaven knows not chronological but only moral sequences. As earthly parents are pleased, so is our heavenly Father glorified, not by the perfect achievement of his children, but by their proved purpose and power to achieve. "'Tis not what man *does* which exalts him, but what man *would* do!" is Browning's sinewy line. Let it be fully proved before a wondering universe, not from divine promise alone but from human experience, that Jesus Christ hath power to destroy the works of the devil, that through his blood men can be saved to the uttermost, that righteousness exalteth a

nation though Satan rage to devour it, that love is stronger than death, that good is triumphant over evil though evil gnash against the good, then God's moral government is vindicated, the Father's heart is satisfied, and the conflict in the heavenlies is fulfilled. There is no need to drag the weary ages through. Given the angle of increase and the final consummation is a simple problem in progression. But God hath no glory, nor hath man aught of good, in merely waiting for that which shall surely be. There is no ethical quality in duration; indeed, to prolong a conflict whose event is certain is immoral. But God will not delay. As the days of Noah were, when unrepented evil found its sudden and bitter catastrophe, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be, in the hour when the triumph of goodness is assured. Let the issue be fairly met and fully proved in a personal, social, and national demonstration, the issue between God and his ancient foe, and the warfare of our weary race is accomplished; for God will finish the work; he will cut it short in righteousness. Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven. As the bugler's trumpet, after many a devious backward turn, suddenly leaves its slow angle of increase and flares out in a golden bell, so the good in human history, the very age-long trump of God, leaving once for all its devious and slow progression, shall find swift consummation in the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Then shall unfold the high calling of our humanity, sin-cursed for centuries, but identified at last with the Lord revealed from heaven; the body of which Christ is the eternal Head.

Three corollaries shall bring this writing to a period. (a) In the larger view of Christ's appearing, herein set forth, how ungenerous seem such words as these of a well-known teacher of advent doctrine!

> We are not called to build up great educational institutions and aim slowly to spread in the minds of heathen peoples the principles of Christianity, and lead them gradually up to the gospel; our business is to strike *once* for the present generation of men and women whom God's Holy Spirit has already been preparing by his secret touch for the reception of the gospel.[1]

[1] Larger Outlooks on Missionary Lands, by the Rev. A. B. Simpson.

As though, forsooth, the kingdom of God were a cabinet of completed samples and not a dynamic of righteousness in the land of the living! In the swelling culmination of the age the conquering and returning Christ shall be identified with his victorious church. Her lines of advance shall coincide with his eternal purposes, her institutions shall stand ready for his larger uses, her mission outposts shall be the broad foundations of his universal kingdom. O the rapture of laying down the lines that shall never be removed! No righteous reform but he shall bring to full completion, no college hall but shall be crowded with his clear-eyed seekers after truth, no holy sanctuary but shall be filled with his adoring friends. What inspiration is here to dig deep and build strong with granite from the hills and marble from the quarries, and bronze and steel and seasoned shisham! "My work is for a King." (b) The return of our Lord is not a cataclysmic cutting of the lines of human development; a very ethical impossiblity whether that event be conceived as imminently near or ages remote. The glory of the appearing is in this: that it is a fruition, a full completion; as the dome of the Capitol is a swelling out of every contributory line. The architect will not frustrate the harmonious ensemble of his design by uncapped pillars and unvaulted roof, as though stone and steel were not sufficient to complete the whole; nor will the Framer of the worlds cut through the lines of human development in this or any generation. But the sudden billowing out of those lines into majestic fullness—this is not a cataclysm; it is a divine infilling. (c) Finally, herein is found in vivid nearness the solemn doctrine of the Judgment. The common church view of the eschatology of the Bible is tersely expressed by Dr. Charles Hodge. He says:

> From the whole drift of the New Testament it is plain that the apostles fully believed that there is to be a second coming of Christ; that his coming is to be in person, visible and glorious; that they kept this great event constantly before their own minds, and urged it on the attention of the people, as a motive to patience, constancy, joy, and holy living; that the apostles believed that the second advent of Christ would be attended by the general resurrection, the final Judgment, and the end of the world.[1]

[1] Systematic Theology, vol. iii, p. 796.

In the larger view of the appearing, this doctrine of the church is brought into vivid realization. It is not eliminated as a moral factor by an almost infinite postponement to the end of some far-away æon. It is packed with immediateness, as Christ constantly taught. Nor will the student of prophecy be confused as to the sequence of eschatological events. In the moving panorama of the end prophetic vision beholds the culmination, the appearing, the resurrection, and the Judgment as coetaneous parts of one transcendent event. That each part shall merge into the other, with whatever time-relations may be required, is surely axiomatic. Chiliasm is too fanciful in thought and too uncertain of biblical sanction to need separate comment here. But every ethical foundation and every divine revelation which makes the Judgment the consummation of the mediatorial kingdom and saving purpose of the Holy Trinity requires us to lift it out of a remote and nebulous futurity and bring it, with all its solemn significance, into the realm of the actual and the imminent. Nevertheless, even as Christ's appearing is not conditioned by the evil to be judged but by the love which he bears to his church, so the church looks not with fearful expectation for a Judgment that shall come, but rather for that blessed hope, the coming of the King. Then shall be the princely vindication of the cross, and humility shall be in her bridal robes. The Judgment awaits with its eternal issues. But the joy and rejoicing of the church shall be in him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood. In truth a thousand years will be too short for that ineffablest glory when every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him. O the church must love his appearing, and wait for him more than they that watch for the morning, I say, more than they that watch for the morning!

The Ganges is running swift to-day beneath the bridge and past the *ghát* of the massacre. The year of famine is finished and the monsoon rains have pressed it out of its ancient bed. The fields are green and beautiful to the eyes. In four months cometh the harvest, and there shall be abundant corn. But not blither are the fields with their promise of plenty than are the hearts of the church's missionaries in this great world-harvest of souls.

Our doctors of the schools shall presently rewrite the chapter named "Eschatology." Methodism in other days has taken the notable doctrines of Christianity and delivered them from the bands and cords of a baneful theology; taken the doctrine of "grace" and delivered it from the horrible decrees of Calvinism; taken the doctrine of "assurance" and freed it from the vagaries of the mystics; taken the doctrine of "perfection" and disentangled it from the subtleties of the Pelagians. Shall not Methodism now be strong to take the apostolic doctrine of "the appearing," and, wresting it from an arbitrary and pessimistic theology, enshrine it as a gleaming jewel in her world-encircling faith? The church can hasten the coming. It has ever been the privilege of the bride to name the day. Faith and quick obedience control the conditions, and these shall determine the time of our Lord's returning. The church has been fickle and froward, but she will not disappoint the Heart that loves her; she will not forget the trysting. The Ganges is running very swift to-day. The bugler's trumpet is fast flaring out and the angle of increase is exhilarating. Somewhere on that swift curve of completion our radiant Lord shall meet his hastening church; not "before" the consummation of the good, not "after"; but as the maiden merges into the woman, as the Amazon opens into the sea, as the floating lines of the Taj, elusive as a summer cloud, so shall the church of Christ meet the returning One; so shall the church be forever perfected in union with her glorious Head. When? Ah, who can answer! Jesus tells us, "Watch." The Ganges is running very swift to-day.

Art. V.—LEST WE FORGET

Compelled by Archbishop Ireland's false assertions to look up the list of books which we have published in Rome, our eyes fell upon the title of one—Papal Rome and the Martyrs of Free Thought—which we read some time ago, and on which we then made some notes under the heading, "Lest we forget." Perhaps it may not be amiss at this time to let others read these notes, which refresh the memory on some of the facts of the past.

The Popes took advantage of the time of barbarism and ignorance to build up their institution and establish their power. After eleven centuries Christianity was changed into Popery—a mixture of Judaism and Paganism baptized with Christian names. Instead of the simplicity of the times of the apostles we have the luxury and extravagance of Pope, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and the like. Instead of the worship of God in spirit and in truth we have the adoration of relics, saints, images, and Madonna—pantheism restored. In the twelfth century Arnaldo da Brescia appeared and fearlessly attacked the corruption of his times. He was a man of great mind, vast learning, wonderful eloquence, and daring courage. The reform which he preached was not so extensive as that which later Luther and Calvin contended for. He attacked more especially the vices, abuses, and usurpations of the clergy, hence the discipline of the church rather than its doctrines. Nevertheless, to him belongs the title of "Forerunner of the Reformation." His work though limited was wonderfully helpful. The clericals saw in him a terrible foe, hence through every diabolical strategy and cunning they sought to get him out of their way. In 1139 he was obliged to flee from the very people whose good he had sought, and in 1150 he was betrayed into the hands of the Pope (Eugene III), who condemned him to death. He was burned in the Piazza del Popolo, and his ashes were thrown into the Tiber. Though they burned him they could not burn the truth he taught. This truth, sanctified by his blood, acquired greater force and in a short time found its way into all Christendom. His efforts, though suffocated by fire, con-

tributed much to the awakening of the people out of their long sleep. Marvelous changes followed. A beneficent light pierced the darkness of medieval barbarism. Art and literature were born, and the genius of Italy led the march in modern civilization. Those who took part in the Renaissance of art and letters did not have in mind the Reformation of religion, though all of them indirectly contributed to that end. The critical study of literature became the golden key to unlock the inaccessible sanctuary of theology. It was impossible to investigate the Sacred Scriptures and to consult the writings of the fathers, and not recognize that the Romish Church no longer followed Christ, and that her faith, worship, and moral conduct no longer corresponded to the gospel. This became evident even to those who were maintaining the existing abuses. They saw that the secret of their power was being unveiled to the light of day. After Arnaldo da Brescia had been put out of the way the accusations against the depravity of the clergy became common, and had great weight among the people because insisted on by those in high repute both for learning and piety. The severe thrusts of Dante against the Pope and clergy are well known, characterizing them as "sons of iniquity and of the devil though they call themselves sons of the church." Who does not know the writings of Petrarca and of Boccaccio against the corruption of the Curia? These were soon imitated by others until satires, epigrams, and invectives fairly rained upon Italy, and were eagerly read and commented on by the people, notwithstanding the jealous care of the Vatican to suppress them.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century Lorenzo Valla, a celebrated theologian, philosopher, and grammarian, wrote a book against the pretended donation of Constantine and against the abuses of the Popes. He wrote also comments on the New Testament and several religious dialogues. His ideas soon drew on him the hatred of Rome, persecutions, and a sentence to be burned at the stake. He was, however, more fortunate than Arnaldo in that under the protection of Alfonso V he was able to escape death. It would be impossible to even mention the long list of those who satirized and lampooned the Church for her vices and sins. The

historian Guiciardini, who had no special predilections for the teachings of the Reformation, thus describes the condition of things:

> The Popes had entirely forgotten the true mission of the church and the teaching of the gospel. Their thoughts were wholly concentrated on worldly aggrandizement. Their spiritual authority was only the means of usurpation. Their one occupation was to amass wealth and to organize armies in order to make war on God's saints. Their minds were filled with sinister projects, and they administered the sacraments while their hands were stained with blood. Ecclesiastical positions and livings were not given to worthy persons but sold to the highest bidder, or conferred on those who promised to serve best the Pope's ambition, avarice, or love of pleasure.

With such a state of things it is easy to imagine the hatred of the Vatican to all progress, and its persecutions of the first intellects of the world. The Popes not only prohibited the books and manuscripts which treated of progress in science and letters, but also persecuted the authors, putting them in prison, burning them at the stake, and hanging them. Examples of this treatment are Galileo, Paolo Sarpi, Columbus, Nicola Franco, Giordano Bruno, Girolamo Savonarola, and hundreds of others.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, after the Council of Constance, there were urgent demands in Italy for the reform of the church in its head and members, and these demands were reiterated in the sixteenth century, first at the Council of Pisa and then in the third Lateran. But the desired reform of the church and the restoration of evangelical teachings met in Italy a great obstacle in the discredit into which religion had fallen. The Italians had penetrated the mystery which veiled the pretensions of the clergy, hence they lost all veneration and fear of an institution which only distance made formidable to the outside world. The corruption of the church made the Italians utterly indifferent to religion. They were no longer held to the church by faith, conviction, or affection, but only by force of habit, fear of man, or by some personal material interest. The educated were more attracted to the writings of Aristotle and Plato than to the Bible and the church fathers, while the people cared more for feast days than for spiritual worship. Why, then, was it not easy even for

such a people to break away from such a corrupt church? There are no persons more difficult to convince, or less disposed to make sacrifices for conscience' sake, than those who under the appearance of religion conceal icy indifference. Some gave themselves over to unbelief in everything that referred to religion. Others, seduced by a vain national pride, thought they ought to support the Roman Court because it reflected a sort of historic glory on Italy. The Romans, and with them many Italians, having lost the power and glory of their ancestors, felt a certain satisfaction to their wounded pride in seeing that Rome was still, in a certain sense, the capital of the world, the seat of the Roman Pontiff, and the center of the Catholic religion. They saw with pleasure that as in the time of the Roman republic and of the empire money continued to flow into the Eternal City from all parts of the world. They saw too with pride that often princes submitted to the beck of the Pope, who became arbiter of international disputes and dispenser of realms and crowns. Hence Italy, although she was the first to lift her voice against the Roman hierarchy, and was the forerunner of the other nations in the revival of learning, was outrun by many of the others in the religious reform. Neither Luther nor the other reformers pulled down the old edifice with the idea of destroying religion, but with the idea of reconstruction. They tore down the old in order to build the new. They abolished the worship of saints and of images in order that men might worship God only. They assailed the authority of tradition in order to establish that of the gospel. They dethroned the Popes in order to restore the kingdom of Christ. In a word, they sought to bring Christianity back to the purity and simplicity of apostolic times. In spite of the terror which the Popes tried to create by their bulls against the writings of the reformers, these writings continued to circulate from one end of Italy to the other, and were eagerly read. Some of them were translated in the language of the people, but published under changed titles and names in order to elude the vigilance of the Inquisition.

The most helpful agency to the cause of the Reformation in Italy was the translations in Italian of the Sacred Scriptures. It is interesting to note here that the first edition printed of the

Hebrew Bible came from an Italian press, the book from which Luther made his translation. Also the first edition of the Septuagint came from an Italian press. Another means of promoting the cause of reform in Italy was the literary correspondence with nations where the Reformation had been established. For a long time students had been coming from Germany to the Universities of Padua, Pavia, and Bologna, in order to perfect themselves in the studies of law and medicine, while, on the other hand, Italian students went to Germany and Switzerland. Through these students light kept pouring into Italy. Another effective means was a war. The soldiers whom Emperor Charles V brought with him into Italy, and the Swiss who sided with his rival, Francis I, were mostly Protestants. These foreign soldiers engaged in religious conversations and discussions with the Italians they met. They boasted of the liberty of thought which they enjoyed in their countries, and they laughed at the terror which the priests tried to inspire in the people in reference to Protestants. They maintained that Luther and his followers were the real restorers of Christianity. They contrasted the purity of life and the self-denial of the reformers with the extravagance and dissolute living of their adversaries. They wondered that a people so intelligent as the Italians should continue to live in slavish submission to a priesthood so corrupt. By these various means the veil was lifted from the eyes of many. The Pope, the Vatican, and the clergy all lost credit. The accusations against them were regarded by the people as just. The names "reformer," "Lutheran," "heretic" no longer inspired fear and horror, as before, and the number of evangelical Christians increased daily, not only among the laity but also among the clergy and the members of the religious orders. Matters had arrived at such a state that the Vatican had to wake up and provide for its own safety. Alexander Farnese, who as Pope assumed the name Paul III, was the first to initiate reactionary measures—yes, Paul III, who was more a beast than a man, who did not believe in God or man, but gave himself up to favoring and enriching his relatives and children. In his moral depravity he personified all that was shameful in the church which had elected him as Pope. It was Paul III who on September 27,

1540, approved the constitution of the Jesuits and in 1543 and 1549 accorded them new privileges. Instigated by these Jesuits, the Curia ordered the Inquisition to make use of secular power in order to put down heresy not only in Rome but also in the other states. Domenic Guzman, whom the Romanists have placed on their altars as a saint, but whom human beings hesitate to call man, was the founder of that infamous and bloody tribunal which Paul V approved and called "the new and principal spring of the power of the Holy See." The first business of these Inquisitors was to gather information about persons accused of heresy. They were responsible to their bishops, who presided over the trial and pronounced judgment. But these methods did not appear to be sufficiently energetic. The bishops were accused of lack of zeal and of weakness, because they sometimes yielded to the feelings of humanity and of friendship. For this reason the Jesuits urged the institution of a court independent of these influences and according to the plan of the Spanish Inquisition. Hence the Pope gave to six cardinals the titles and powers of Inquisitors, authorizing them to arrest and judge all persons suspected of heresy, and any who might befriend them, without distinction of age, sex, profession, or rank. They were also authorized to nominate under officers and dependent courts. These plans met opposition from various states, but Rome's methods have always been the same. She alternates caresses with threats, cunning diplomacy with open violence, apparently abandoning for a moment a cherished plan, and then by dissimulation and intrigues opens up the way for the accomplishment of her dark designs. Those suspected of heresy were hunted down by the Vatican hounds in every corner of Italy. These Papal agents would get letters of introduction from real or supposed friends, with which they would insinuate themselves into the families, pretending friendship. On some occasions they would pretend themselves to be reformers and on other occasions unbelievers, and in this way gather the facts by which to betray their victims. They even went so far as to set husband against wife, and wife against husband, and children against parents, in order to accomplish their satanic purposes. People were driven from their homes, deprived of employment, and boycotted on every

side. Exiles became numerous, and the prisons were filled with the unhappy creatures who could not leave their native land. The violence, rapine, and injustice committed during the reign of Paul IV were so frequent and of such a character that when the Romans learned of his death they went en masse to the prisons of the Inquisition, freed the prisoners, and set fire to the building. They broke in pieces the statue which the Pope had put up on the Capitoline in his own honor, and they threw the pieces into the Tiber, as he had done with the ashes of his victims. The Pontificate of Pius IV was even more cruel than that of his predecessor. The infamous Tribunal destroyed by the fury of the people was by him reconstructed near the Vatican, where it exists to-day, on the very spot where once stood Nero's Circus, where so many first-century Christians had been put to death.

Then came Pius V, declared a saint, but, in fact, a bitter persecutor of God's people. It was this *pious* Pope who bestowed honors and blessings on the famous Duke of Alba for his butchery of heretics. Each Pope seemed more cruel and more brutal than his predecessor. Roman Catholicism, defeated in Germany, Switzerland, England, and Holland, triumphed in Italy through the terrors of the Inquisition. The triumph, however, was only external, for the church had acquired dominion over broken hearts and discontented spirits, conquered but not persuaded. There were many faithful souls who rather than submit went into exile, leaving all they possessed and all they called dear in life—sublime examples of fidelity even to us. The reformers in Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did not fear exile, poverty, or death. Papal Rome with its tribunals, torture, stakes, or gallows did not conquer them. They triumphed! Their tears and their suffering could not but result in good. We to-day reap the benefit of their martyrdom. They died for us.

We can mention only a few of the less-known cases of the thousands who were condemned by the tribunal at Rome, without even referring to the multiplied thousands of victims in all the other parts of the Roman Catholic world. Bernardo Ochino, a very eloquent monk, was accused of having preached doctrines contrary to the teachings of the Romanist Church. For a time he

silenced his enemies by his able self-defense. When he learned, however, of the ill-treatment used toward his friend Julius Terengiano, a follower of Valdig, he could no longer conceal his indignation. He was preaching at Venice at the time and in the presence of many senators and distinguished churchmen he exclaimed! "Gentlemen, what can be done? Why longer spend our strength? O, noble Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, if those who preach the truth here are to be arrested, handcuffed, imprisoned, and tormented, where in this world can the voice of truth be heard? O, that I might make you hear the truth to-day, so that those who are walking in darkness might see the light!" At that moment he was silenced. He was summoned to Rome, but before reaching there he escaped to Geneva, from which place he wrote much that promoted the cause of religious liberty. On the very day that Julius III was made Pope, February 18, 1550, he signed the death sentence of Fanino di Faenza, a simple-hearted preacher of the gospel, who had been arrested and condemned to be burned alive. He was taken to prison at Ferrara and there evangelized his fellow prisoners. His friends and relatives tried to persuade him to recant. His wife and sister besought him in tears and in the name of his dear little ones. But he replied, "My God and Master has never taught me that I should deny him for any consideration." To the officer who came for him he said, "My brother, I accept this death for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour, who did not spare his life for me." To those present at his execution he spoke fervently of the joys of the Christian life and of his hope for the future. When, according to custom, they presented him with a crucifix, he lifted up his arms and exclaimed: "O, the cross! There is no need that you put this sacred symbol before my eyes, for I have it already engraven on my heart." He then fell on his knees and prayed fervently that God would illuminate the minds and touch the hearts of those who were putting him to death and forgive them. He was first strangled and then burned. His ashes were reverently gathered up by the people who loved him. A few days later followed the death of Domenico della Casa Bianca, a young man thirty-six years of age. He had been taken by Charles V to fight against the Protestant princes in Germany. While

there he was converted and then returned to Italy to preach salvation through faith in Jesus. Great crowds came to hear him, especially at Piacenza. He was arrested and asked to recant. He was tortured and threatened with death. He refused to recant and was condemned to be hung. The next day, in the very place where he had preached, he sealed his testimony with a martyr's death. John Mollio, because of his influence as professor at Bologna, Milan, and Pavia, had done much to propagate the reform doctrines among students. He was betrayed by one of his colleagues. He fled to Naples and then to Ravenna, where he was seized and brought in chains to Rome. The Inquisitors were very anxious that this distinguished man should recant. His trial was delayed and careful preparations were made to make it as impressive as possible. A great crowd was present, and all the pomp and paraphernalia of the Romish Church were put in evidence. In the midst of a long procession of cardinals, bishops, and monks came fourteen poor creatures, pale, emaciated, and scarcely able to walk. The accompanying priests and monks sang the Miserere. What an insult to God! Some of the fourteen recanted and the chains were taken from them. Professor Mollio was reserved for the last. When called he stood forth and said! "I am a Protestant in the same sense that Saint Paul was. I do not believe nor do I teach other doctrine than that which the great apostle believed and taught." He closed his able defense with the following words: "As for you, cardinals, bishops, and priests, if I were persuaded that you had received your power from God, and if I could believe that you are where you are because of your virtues and not because of your vices, I would not speak against you. But since I know that you have declared war against religion and against virtue, I must tell you that your power instead of coming from God comes from the devil. You are not the successors of the apostles, because you condemn Christ and persecute his saints. I appeal, therefore, from your sentence to that of the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is there I will await you, there where your miters and crosiers and purple robes will not frighten anyone." These eloquent and courageous words were received with such applause that even the Inquisitors themselves were surprised and fright-

ened. The next day Professor Mollio and his faithful friend Tisserando, after their tongues had been pierced three times with a hot iron, were thrown alive into the flames, in the Piazza Campo dei Fiori. Another hero was John L. Pascale, who had been a soldier, was converted, and then went to Geneva to study for the ministry. He went as a minister to Calabria and was soon arrested and put in prison. Easter, 1560, he wrote to his betrothed, just on the eve of his own martyrdom: "I trust that you are having a similar experience with myself and that we both belong to God for life or death. My dear, trust in God alone, help the poor, visit the sick, and comfort the afflicted. Be an example of the faith you profess. As for me, I have given myself wholly to Christ, my Saviour, and I am certain that he will not forsake me." He was taken to Naples on foot with twenty-two other prisoners. From Naples he wrote his parents, "The greater my afflictions the more abundant are the consolations of Christ." He was brought to Rome, where he suffered untold tortures. He remained faithful through it all. In the square before the Castle of Saint Angelo a gallows and a stake were erected. The Pope, cardinals, and judges were present with a great concourse of people. The prisoner came loaded with chains. He was calm and resigned. Taking advantage of a moment of silence, he cried to the assembled people, "I die not because I am guilty of any crime, but because I have frankly confessed my Master and Saviour Jesus Christ." He was immediately strangled and his body thrown to the flames. Time fails to speak of Pietro Carnesecchi, Aonio Paleario, Thomas Campanella, Carlo Sala, and thousands of others equally worthy, who all died for their faith, and of whom the world was not worthy. Often relatives of so-called heretics were arrested and maltreated simply because the bloodthirsty Inquisitors could not get hold of the real persons. What were these heretics guilty of?

1. They denied the authority of the Roman Pontiff.

2. They repudiated the idea of purgatory, the invocation and adoration of saints, and the merits of works.

3. They claimed that man was a free responsible agent, and they insisted that priests should be allowed to marry.

One was heard to say that he believed in the Lord's Prayer

and Apostles' Creed, but had no use for the rest. He said man should worship God alone, and not bow down to images of Mary and of the so-called saints. This was sufficient reason why he should be seized and put to death. Later it was not a question of individual heretics, but kings and states rose up against the Vatican. Clement XIV thought that by yielding somewhat he might induce the princes to desist from demanding that the Order of the Jesuits be abolished. But they insisted, and the Jesuits were abolished and the Tribunal of the Inquisition discontinued. The Inquisition was, however, secretly reinstated under Pius VI, so that no one can tell how many or who have been its victims. There are persons still living who remember that when, in 1848, some members of the provisional government at Rome entered the Palace of the Inquisition, they found some of the unhappy victims lying on the floor with chains rusted to their flesh. Most of them had lost the use of their eyes and limbs. They found also heaps of skeletons and of bodies in all stages of decomposition. In 1860-64 the Pontifical government, in alliance with the Bourbons, organized bands of brigands under the command of General Tristamy and others to rob and murder all who in any way approved of the unification of Italy. The late Pope Leo XIII sanctioned at Perugia one of the most cruel massacres ever known. He went just as far as he dared in instigating persecutions against Protestants in Italy, and by restoring the Jesuits to their rights and privileges he stuck a dagger into the heart of liberty. The present Pope Pius X has declared that he intends to continue the work of his predecessors. The corruption of Papal Rome was the chief cause of the Reformation. Fanatical intolerance favored by guilty governments suffocated the reform in Italy. As a result Italy has suffered for centuries and suffers to-day. The battle is still on and it is between the gospel and Popery, between light and darkness, freedom and oppression, and intelligent faith and ignorant superstition. We have no doubt of the final result: Romanism, a relic of medieval barbarism, must disappear and give place to liberty of conscience for all.

Papal Rome is constantly crying out against infidelity, and yet the Roman Catholic Church is the greatest one cause in this

world to-day of infidelity and materialism. It was Macchiavelli who said that the Italians had become irreligious and wicked through the bad example of the Papal court. The Roman hierarchy makes incessant war to-day against all free institutions, against the men who promote them, and against the people who love them. There are cases of recent date which prove that within her own walls, and as far as she dares, the Curia still makes use of the Inquisition. Yet some are vainly dreaming of reconciliation and reform. Let such remember that Rome never forgets and never pardons. Let them remember the millions of victims she has slain. May their faithfulness and courage shame our supineness and cowardice of to-day! Be sure that if the Papacy only had the power, we would again see Rome lighted up with human torches and the underground prisons filled with innocent victims. Guerrazzi wrote: "Those who died for the sacred cause say to the living, 'Be vigilant, for the priest is never so much alive as when he seems to be dead.' "

William Burt

Art. VI.—ORATORY IN THE WORLD MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

The World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh gave an unusual opportunity to study the different styles and methods of public speaking. All countries and nearly all nationalities were represented by delegates, and it was possible to compare American, British, Australian, Continental, Asiatic, and other representatives as speakers, including, of course, missionaries from every field.

Circumstances were such as to inspire the best and highest in human utterance. The Conference represented all the evangelical missionary societies of all lands, excepting a few very small organizations doing work among the non-Christian peoples. Its program included all important questions bearing upon the missionary enterprise, and its eight commission reports considered the whole field of missionary effort, excluding no subject properly belonging thereto for fear of offending particular churches, societies, or missions. There seem to be no delicate or burning questions dividing those of different denominations in the work of giving the gospel to the world. The constitution of the Conference made no reservations. The only limitation prescribed was that questions of doctrine and polity on which the churches differ should not be made the subject of action. The commissions were practically untrammeled. The Commission on the Church in the Mission Field reported how the development of the native church proceeds on the lines of the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopal systems of polity, simply setting forth the facts impartially, and withholding any conclusion as to which, if any, may be preferable. The scope of the Conference was, therefore, as wide in representation as the evangelical Christian world, as broad in missionary endeavor as the non-Christian world, and as comprehensive in program as the world of missionary thought and action. As the Conference pursued its purpose through nine days and twenty-five sessions upon this world-wide basis, without a sign of disruption, or of strained feeling, or serious disagreement, it must be regarded as the most remarkable Conference ever held.

Such unity of thought, of purpose, of feeling, of endeavor could, it is safe to say, have been manifested in no other or lesser cause than the giving of the gospel of Christ to the whole world. It is a striking evidence of the fulfillment of the prophecy of Christ, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." This is the one sole power of attraction which draws all nations to our common Lord; it is the only power which could have drawn his disciples from all lands and all denominations to united conference on the salvation of the world. No wonder those who had the privilege of attending the Conference felt as though a miracle of love and grace were in process before their astonished vision, and Almighty God were himself present and performing it. It was the mount of vision before which the world was spread out for conquest, and the Christian army marching upon it with the banner of the cross following the King to final triumph.

With the greatest cause that could engage the thought of humanity, the largest assembly of choice men and women from the ends of the earth, a task in which the hosts of heaven are eager to assist, and a new epoch of endeavor in the world's salvation, there were all the elements necessary to inspire utterance and kindle eloquence. The tongues and the tribes were there; the leaders and the workers, the preachers and the converts; the directors and the supporters; men and women; those carrying great burdens, those standing on the mount of vision; hearts courageous, souls fired with love, minds keen to plan, spirits full of zeal and enthusiasm—all these were there, and a world was waiting anxiously to hear. What an occasion for inspired and eloquent utterance! On the other hand, there were serious limitations. All speakers in the discussions, except those who presented the reports of the commissions and closed the discussions thereon, were strictly confined to seven minutes. Obviously, much can be said, if all the circumstances are favorable, in an address of this length. But it requires a quick, alert, and vigorous mind, ready in utterance, trained in debate, and in instant control of abundant resources to take full advantage of such a brief space. Moreover, the logical moment for an effective speech may pass while one is waiting to be called by the chairman, who usually had twice or thrice

as many cards as he could recognize. The evening meetings gave wider scope for addresses on prescribed topics; but without depreciating in the least the splendid efforts of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Bashford, and others, the most interesting and inspiring sessions were those in which the many spoke.

The particular lines of discussion of the various reports, each occupying a morning and an afternoon session, were printed a day in advance, so that an intending speaker could select the particular question he wished to discuss and prepare his address. This tempted many to use manuscript which, while it insured more concise statement and stronger argument, diminished the effectiveness of the debates by tending to rob them of the element of spontaneity and responsiveness, for it is obvious that an address written in advance of a discussion could not, except by accident, bear any relation to the other addresses. The Americans were the chief offenders in this respect, comparatively few of the British or Continental speakers using either manuscript or notes. Doubtless the great number of delegates making copious notes of the discussions found more points in the written addresses to enter, but fewer sparkling sentences and telling illustrations. The impartial observer would not approve the hasty remark of an American that the speakers from this side of the water were in every way superior to their British brethren. It is true that the former were the more incisive and direct. They wasted no time in regret that only seven minutes were allotted to them and in uncertainty as to their ability to say anything of value in so short a period; but they were up and away for the goal, at the word, like veteran racers, stated their points with clearness and admirably supported them. Their sentences were short, their statements perfectly intelligible, and their voices and manner agreeable and graceful. In enunciation they were not as careful as the British speakers. Americans are apt to be slovenly in this respect. One notices that even the English and Scottish masses, as well as the educated classes, have the habit of giving words all their syllables, while we suppress one or more in the longer words. Even a cockney, while he "tykes off 'is 'at, and heats 'is horanges and happles," pays some attention to enunciation. An English woman at Keswick made this remark

about the weather: "I am not particular, sir, about going hout this hafternoon; it is raining agyne." She did not compress "particular" into three syllables but gave the "u" its proper value. Of course an American would not notice difference of accent among his own countrymen, or any accent at all; but he could not fail to observe wide differences in this respect among British delegates. Two Scotchmen, natives of Edinburgh, members of the City Council, lawyers, well educated, might belong to different countries and to different races judging from their speech. One appears to have no accent at all; the other has a strong burr and does marvelous things with his vowels. Some English speakers have a decided accent; others seem to be entirely free from it. Lord Balfour every delegate could follow without effort; Lord Cecil has peculiarities of accent and utterance that required strained attention. The Archbishop of Canterbury might almost be an American, so free is he from insular peculiarities; and Canon Duckworth, who was heard in Westminster Abbey after the Edinburgh Conference—preaching, by the way, an excellent sermon on the needs of the masses, in which the liquor evil was denounced—spoke as an American might, save a few pronunciations like "awth" for earth.

If the average British speech in the Edinburgh Conference lacked in the force of directness as compared with the average American speech, it had more of the graces of oratory. If one might judge of the British style of debate from what appeared at Edinburgh, its sentences are long but balanced, gracious in spirit, graceful in swing, choice in diction, and marked always by perfect self-control. The method of approach is slower and more circuitous. The American makes a sharp, direct, rattling assault. The Briton walks deliberately around the fortress he wishes to take and attacks it with an apology. Doubtless each method has its own advantages. The British speaker keeps personal passion in the background and his tone is gracious and persuasive. The American method is nervous and precipitate, apt to show intolerance, where the differences are sharp, and to proceed from and to arouse personal feeling. It employs heavier and blunter weapons than the sword which the Briton wields with such dexterity.

There were no discussions in the Edinburgh Conference which provoked feeling or arrayed nationalities or denominations against each other. No assemblage of men and women could be freer from sectarian or partisan or race feeling. Such differences as appeared at any time were wholly without passion or any provocation of passion. The discussion on the native church affords an interesting illustration of the British style and tactics. American, Continental, and British delegates, including missionaries, missionary administrators, and native Christians, took part in it. It so happened that nearly all the speakers who got the floor took the point of view favoring the largest liberty for the native church. Some were rather severely critical of the policy of the missionary societies as repressive and dictatorial. An American secretary said it was characteristic of the white race to believe in its ability to rule, and to feel persuaded that it ought to exercise that ability over other races. He deprecated the use of "leading strings." All insisted that denominational divisions must not be perpetuated in the mission field. Those who watched the course of the discussion saw that all the emphasis was laid upon one aspect of the question, the speakers generally representing the congregational form of polity, which makes the local church the fountain of ecclesiastical power. For Baptists and Congregationalists the problems of independence and autonomy are obviously more simple and easy of solution than for those using the episcopal or presbyterial system. Would no one point out that independence implies ability to plan for a new ecclesiastical household, to provide for its orderly control and discipline, and to furnish it with an adequate support? Is the infant not to be kept in "leading strings" until it is able to run alone without doing itself an injury? It was finally the Lord Bishop of Birmingham who showed that the question had another side. He is tall, gaunt, and ascetic-looking, a sort of grim Elijah, an uncompromising High Churchman. One could only expect that he would make plain his intolerance both in thought and in manner; that he would insist that the one true church is catholic and exclusive, with a direct tactual succession for its orders, and the bodies which lack that lack all. But no; he is infinitely affable and tactful. Would

the Conference bear with him? He had been told that his vocation was to be disagreeable at public gatherings. With this opening he won the Conference, and it was ready to hear and cheer anything he might say. As he proceeded he uttered no protest against anything that had been said; he denied nothing, opposed nothing, controverted nothing. But he brought forward a new and important consideration in the spirit of one making such offering as he could to the common fund, modestly and deferentially. The more true it is, he ventured, that Westerners should foster in the Eastern and African fields the independence and indigenous character of the native church, the more important it would seem to be to inquire what we regard as the essentials or fundamentals of the Christianity we possess, and are imparting to them. If the native church is to be set up on a basis that is strictly undenominational, as is insisted, what are its cardinal principles to be? Denominational standards among us are undoubtedly breaking down. Have we decided what shall take their place? Continuous life depends on continuous principles; what principles shall constitute the new bond of union? Here was the other side, so fully and splendidly presented in a seven-minute speech that no one cared that anything should be added. The preceding speakers felt that they had not been contradicted, but simply supplemented; and all must have admired the long, swinging sentences, the choice language, the sweet spirit, and the masterly skill of his Lordship. That method in debate which brings into view considerations not presented, or not presented with sufficient clearness and emphasis, in such a way as to allow opponents to shift their position without losing their self-respect and to arouse no feeling of resentment, would seem to represent a high type of the art. It is better to convert than to crush.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh also made a strong impression upon the Conference. He is a fine specimen of manhood. Tall, symmetrical, with a large head, fine, mobile face, graceful bearing, he spoke impressively, as a statesman and a leader of men. His opening address was a model of grace, dignity, and power. Lord Cecil many Americans must have heard during his recent visit to the United States. He twists himself when speaking into a

sort of interrogation point, leaning far over the desk, now on one side, now on the other, standing alternately on left foot and on right, almost grotesque in personal appearance, and gives at times some hints of the power of his illustrious father, the late Marquis of Salisbury.

Among Americans Drs. John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer were conspicuous figures, the former, with moral, mental, and spiritual vigor, keeping the minds of men steadily fixed on the great task before the church, and the latter, a most earnest and impressive lay preacher, deepening religious conviction in the hearts of hearers. But it is not the purpose of this article to mention all the addresses which were noteworthy, either in manner or matter. Sufficient has already been said to show that there is a marked difference in the British and American types of speaking. If a preference has been indicated for the former, it should be remembered that only certain features have been considered; no attempt has been made to cover the whole subject or to give anything like a final judgment.

The Continental delegates labored under the disadvantage of speaking in an unaccustomed language. A Norwegian delegate, however, gave the Conference an example of effective statement, pervaded with a quiet but delicious humor.

The Germans and Scandinavians seem to approach subjects in the historical spirit, Americans in the atmosphere of fact, and Britons in the deliberate, parliamentary style.

H. K. Carroll.

Art. VII.—THE REDEMPTION OF THE PRAYER MEETING

Is the prayer meeting in need of redemption? If so, can it be redeemed, and how? While not always stated in this precise form, this is a subject that has been much discussed in recent times in ministerial conventions and conferences, and in the church papers of the various denominations. That there is something wrong with the prayer meeting most of us who know anything about it, and especially those of us who are charged with the responsibility for its management and success, are compelled to admit. What the trouble is, is another matter, and we may not all agree about that when we come to discuss it; but there will be little dissent from the statement among ministers, and the small number of laymen who know enough about it to be competent to speak on the subject, that this service is not what it ought to be by a great deal and in many ways. Is it not true that it is one of the poorest attended services of the church? Whether it is poorly attended because it is dull, or dull because it is poorly attended, is it not also true that it is one of the dullest, deadest, least interesting and attractive services of the church? And this is a condition that is found not only occasionally and rarely; it is, unfortunately, quite generally and universally the condition with regard to this service, in all places and all churches. Instances that may be cited to contradict and disprove this are so rare as to attract attention. The fact is that this service presents to ministers and churches at the present time one of the most serious and difficult problems with which they have to deal. Careful inquiry of pastors in different parts of the country and in various churches would seem to justify the conclusion that in most places the average attendance at the prayer meeting service is little more than five per cent, or one in twenty, of the church membership. Whatever else this may or may not reveal, it certainly demonstrates quite clearly that for some reason or reasons this is not a very popular service. Recently a letter of inquiry was sent out containing such questions as these: What is your

church membership? What proportion attend your prayer meeting? What is the average attendance at the prayer meeting? Do you consider it a successful service from the standpoint of attendance and interest? If not, what in your opinion is the cause? These letters were sent to pastors in all parts of the country, in all the denominations, and to pastors of all kinds of churches—large and small; in the cities and towns and villages; and with few exceptions the answers indicated the same conditions with regard to this service everywhere. Letters sent to laymen in different parts of the country containing similar questions, slightly varied to get the layman's viewpoint, elicited very much the same information, and the same expressions of dissatisfaction with this service, and the same suggestions that something needs to be done for the redemption of the prayer meeting. With few exceptions there was perfect harmony between the testimony of both ministers and laymen. The exceptions were suggestive. For instance, the pastor of a large and influential church reported an average attendance at his prayer meeting of about forty, and confessed that it was the most discouraging service in his church. A layman of the same church, a professional man of note in the city, in true booster fashion declared that the prayer meeting in their church was a great service, as all their services were, and he would guess that the average attendance was from two to three hundred, although he confessed that this was an estimate, and that for various reasons he had not been able to attend the service regularly for some time. As one would expect, the greatest diversity of opinion was in the reasons assigned for the lack of interest in this service. These are some of them: Lack of interest in truly spiritual things; waning faith; pressure of business and social life; multiplicity of other church services, and of all kinds of social and business engagements; lack of genuine religious training in the home; abandonment of the habit of prayer; growing formality in the churches; the growth of young people's societies, which in their devotional meetings take the place of the prayer meeting for those who attend; the increased attention to Sunday school work, and the absorption to such a large extent of the energies of the church to build up this service;

the missionary societies, whose services are so often wholly, and always more or less, prayer services; the increase in the number of church organizations, the work of which leaves little time for interest in anything else. These are some of the reasons assigned to explain the failure of the prayer meeting, or, at least, to call attention to the increasing distractions and competitions and difficulties which it must meet. Instead of being practically the only regular church service between the Sabbaths, as was formerly so largely the case, it is now one of many others, which in many churches take up every evening of the week. There are not a few who claim that under present conditions there is no need for such a service, or not such a need as there once was, and that it would better be abandoned as the class meeting has been abandoned, or affiliated with some other service, or something else substituted for it; that the few faithful ones in every church who support the prayer meeting could get along without it, just as the larger number who pay no attention to it, do get along without it.

But giving to all of these reasons whatever weight they should have—and the force of many of them must be acknowledged—it is a question worthy of the most serious consideration as to whether the chief trouble is not with the pastor himself, and whether the solution of the problem is not almost wholly in his own hands. It is a convenient and easy thing to blame the pastor for the failure of the church at any point, even its financial troubles, and it is often unjustly done; but in far too many instances, if not generally, a good case can be made out against him here, strongly established by reliable and competent testimony. Not that the average pastor does not want a good prayer meeting, and would not be exceedingly glad to have one, but that he does so little to prove that he has a very high estimate of the real value and importance of this service. It is to be feared, indeed it is doubtful whether it can be successfully denied, that a majority of pastors give less attention to this service than any other, for the management and success of which they are held responsible. They make little or no preparation for it beforehand, they slur it over, they treat it with no great amount of concern beyond an occasional appeal to the people to come, and so make

the impression that they do not consider it of sufficient importance to give it much of their thought and time. Pastors who have never looked into this phase of the subject might be greatly surprised to find out how generally this feeling is entertained by laymen. The excuse for this attitude of the pastor toward the prayer meeting, whenever he is willing to confess to it at all, is nearly always the same, and is not altogether without reason. The Sunday services must be carefully prepared for, and the two sermons must be gotten ready and cannot be neglected, for the people will not long tolerate carelessness here. If there is neglect here, it can neither be concealed nor justified by any excuse or explanation. This work requires much time and labor. And then there are so many demands of every kind being made upon the minister's time, and seemingly ever-increasing demands, that it comes to be a serious question with him as to how he can economize his time and conserve his energies to meet all of these demands, and what particular part of his work he may neglect or slight, or take time from, to get the necessary time and strength to perform other work which seems to be more urgent and important. And so it happens in far too many cases that he decides that the prayer meeting is the service that he can manage with the least drain upon his time and the least expenditure of energy in preparation. This is no more an accusation than it is a confession. And so it happens again, that the prayer meeting talk or lecture by the pastor is often too poor and insipid and puerile to be properly described. It is without either instruction or inspiration. It puts the old saints comfortably to sleep, and gives the children the fidgets, and irritates the more thoughtful people who come and who know chaff when they see it, and who cannot be edified by a rambling exhortation about everything in general and nothing in particular. Even where careful preparation is made by the pastor, and he has a message and a purpose other than merely filling in so much time, the preparation is too often made at random, and has no connection with anything that went before or will come after, and the people have no idea what it is going to be and, therefore, cannot prepare themselves for it. Where this particular part of the service is prepared for with the greatest

care, too commonly no preparation whatever is made for the remainder of the service, which ought to be the better part—the singing and the prayers and the testimony. The same hymns or songs are used week after week, and about the same number of them at the same intervals in the service, and they are selected without reference to their connection with the theme or keynote of the meeting. The same number of prayers are made, if there are enough present who pray in public to make the usual number, and they are about the same prayers from week to week. About the same length of time is given for testimony, and the same two or three people give their same stereotyped testimony every time. While the prayer meeting is not primarily for entertainment, there is no reason why it should not be entertaining and every reason why it should. There is nothing in this particular service that makes it necessary for it to be as dead as the proverbial door nail.

And so as we study the situation this would seem to be the chief trouble about the prayer meeting. It has dropped into a rut of monotonous sameness. It is devoid of plan or purpose. It lacks spontaneity and life. It is the same old routine from week to week. There is little about it to awaken interest or expectation. It is an extemporaneous, haphazard service. There is little that is bright and animating and cheering and soulful in it, and mainly because preparation for it is neglected or is made without method or purpose. The pastor looks upon it as a service which he does not need to prepare for, until the people look upon it as a service which they do not need to attend. And, now, if we have discovered the cause for the lack of interest in this service, we have taken a long step in the direction of finding the cure. If the reason that has been assigned for the failure of the prayer meeting as one of the regular services of the church is true, and to the extent that it is true, the attempt at the solution of the problem is greatly simplified for anybody who wants to make it. That honest and earnest and persistent effort along the line of remedying this particular weakness will revolutionize the prayer meeting, and transform it from a dead service into a live and interesting one that will make a strong appeal to

the people and become a mighty force in the life of the church, has received very striking confirmation in at least one case where it has been tried, and which has attracted wide attention in the circle of which it is the center.

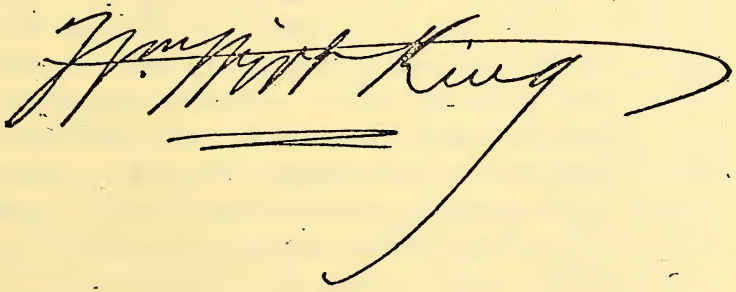
In a certain church, with a large and intelligent membership, in one of the large cities, and a church widely known for its great activity and conspicuous achievement in many directions, the prayer meeting had always been a poor, neglected, uninteresting, and unprofitable service. Out of a membership of some twelve hundred, the average attendance at that service was from forty to fifty. This had been the condition of affairs in that church for years so far as that particular service was concerned. The same people attended from week to week, who were commonly called the prayer meeting crowd, and all appeals from the pulpit, and in the prayer meeting itself, and in pastoral visitation, failed to bring about any change. Other services in the church were stirring and enthusiastic; this one was dead, and haunted the pastor like a nightmare, and nothing that he could do seemed to give any promise of awakening any interest in it or bringing about any improvement. One day a strong and intelligent and devoted layman, in conversation with the pastor about the failure of this service, frankly but kindly expressed his view as to the reason for it, which was that the pastor took no special interest in it, as the result of which the people knew that they would get nothing when they came and miss nothing worth while when they stayed away. He insisted that if the same conscientious and intelligent work were done in and for the prayer meeting, it could be made as great a service as any other in the church. As the result of this conversation a plan was resolved upon looking to as definite and practical work for the prayer meeting as anywhere else, and to a carefully organized plan to enlist as large a number of the members of the church as possible to carry out the new program. The plan that was finally decided upon and adopted as an experiment was this: to take up a certain definite and connected study running through a whole year, and then by direct personal appeal to secure the promise of as many persons as would commit themselves to aid

in this special work whenever called upon, in the way of papers on special topics, and discussion of special themes connected with the general study. The subject selected for the year's prayer meeting work was, "Studies in the Early Church," which was in reality a study of the Acts of the Apostles and most of the Epistles. The first thing that was done in carrying out this plan was to secure the personal pledge of about sixty men and women, many of whom seldom if ever attended this service, to help in this work for a year whenever they were called upon, with the assurance that they would never be called upon without receiving ample notice as to what they were to do, so that they might have plenty of time for preparation, and would never be embarrassed by being called upon unexpectedly. One of the first surprises was the promptness and cheerfulness with which nearly everybody who was approached with this proposition responded. Then a carefully prepared letter was sent out to the entire membership of the church, announcing fully the plan, the reason for it, when it was to begin, and giving the names of all those who had personally pledged their support and coöperation. This meant work, but since that seemed to be the thing needed if anything was to be accomplished, it was done. The whole plan was based upon these two facts or principles: First, the people are interested as never before in the study of the Bible, and they want to study it, and will, under proper and intelligent direction—if some one will only show them how. Second, the carrying out of this plan made it necessary for the leader always to make the most careful preparation, and impossible for him to arrange the service according to the plan and come to it without preparation, or without advertising his weakness or carelessness. When the time at last came for the inauguration of the plan, the special subtopic for that evening, with a careful analysis and outline of it, and the Scripture that was to be read in connection with it, with the special subjects that were to be discussed and the names of those who were to discuss them, was printed and placed in every home in the church, so that the people might know two or three days beforehand just what they were to expect when they came and be prepared for it. This accomplished a double purpose—prepar-

ing the people for the service and advertising it throughout the church. This also meant a great amount of work and some expense, but, believing it was necessary, it was done.

Now as to the result. First, to the amazement of everybody, the pastor, no less than others, the attendance at the first prayer meeting service under this plan, instead of being forty or fifty, was two hundred and fifty. The thing that nobody believed could be done had been done, and for the first time that anybody had ever seen it in that church, the prayer meeting room was full of expectant people at a prayer meeting service. Second, instead of a dull, uninteresting, and dead service, dragging along in stereotyped fashion from beginning to end, it was a stirring, enthusiastic, and inspiring service. Indeed, the change in these two respects was so marked and wonderful that within a few weeks reporters from the papers of the city were sent to the prayer meeting to report it for the daily press. Think of it! A Methodist prayer meeting in a great city becoming one of the sensations of the hour! Third, instead of repressing the spontaneity of the service, it increased it immeasurably. Everybody was interested and wide-awake and on the alert. There were definiteness and directness and earnestness about everything that was said and done. The prayers became brief and to the point, made specific and definite by the lesson that had taken hold of the intellect as well as the heart. The short addresses on special topics that had been carefully prepared, and the study of the whole lesson beforehand by everybody present through the outline that had been furnished them, stimulated thought, and aroused a desire for conversation and testimony and prayer, so that instead of having to encourage such things to fill up the time, they had to be controlled and repressed to keep from running over the time. Fourth, an interest in Bible study was aroused, which was one of the greatest pleasures and benefits of the entire plan. A common testimony was, "We have never known what Bible study was before; we have never gotten into the meaning of it and become interested in it before." Many who could not come to the prayer meeting—the aged and the infirm and the sick, and those who lived at too great a distance from the church

—with the help of the outlines which they received each week, kept up the reading and study with those who came, and reported from time to time the help which they received. Finally, this prayer meeting was transformed from a service in which nobody took any interest to the most popular and attractive and effective service in the church, and from a service that no one ever thought of mentioning to the most talked-of service in the church, and all the time the true prayer-meeting idea was maintained. This plan was followed in that church for a year without any reaction or diminution of interest. It required a vast amount of work, but it paid a thousandfold in the redemption of that prayer meeting and in the blessings which came to the life and work of the church. With the close of that year's work, which, as has already been stated, led to a connected, logical, and chronological study of the Acts of the Apostles and most of the Epistles of the New Testament, another year's work was planned with this as the general subject: "Studies in the Life of Jesus the Christ," being a chronological and harmonious study of the four Gospels; and thus in two years a large part of the membership of the church was guided in a careful study of the entire New Testament; and the second year's work was no less instructive and valuable and successful in every way than the first. This is the story in brief of the redemption of one prayer meeting.



Art. VIII.—THE CHURCH TO MEET THE NEW NEED

The Church of God, or its equivalent, is a necessity of human life. The church is the home and the teacher of religion. Religion is an essential part of the man. He would be a strange man who was destitute of the religious instinct and impulse. I do not know where to find such a man. If we make the tour of the planet, we find a great variety of modes of worship, but everywhere worship. We find a savage propitiating a fetish by dancing around a hideous fire, a Buddhist saying his prayers by revolving a wheel with prayers written on it, a Moslem seeking aid of his deity to get the best of his next customer, a Romanist reciting his endless Paternosters in the rosary, a Protestant pouring out his complaint to an invisible Creator. Religion has been defined thus: "The conception which we form of the Power that is responsible for our being, our relation to that Power, and the course of life which results from the conception and the relation." If that be true, then to be without religion is to be void of any idea of life's mission, or meaning, or end. A creature so lacking must be less than human. No one with a soul has ever been found in that state.

Men are religious whether they will be or not. Men and women of all classes and countries in their deepest needs and keenest sorrows instinctively turn to the church for the consolations and support of religion. And who would dare say that untold multitudes have not been made better and happier, and been inspired to fight, with fearful odds, to a triumphant finish, by religion? There is nothing known to mortals to-day, whether science, philosophy, education, art—nothing else that can be named that has done so much for the people in their development and culture and comfort. The heathen Plutarch has said, "You might more easily build a city in the air than give permanency to the state without religion." When we speak of religion we instinctively think of the church. The church is God's chief instrument and method of teaching and saving the world. That is a stupendous

task. In its performance the church has laid herself open to criticism, and criticism is not wanting. In the present state of human society intelligent criticism is healthful and saving. True criticism is not only opposed to the evil but is in sympathy with the good. Its purpose is to build up as well as to pull down. Criticism of the church was never more searching, and perhaps never as kindly, as at the present time. The church has many weaknesses and some faults. It is too openly divided, too secluded and exclusive. The church may be a divine instrument, but it is a human organization. Anything human has its limitations and is easily capable of error. One is not prepared to admit that the church of our day is a failure, though confessing that it is not a brilliant success. The cry is abroad, "The prisons are full, the churches are empty." That is not only a distorted truth, but it is an impeachment of our civilization. It is claimed by the critics that the church is effete and outworn—that the masses have no further use for the church. They say that the common vaudeville, with its immoral and popular ballad, crowds the music halls, while the elegant and costly buildings where men speak of sin and salvation are attended by the scant few. There is truth in that, but it is overstated. There is enough truth in it to make it serious. It is to meet that condition, and to change it, that the real friends of religion and the teachers of truth are using their best endeavors.

History is like a rolling prairie, like an undulating landscape. Nations rise and fall, political parties win and lose. Churches are subject to the same law and share in the same experience. The pendulum is always swinging from one extreme to another. It is hard to follow the safe and happy medium. The church has its seasons of declension and its seasons of holy living and burning zeal. The church has been lingering around the wrong extreme for a decade or two. But the church is waking up; the swing to the other extreme has commenced. The motion may be slow, but the trend is in the upward way. The living purpose seems to be to reach the summit of consecration, wise administration, and glorious victory. The signs are unmistakable. For instance, we have wholly abandoned some needless and foolish

things the fathers did. They thought them imperative, but time and the growth of the spirit of religion have shown that they were mistaken. We don't discuss doctrine in mailed armor any more, nor fight over the mode of baptism until the blood comes. We have found a saner and more profitable use for our energies. We no longer beat one down that another may rise. We are no longer shouting the praises of any peculiar church polity. We have found a better way of serving God. We are now giving our strength to the federation and consolidation of churches. We are aiding in the union of Christian forces in attacking sin and wickedness and in teaching and ministering to the needy. We preach the Son of God, who is also the Son of Mary. We preach him as the Saviour and Healer and Helper of the people. And this preaching produces in the people a new, and loftier, and more life. Our own Methodism is a connectional church. I can see no objections to such a church. A connectional church, if wisely worked, will still prove successful in propagating the truth, and in gathering the people into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Nothing is to be gained by abolishing such a church. It is still capable of meeting the need of the age. Such a church need not be narrow nor exclusive. The connectional bodies are as ready to fraternize and coöperate as any of the other bodies, and often they are in the forefront of such movements. Amalgamation and federation are the watchwords to-day. A few years ago there were many Methodist bodies in Canada; now there is one Methodist Church of Canada. Six years ago there were several distinct Methodist denominations in Australia; now there is but one. Less than two years ago there were five Methodist bodies in England; now there are but three. Three of the smaller Conferences have effected permanent union, and the promise is that before long all will become one. Right here in our own country all the evangelical denominations are already united for service, and some of them are discussing organic union—which without doubt will soon be consummated. All this is getting the church ready to meet the new need of the century and to honor God in the salvation of the people. When the whole Church of Christ stands with a united front, as a solid phalanx, for mighty attack and forward march,

there can be no question as to the outcome. It means victory for sobriety and goodness.

The Rev. Edwin P. Parker, D.D., is the beloved pastor of the South Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn. For forty years he has been the shepherd of that flock. For four decades he has constantly ministered to the best life of the city. A year ago last All Souls' Day he preached a notable sermon, one that, possibly, marked an epoch in the history of that historic church. If one may read between the lines, the alert divine had discovered new needs and that the old order of the stately meetinghouse was inadequate to take care of them. He saw, or thought he saw, what was necessary to meet the demands of the new age. I am in hearty accord with the distinguished clergyman. Dr. Parker thinks it a serious mistake to call churches by the names of living men; he also thinks it a folly to call churches by the names of streets. The South Church pastor likes the name, "All Souls' Church." And there can be no better name. I like Trinity, or Saint Paul's, or Saint John's. But the name is only a minor matter. Here are Dr. Parker's features of the ideal church for this age: First, a church in fellowship with all denominations as with any one denomination. Second, a church cut loose from formal and rigid creed and covenant, with only a brief statement of agreement. Third, a church which should be a free church in respect to its pews or sittings for all who may come to worship. Fourth, a church which would have the Lord's Supper, honored as the Supper of the Lord, where would be welcome all persons, whether members of the church or not, who might be moved with a desire to participate therein. I take that to be a twentieth century statement of an old truth. No truth or principle is sacrificed. Nothing worth keeping is lost. It is simply an effort to make workable in our own day the plan and purpose of Jesus. And, more than that, it is not altogether a new thing. It is hardly an experiment. The method is already in use. The idea is now in vogue. There are Methodist churches already working that plan in the main. Some Methodist churches can be as narrow and exclusive as the churches in any other communion, but, thank God! they are not many. We have churches similar to the one Dr. Parker wants,

and which we hope he will get. Multiply such churches is the call of the hour, and we believe the effort to do so is sincere and general. And the church's best work and greatest victories are before us and not behind. There must be an assent or a consent on the part of the members of a church. There must be a belief. That does not mean that there must be a creed. Creeds have had their day. They are no longer effective. Without doubt they were well intended. Possibly they have done some good; they certainly have done much harm. The church has been loyal to her creeds, and has spent much good blood and splendid brains in the defense of them. All this was considered the very marrow and essence of Christianity. It was child's play, as we now see it, and in some instances paganism. The revolt against the creeds began in the lifetime of many now active in the work. The creeds are retired to the museums and labeled "Obsolete." A creed is some man's or some men's interpretation of the Christ. The Christ is ever new, but the creeds are musty, and odious to modern taste and sense. When we were children everything centered in the creed, and for generations previous. All this time the church was stultifying herself and minimizing her own authority. The mistake was discovered. And now for three decades the cry has been, and is now with increasing emphasis and meaning, *"Back to Christ."* The church's business is not to insist on the acceptance of a creed, but to invite the acceptance of the living Christ. "Back to Christ" is the shibboleth of the times. It is the Christ that the people want, and not some man's views about him. Men are not saved by their opinions; it is the truth that saves. His doxy counts for little, his love is everything. That is the true belief which results in the noblest life. Wesley said, "I'm sick of opinions; give me good and substantial religion." The church that makes a united and direct and wise attack on sin of every kind and name, and with one voice utters, and repeats, the invitation, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest"—that is the church that the age needs, and that will win with the people.

Assuredly there must be a belief. The Christian religion is the religion of faith. Life would be meaningless and without value without faith. The things of the spirit can be intelligible

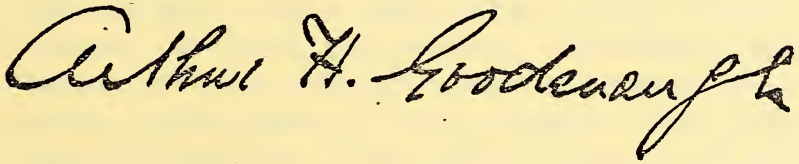
only in terms of faith. A man must believe something. One can't be a citizen and vote in these United States without a belief and a pledge. There are no grounds for objection to standing before the altar of any church and in the presence of the people saying, "It is my desire to be a member of this fellowship." One can't join any society without doing something similar to that. If I were the pastor of an independent church, I would ask candidates for membership two questions, and only two. They are these: First, Have you saving faith in Jesus Christ? Second, Will you constantly endeavor to be the Jesus disciple by living as he lived and doing what he did? It seems to me that that is sufficient. And, surely, no sincere candidate would refuse to give an affirmative answer to such inquiries. The condition of membership in many modern churches is irrational. To require a person to believe this or that concerning the person of Jesus, or concerning future punishment, or concerning any of the standard doctrines, so called, of the church, is without authority in the New Testament. Such requirement is keeping vast multitudes of worthy people not out of the kingdom but out of enrolled membership. There is room for an infinite variety of opinions on religion if they believe that the Christ saves them from their sins and ever cultivate the desire to follow the Perfect Pattern. This saving faith in Jesus Christ is the basis of all true fellowship. You cannot have a building without a foundation. Here is the foundation. What is the structure? Aye, what is it? It is not a stone edifice, nor a Discipline, nor a code of laws, nor a system of rules. It is not anything that can be put into cold type. It is not matter, it is Spirit. It is the Spirit of the living Body. The church is in the world but not of it. No doubt the church has been coquetting too amorously with the world, and while that was going on the world spiked the church's guns. The church, therefore, has lost its fighting weapon. Too often and in too many places the militant church limps, a wounded prisoner. What a sorry sight that is! The effort and determination now is to get the church back to the fighting line and in fighting trim, for there is some real fighting yet to be done. Sin and Satan have to be fought to the limit. There are persistent foes of God and the people that can be met and

conquered only by a fighting and a holy church. The great thing now is to regain our fighting weapon and wisely use it.

The church is in the world but not of it. It is a great organization, and in parts a complete one. Its mission is not to legislate, but to inspire. Its function is not to make laws to govern society, not to make society righteous by legislative acts, but to infuse love into society, to make people do the right thing by habit and from choice. The value of the coming church and its success as a soul-winner will be determined by the spirit manifest and operative in the life and conduct of its members. It is much more than a prescribed regulation of conduct, more than a social system and healthful environment. It is more than a name, and more than a federation. It is a new spirit—a spirit, mind you—a spirit which rightly places man in his relation to God and to his brother. Its bond will be as binding as a college fraternity, its socialism as real as a lodge, its ministry as beautiful as the home. It is not a legal bond but a loving union. It is law plus love. The law of Christ is, "Love one another, as I have loved you." There are the command, the *motif,* and the dynamic. This is to be the spirit of the new church. I believe we are going to see it and feel it. That is the true aim of all preaching—to hasten the coming of that kind of a church. But one sermon is not enough. It must be the eternal utterance of the pulpit. And the preacher himself must be the shining example of it everywhere. The triple watchword of this church is "Democracy, Catholicity, Purity." These words express the standard and practice of the Church of God in our own day. When these words, in their real and fullest meaning, shine out in the life and service of all the members victory is in sight. The demand is that the church shall be democratic, catholic, pure.

May we have such a catholic church as that? May we? Why not? We have a Roman Catholic Church. Some people would like to have an American Catholic Church. No, no. That is not what we want. Let us have a catholic church without the "Roman" or the "American." Let us have the catholic without any qualification or limitation at all—a real catholic church, the kingdom of heaven on earth as Jesus taught it. That means

God having the right of way, and his own way with the children of men, where men will take Christ as their Saviour and Pattern and follow him, which means to stand together in love and for service. Then let them differ in what else they believe as much as they please. The time has gone by when a few select and cultured people who care more for appearance than ethics can meet together once a week to thank God that they are not like other folk, and engage a preacher who will apologize for their sins, and then call it a church. Never again will that be considered a church. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, whose visit to this country will not soon be forgotten, whose public utterances were so sound and stimulating, who so earnestly pleaded for a real democracy, a true catholicity, and a genuine purity, is joined by an ever-increasing company of modern disciples who are preaching and living the real thing. Let them come. They are coming. Hivites, Hittites, Barbarians, Greeks, Jews, Gentiles, Romanists, Protestants—they are coming; and there shall be one faith, and one church, and one service, and one brotherhood, and one heaven. The promise is unto you and to your children, and to all them that are afar off.



Art. IX.—THE WIZARDRY OF HARDSHIP

How old is the book of Job? No one knows. It must have gone back to a very early age, judging from its customs. Only one author has ever been assigned to it. No authority believes that he wrote it. Moses was credited with it by some. It is not, of course, literal history. It is founded on fact, without much doubt. But it is a poem. It teaches a great lesson in a vivid and forceful way. No man can escape loss and suffering. Religion does not promise that its votaries shall have an easy time. Ease never develops anyone or thing. The wild storm makes the sturdy oak. In the world we are to have tribulation. Christ's assurance was not that we were to be taken out of the world, but that we should be kept from evil. Safety is insured. Even the body might be killed, but the soul would be secure. Rome went to gluttony and vileness when soft prosperity was enjoyed. War has always given men a clearer view of the right. Lincoln did not expect to free the Negroes until the war brought him the vision of the awfulness of slavery. The too greatly petted son becomes a mere sop. Hard knocks alone make character. Deep convictions, not mother's apron strings, will save a boy. The bite of frost puts snap into the lazy tendencies. The dwellers in South lands are likely to be rocked into idleness by the constant summer breezes. Sorrow's pang gives birth to sympathy. Selfish isolation breeds cold-heartedness. Tears mellow the heart to deep tenderness. Smooth sailing seldom leads to ennobling gratitude. The calm sea is full of rich enjoyment after the dangerous storm. Values are made by contrast. The sunrise paints its beauties on the curtain of the receding night. The glorious rainbow appears only on the rear of the storm cloud. Laughter tastes sweetest following the bitter cup of sorrow or loss.

Sorrow and trouble ask big questions. Faith is often broken by them. They seem to be bent on destruction alone. We cannot always see how they can be of any value. Rebellion grows when anguish is on the face of a loved one. We would make the world different. But we cannot. We must trust the great love

and care of the Father. Think you not if things could be different, he would have so made it? Jesus himself wept at the death of Lazarus. It was not shamming. He felt the heart wrench coming from traitorous friends. He met disappointment and was cut by it. Sin staggered him with its awfulness. He felt real agony. If anyone could be spared, it would have been the only begotten Son. He was not a sinner. But he was human. The pain only beautified and developed, it did not wreck and injure. That is within our reach. We may rise above all the troubles of earth. We cannot stop our questions. We ought to keep listening to them and following them up. It will help us to win. So we may ask again, even though we do not get a full answer, Why does God permit sorrow and suffering? Is there a wizardry of suffering?

Notice a very important matter even in this old-day teaching. God did not send the trouble on Job. It was merely permitted. God was glorified in the final exhibit, and Job lost nothing. This is always so. No power can rob us if we are in Christ's school. Our Father does not send loss and suffering to punish us. He withholds things and permits other things to happen, always with love. It is fiendish to say that he takes away a child, or causes an accident, or sends sickness, or shatters dearly prized plans to punish us. That fits the practices of some parents who punish because angry at a child. But our God never loses patience. Everything that comes may have a value. He is able to give its meaning to us. Things are seldom as bad as we think. An army can be stampeded by pure fright. Two lepers ready to die with hunger, and going out in desperation to the besieging army, scare a great force away from Jerusalem and so save it. The general who can hold his forces steady will seldom meet defeat. Fear is a terrible enemy. It unseats reason and so routs man's strongest power. Calm consideration will discover the harmlessness of most of our threatened troubles. Self-confidence has spelled success with more than one man. Napoleon said that the word "can't" did not exist in his dictionary. Man is big enough to handle most things that c[illegible]ng. He has more ability than he realizes. It has been found that a heart can be sewed up. The other day a bone was

taken out of a lamb's leg, in Chicago, and put in place of a destroyed bone in a man's leg, and amputation was unnecessary. God made us on a large model. He equipped us in a wonderful way. No other creature has such gifts. No one yet knows what man can do. He has not reached his limits. No one can fix them. He may yet talk to Mars. He now flies with ease. W. T. Stead, a great scholar and statesman, has recently declared that it is possible to hold converse with the departed. We dare not say that it will never be possible. We are sure that there is a future life of conscious existence. What, then, shall I fear? Trust; such as is mentioned in the Bible, starts with a careful consideration of what man is. God made him. He was the finest product of a good Father. Is he not therefore capable of meeting any issue with sufficient power? Think this all the time, and the nervous dread that wears out and unsettles will be gone. The unbalanced man becomes almost worthless. The man who can be calm in any emergency is great and capable. To lose control of yourself is to be whipped. It is seen in every walk of life. The baseball pitcher must keep cool or he will get "rattled." The manager of a great concern runs from no problem. The doctor may be hard driven for a remedy, but he must not show it, else everyone gives up. "It must be done" is followed by the "It can"—and the accomplishment. The first necessary thing, then, is to assure yourself. Get calmness by a sane and careful consideration of who you are and who made you. Follow this with a vision of the true God. He is Father. He is interested in every common event. He wills our joy. He desires our growth. Is he to be defeated? Man and God working together intelligently make a team that hell itself cannot prevail against. If this be true, we are ready to face every trouble that comes. If nothing can prevail against us, then we can face the troubles of life with calm confidence, and so we will not be hurt, but, rather, we can get help instead of injury.

But, specifically, "Why" do these things come? God is not changeable. Just as a mother cannot murder her child and retain that name, God cannot change and be God. We will always expect the mother to act along the lines of love. We have similar

expectations of God. He will not be cruel. He will not enact badness into goodness. He cannot hate revengefully. He cannot, therefore, do a nonethical thing. Every deed must be absolutely righteous, or else he ceases to be God. The very concept of God requires this. If he were otherwise, then all the foundation of civilization would fall out. There could be no stability. Immoral people and communities go to pieces; but if this were mere accident, if standards of goodness were made just by common agreement, then where the evil kind were adopted as right, the community would grow just the same as where common consent accepted the genuine as right. But only those communities that accept the ethical God grow. This proves the vitality and innate value and reliability of the truth, as food properties are proved to exist in a certain article by its ability to sustain life. God cannot change any more than a city can legislate a foul pool into a feverless pond of sweet water. God further expresses his nature in orderly laws. Man has learned that no happiness or progress or even satisfying existence is possible without rules and system. These are expressed or understood. He who has the ability to adopt rules of the right sort is almost sure to succeed in business. General Booth was a mentally poor enthusiast at the first. But he was a marvelous organizer. If system is preserved and order insured, the rules must be rigidly and regularly enforced. The larger the business, the more necessary is this practice. Exceptions always bring trouble. Some young men recently were charged with stealing. It began by instructions that if any engineers who were employed by firms that were large purchasers came in and wanted anything for their own use, they were to have it without cost. Many great institutions discharge valuable men simply and only because they fail to preserve the system, or else talk and act in ways that threaten to upset it. God is not an anarchist. His rules are for man's benefit. They are so perfect that if the world would regularly and universally adopt them, heaven would come on earth. They must be enforced. Sometimes the innocent must temporarily suffer for the sake of others. In the end, however, they do not suffer any more than did Jesus. He did so warn the world against sin. Sin wrought destruction. It

had to be stopped. Many accidents lead to the correction of abuses. John Brown was sincere but misguided. He broke an orderly law. He died, but by his death he awakened the people. He was in a sense a savior because he died unjustly, and so aroused the citizens to the blackness of slavery. The Coliseum at Rome was being dedicated. The architect in whose honor the pageant was being given, on his confession of being a Christian, was thrown to the wild beast. The revolt, when the after thought came, caused the people to forever cease human murder for delight purposes. He was the suffering deliverer. When the children were burned in New York Harbor a few years ago people blamed God. But if he had interceded and saved them, then every ship would neglect preventives against a similar disaster. A Deity that constantly interferes could develop no self-reliant and capable creatures. He may interfere much more than we know. Mr. Wright was not killed when his flying machine fell some months ago, although the officer with him was. Possibly he was spared to complete the machine. The other man died, and so warned others of the large caution necessary because of great danger. So many of the troubles that come to man are the result of broken laws. If interference occurred, then the laws would be ignored and disorder would result. Sometimes the individual learns the lesson. He may be a guilty transgressor or an innocent one. At other times he is merely used to teach others. We may follow Christ in teaching the world the necessity of obedience to righteousness and the loss that comes from the service of sin.

Our lives may be deepened by the trials and sorrows that come. I do not know why it is necessary for the sculptor to have a mallet and chisel and a trained brain and a versatile finger and wrist to make a statue, but I know that it is so. Without these he cannot succeed. I do not know why a singer must practice so many years and feel the sentiment and see the picture of a song before she can move the masses. I only know that it is so. I cannot explain how it is that mother love comes with the terrible agony consequent on birth. I only know that it is so. I cannot explain why it is that the artists and littérateurs that have caught our ear and moved the world have passed through the crucible.

Think of the cheerful prayers and heroic sayings of Robert Louis Stevenson as he was slowly dying by consumption. Remember the Negro, Paul L. Dunbar, who wrote so beautifully while dying from the same cause. Charles Lamb never wrote with power until his only sister became insane and was the object of his solicitous love. It will be remembered that Jenny Lind never sang to the hearts of the people until her own heart was broken by a cruel lover. Wendell Phillips went to his great addresses from the bedside of an invalid wife whom he adored. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was poured out of a heart mourning for a friend. Frances Willard's matchless Story of Nineteen Beautiful Years was the love song for a dear, departed sister. It has been true in some way that the higher art is only taught in the school of suffering. We cannot escape. Some make it worse. A few are always making a mountain out of a mole hill. They seem to "enjoy" poor health. They always have trouble, because they talk about it, look on the dark side, and hunt for it. If it is not dark, they will turn out the lights. Others never have any trouble. They look at it with open eyes. They see the deeper value. Few things even test their faith. Other things drive them into the mountain of prayer. There they see Moses, Elias, and Jesus, all made perfect through suffering. Many imaginary troubles may be avoided or thrown off if we remember who we are and who God is. We are capable of meeting most things single-handed if we avoid fear and hold steady, if we defeat worry and throttle anxiety about the future days. But some things come to us and our dear ones that we cannot understand. We rest by trusting. Our God has proved himself worthy of it. He has never disappointed a people or an individual. Then we can remember that if his hand holds ours, and his voice directs, we can use these troubles to make character, as the sculptor uses his tools to make immortal statues. We are to fashion a soul fit to live with God. Jesus used these things to shape his own soul into matchless beauty. We can do the same. Do not be depressed or discouraged. Deepen faith. Draw out the deeper nature. Many a silly girl has become a solid, capable mother in one night of terrible suffering. Many a cold-blooded man has been turned into a brother of man by some terrible tragedy.

The great Mildmay Mission, perfectly incalculable in its influence, came from the love of parents who lost their only child and so learned to love other children. The Florence Crittenton Homes are memorials of a departed daughter. The tender touch of sympathy that heals the heart's hurts is not made by mental training. Machines make almost anything that a man can now. There is only one thing deeper that a man can produce, and that is the fruits of a trained deepened character. We may not get large notoriety, we may not amass money, but we may all school ourselves by rightly interpreting and using the common affairs of common life until we are endowed with a character that nothing else can purchase. We can then be of service to the world in a way that no one else can. The necessary sorrows and troubles of life may be the tools we use to equip ourselves to be valuable to humanity, and so to God. Grenfell takes his life in his hand every day and does it with all joy because he is of service to the neglected. Jesus said to Peter, "Satan hath desired thee to sift thee as wheat, but when thou art recovered, comfort thy brethren." The rich characters who have used their sorrows and opportunities are the only ones whose death impoverishes the world. The mere man of money is never missed. He leaves all his riches behind. Even when millionaire corporation magnates die, stocks and bonds hardly feel it. But when Frances Willard died, the world sobbed in loneliness.

Then say with Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." He will not slay you. Tell your friends that God has sent nothing, but that he has merely permitted some things to come so that you might more fully show the beauty of his indwelling and the reliability of faith. He will not slay. He will not fail. Still have confidence. Still show the calmness of faith. Hold steady. No thing or time will be wasted. God will see to that. As Job came out richer in the figures which his day understood, so will you in the terms of the deeper meaning of richness to-day.

Christian F. Reisner

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE PEAKS AND PLAINS OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE[1]

By Christian experience we mean, as is usually meant, the reception and cultivation of the grace of God ministered to us in Jesus Christ; or the development of character under the leadings of the Holy Spirit. It might be still otherwise expressed. "The life of God in the soul of man" is a good phrase. It could be not unfittingly designated as the feelings, thoughts, and volitions which we cherish concerning the duties growing, in the present dispensation, out of our relations to God and our fellow men. The verbiage is various, but the idea is practically the same, and is doubtless sufficiently clear. We are soldiers of the cross fighting our way through the enemy's country, and there are vicissitudes with which we must become familiar. We are on a journey, and the land through which we pass, far from being the same for every traveler, takes that color and contour which we individually give it by the particular decisions which we make and the course we adopt. We choose our own path, not simply once for all, as between the land of light and the realm of darkness, but every step of the way. Some go about as much down as up, and so their real progress is small in spite of the long lapse of time. The route of some seems to lie through darksome valleys gloomily shut in, mirky and miry, dim and dismal, mist-enshrouded, fog-encompassed, no wide outlooks, no bracing breezes, much obstructed and encumbered. The route with others runs along a broad high table-land, up from which jut quite frequently still loftier elevations that rejoice the climber and lead to ever larger prospects, ever brighter landscapes, ever stronger marching. It is with these latter and their conditions, their methods and movements, that we have mainly to do in this writing. It is these nobler souls who take the higher path, exulting in their freedom, their faces shining as the sun, radiant and regnant, that best show forth an experience in the truest sense Christian, most worthy to bear that peerless name.

[1] Desiring to send out in our November number the spiritual stimulus of this article by Dr. James Mudge, and not having space for it elsewhere, we make room for it in these editorial pages.

It is well to know how to mount the peaks. It is equally well to know how to manage the plains. The Christian life is not all peaks, cannot be in the nature of the case. Humanity is so constituted that it cannot abide a continuous state of high feeling. Our faculties could not endure the strain. The earthen vessels would break under the pressure. After a certain amount of strong emotion there is necessarily a subsidence of the excitement, a settling down to quieter states, an interval wherein the soul revolves the things already learned and recruits its powers for yet further efforts. They mistake who condemn themselves because they are not always at the same pitch of ebullition, with the same shoutings and spoutings, and who think there must be an outward demonstration whether it be called for by anything within or not. Such forcing of the fervors finds alliance with the contortions of the Baal worshipers or other manufactured pagan pieties rather than with the calm, controlled, reason-governed religion which exhorts its votaries to be babes in malice but men in mind. Yet emotions are essential, and the peaks play an important part in all genuine Christian progress. There is, of course, an exceedingly pronounced peak at the very beginning of the Christian life, and in nearly all cases where that life prospers there are various other peaks of an extremely salutary and significant sort. The Rev. Benjamin M. Adams, one thoroughly well qualified to speak with authority in the matter, was accustomed to say, "The souls of men get on toward God, as a rule, by a series of crises." "Crises" is only another way to spell peaks. Such occurrences are called for by the way we are put together. An absolutely uniform movement of the mind for a long succession of years is hardly conceivable. Peculiar junctions of transition are bound to take place, turning points led up to, in all probability, by an outwardly uneventful period and followed, perhaps, for a time by a similar comparative blank. Decisive changes, partly paroxysmal, come only at intervals. They constitute epochs of lasting consequence, memorable, far-reaching in their effects, from which we reckon. It is hardly too much to say that to prepare for these crises, to watch for them and turn them to good account by a proper following up, constitutes a very large part of Christian generalship.

As to the conversion peak not much need here be said. Is it less plain, pointed, prominent than it used to be? Has the entrance on the Christian life, taking place now in so large a number of cases at a very early age and from families with well-ordered habits, come

to be scarcely marked with emotion at all, and hardly to be counted as a peak or distinguishable in any sense from the plain that precedes and succeeds? If so, we must account it a pity and a peril. Let Methodism increase in culture and in worldly goods, grow to include men of mark and means, women of wealth and wisdom, choice children, fine families. Yes, this is inevitable and not lamentable, this is good; but the good will be sadly mixed with evil if, along with this elevation of manners and morals, there must come a lowering of the standard of vital piety, an erasure of the dividing line that marks off the church from the world. The hurrying of masses into the fold with little or no change of heart, with little or no testing and training through the class system, with a probationary period merely nominal or wholly wiped out, is not likely to add to the positive strength of the church. Numbers are increased in this way, but real efficiency is lessened. It is not a time to explain away the necessity for regeneration. Still stands the ancient, authoritative word, "Ye must be born anew, from above; that which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The twice-born, the spirit-born, they only can give a clear testimony to the power of Christ to save, they only have the inward witness that their sins have been forgiven and they made partakers of a heavenly calling. We cannot afford to dig down this peak.

This will generally be admitted. There are those, however, who think that, this peak once surmounted and the table-land of a new life reached, there is nothing further to be done in the way of climbing, that the rest of the way lies perfectly level to the feet, or, at the most, with only a gentle inclination needing but little effort. How about this? There is in it a certain measure of truth in that we can easily picture a life of this kind; and once in a while it comes to pass. Theoretically, academically, there is no fault to be found with this program. But practically it almost never works out thus. B. M. Adams was correct in saying that "the souls of men get on toward God, as a rule, by a series of crises." Those who move forward with an absolute uniformity, with an even pace, never hastening, never delaying, with naught but horizontality to negotiate, no ups or downs, are surely very few. And in making up a general scheme these exceptions must be put aside. It is easy to see how, in most cases, even if there has been a fair amount of faithfulness after conversion —not absolute immunity from fault, not a pressing on at utmost possible speed, but a creditable degree of consistency and activity—

there will come, sooner or later, a growing consciousness that all is not quite right, that there has been, perhaps imperceptibly, half unconsciously, a gradual slipping back from the point of no condemnation, of unqualified approval, so clearly held, as a matter of course, at the new birth and during the glow of first love which filled those early days with rapture. In the months or years which have elapsed since that happy time there have been a great many moral decisions made, steps taken, battles waged, and not all have come out as they should. Defeats have occurred, weaknesses have developed, there have been mistakes and transgressions, with the result that clouds more or less permanently have obscured the sky. For a while but little attention, perhaps, has been paid to this state of things; it is seen to be common; no alarm has been excited; it has come to be almost or quite accepted as inevitable. But sometimes the soul awakes with a start to the fact that there is something better for it than this half-and-half life to which it was so fatally becoming accustomed. It realizes that it is living beneath its privilege and its duty; certain truths are brought to its notice, certain Scripture texts are pressed home upon the conscience, some shining examples swim into its horizon, intensifying its dissatisfaction with the conditions that have come to prevail. It sees cause for repentance. It resolves that the ambiguity in its attitude toward God and the weakness in its conflicts with Satan ought forthwith to cease, and a new departure to be taken. Thus the crisis. It is eminently natural, considering how ordinary human nature is constituted. The closet philosopher or theologian may elaborate a plan from which all this is eliminated, may leave no place for it in his theory; but the average man or woman comprehends, to his or her cost, that this is the order of actual procedure. Is it not plain, then, why the second peak protrudes? Is not the ascent of it demanded by every consideration? Examples of the benefits thence derived might be quoted to any extent. They are multitudinous. Volumes are filled with them. People that we meet, that we have confidence in, who give every evidence that they know what they are talking about, testify joyfully that this peak has been to them a Horeb, a Hermon, an Olivet, a Patmos, a mount of beatitudes, of transfiguration, of spiritual ascension, where they have been caught up into the third heavens, where they have met with God and have been fitted out anew for service.

Shall we summon a few of these witnesses? They speak a various language, but the substance of their message is the same. In

the journal of George Fox, the celebrated Quaker, is found this confession: "I knew Jesus, and he was very precious to my soul; but I found something in me which would not keep patient and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there. I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave him my will, he came into my heart, and cast out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient; and then he shut the door." George Müller, who was so marvelously useful in many ways for the greater part of the last century, being asked the secret of his service, said: "There was a day when I died, utterly died"—and as he spoke he bent lower and lower until he almost touched the floor—"died to George Müller, his opinions, preferences, tastes, and will; died to the world, its approval or censure; died to the approval or blame even of my brethren and friends; and since then I have studied only to show myself approved unto God." Catharine Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, one of the very foremost Christian workers of the nineteenth century, went through a very fierce conflict for deeper consecration, a conflict "far worse than death" she calls it, that she might be certain everything was on the altar and Christ was all. But she finally apprehended Jesus as her all-sufficient Saviour, her faith took hold with firmness, and she says, "From that moment I have dared to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Lord." With the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, the famous evangelist, it came a little differently. He had become thoroughly discouraged in his work at Bethany Church, Philadelphia, and was writing a letter of resignation, when something in a religious paper that Mr. F. B. Meyer had written fell under his eye, as to the important difference between our working for God and having God work in and through us. It proved a very effectual word. He saw where he had been making a mistake. He threw himself on his face and prayed, "O God, let it be no longer *I* working for thee, but from this moment *thou* working through me." The Spirit came upon him, and his whole life was changed. He tore up his letter of resignation. He has been a different man ever since. D. L. Moody got his first great quickening for labor at Chicago in 1860, four years after his conversion in Boston. In the great Sunday school of which he was superintendent there was a class of utterly frivolous young ladies. Their teacher was obliged to give up the class and leave the city under sentence of death, bleeding at the lungs. But he had a strong desire to win his class for Christ before he bade them good-by.

So he and Mr. Moody took a carriage and went from house to house, and at the end of ten days the last of the class had yielded to the pleadings of their dying teacher. He had to leave the next day. So that evening Mr. Moody called the class together for a prayer meeting; and there, he says, "God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant, and if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of me, I might not have gone. But how many times since then I have thanked God for that meeting! As I went out I said to myself, 'O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received to-night.'"

These five, taken from five different denominations, will do as well as the five hundred or five thousand that might be cited to indicate the glorious reality of this second conversion, this second distinct and definite work of grace divine which God has wrought in so many of his people to their great comfort, and stands ready to work in all who will comply with the conditions and open the door to his incoming.

Peak number two, then, would seem to be sufficiently authenticated, its place on the map assured. But here, again, there is a goodly number who in turn declare, like those previously mentioned, that once this second peak is ascended the pilgrim has nothing before him for the rest of his life but a lofty and salubrious level table-land without noteworthy protrusions or prominent elevations. And here, again, as before, they have part of the truth but not the whole. Some people's lives do run on from this point with a large degree of uniformity and unbroken serenity. Their immediate need seems to have been met, and no other very pressing exigencies occur. They are taught to look for nothing beyond. They settle down satisfied. Their ambition is but moderate. Their little vessels have been filled, and, no very considerable enlargement taking place, no further filling appears called for. Both their temperament and their associations, somehow, lead them to consider this second peak a finality so far as any marked uplift is concerned. But there are others with whom this is emphatically not so. And it seems to us in this case, as in the previous one, that the position of these others is the more reasonable and natural and normal. That is, we see no cause whatever for restricting the "series of crises" by which men get on toward God to just two and no more. Substantially the same process which led to the second will be likely to lead to the third and fourth, or even a

larger number, if there be no artificial obstruction. There was need of the second because at conversion the work done had to be limited, in God's order and in accordance with the restrictions of human nature, to the immediate conscious apprehension of need. Only the thing definitely asked for and laid hold of by the penitent could be effectively granted. The knowledge both Godward and manward being quite imperfect, the change wrought was similarly imperfect, not at all through any lack, above, of power to bestow, but through lack, below, of power to receive. In precisely the same way, when the work is repeated at a subsequent time, the knowledge, though much deeper than at first, still falls short of absolute completion, is still but partial, and the change wrought correspondingly leaves something still further to be done as that knowledge increases. If a soul is deeply in earnest, if it has keen hunger for the fullest righteousness, if it is athirst for perfection, then it will utilize to the utmost all available or discoverable means of growth and enlightenment. It will be constantly searching to know more of God, to comprehend the length and breadth of his law, the largest sweep and scope of his requirements and appointments. It will seek also to penetrate the remotest recesses of its own nature, applying tests of many kinds and availing itself of all possible opportunities to see exactly where it stands. Such a soul will be brought occasionally, as the years go on, face to face with some great sacrifice, will be led to see, in all probability, some previously unrealized depth of possible dedication, will be tried as by fire in some sevenfold heated furnace of affliction, will have some undreamed-of privilege of close, divine union made clear. When this new vision of the Christ-life comes to him, this new chance of suffering, this new demand for the crucifixion of self, another crisis has arrived. It will be easier, doubtless, than the second, for the lesson then learned will abide, he will know how to deal with it, he will not hesitate much, or perhaps at all, he will leap upward, or if there has to be some climbing it will be swift and he will stand triumphant on this additional peak of advantage very speedily. All this if he be not disobedient to the vision. It is an epoch in any event, an opportunity for great good or evil, according as it is improved or the contrary.

Witnesses in this matter of the additional peaks are plentiful. But our space restricts us to a very few. We mention only three. D. L. Moody had a still greater blessing in 1871, the year of the Chicago fire. Things were going well with him. There were great congregations and frequent conversions. But two pious women that

attended noticed a lack, and began to pray that he might have a new anointing with power, a filling with the Holy Spirit. There came a great hunger into his soul and he began to cry out for God as he never did before. "I really felt," he says, "that I did not want to live if I could not have this power for service." It was about this time that his church was burned, and he went to New York to raise funds. "But," he says, "my heart was not in the work of begging; I was crying out all the time that God would fill me with his Holy Spirit. And one day in the city of New York—O what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name—God revealed himself to me, and I had such a sense of his love that I had to ask him to stay his hand. The blessing came upon me suddenly like a flash of lightning. I was filled with such a sense of God's goodness that I felt as though I could take the whole world to my arms. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different, and I did not present any new truths, and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you should give me all the world; it would be as the small dust of the balance." Another great evangelist, Charles G. Finney, who had a very remarkable conversion when twenty-nine years old, and then sixteen years after had entered on what he calls "an altogether higher and more stable form of Christian life," after a season of great searching of heart, six years subsequently had a still more thorough overhauling and a consecration in a higher sense than he had before conceived possible. In consequence, he says, "My mind settled into a perfect stillness. My confidence in God was perfect, my acceptance of his will was perfect, and my mind was as calm as heaven. At times I could not realize that I had ever before been truly in communion with God. I have felt since then a religious freedom, a religious buoyancy and delight in God and in his word, a steadiness of faith, a Christian liberty and overflowing love that I had experienced only occasionally before." Alfred Cookman bears testimony to a number of fillings with the Spirit. He writes, late in life: "I am climbing up, and wish to do so forever and ever. I am panting for more of God. I used to maintain that the blood was sufficient, but I am coming to know that tribulation brings us to the blood that cleanseth. Cleansed from sin, let us go on, concerned to be without wrinkle or any such thing. After the washing or purifying there are other processes used by the power of the Spirit of God in smoothing and adorning and perfecting our characters."

It seems to us that the best results in Christian experience are reached when these various crises, or peaks (not merely one or two), are emphasized as in the divine plan and clearly held before the gaze of the celestial pilgrim. Much depends for him on having his ideals continually heightened and clarified. Unless he is taught to look for a good deal he will not attain very much. The goal must be kept in advance to secure constant stretching forward. A lofty standard is indispensable to lofty achievements. A thoroughly Christlike walk, a life on the pattern of the Master, is so very large a thing that it may well seem to recede as we draw nearer. A perfect faith—which leaves no moment and no spot unassociated with God, which makes the presence of God an immediate reality all the time, which fills all events, the smallest as well as the greatest, with his loving-kindness, which turns earth into heaven—is one of the distant peaks. So is perfect patience, especially for some natures, a patience that waits without ever an atom of discouragement, that suffers without ever a particle of complaining, a patience that never fails, however unexpected and severe the test to which it is put, however dull and careless the servant or workman, however unreasonable and unready the assistant, however slow and stupid the pupil; a patience that never toward subordinates, equals, or superiors indulges a peevish thought or gives vent to a petulant look; a patience that even under the greatest provocation is considerate, forbearing, and submissive. Must we not say the same of perfect humility, perfect watchfulness, perfect contentment, perfect union with God's will? They who glibly claim to have reached these things with little effort and in a very short time after starting out from the City of Destruction, by some incomprehensible short-cut, can hardly be considered as having completely realized what they say, must, indeed, be set down as so superficial and shallow in their way of looking at these deep things of God as to make their testimony of little value.

This paper, to be at all complete, should contain some counsel as to the best methods of peak-climbing, and a little advice as to how to make the most of the more sedate, sober marches on the plains. But our further words must needs be few. The essential requisites for the first of these procedures may be briefly indicated by five terms—ambition, cognition, submission, commission, transmission. The first of these, spiritual ambition (Saint Paul uses it and so we need not balk), or aspiration, lies at the very foundation, for, unless we cry "Excelsior" from the bottom of our hearts, we are not likely

to scale the heights. There must be earnest coveting before possession is possible; there must be an eager, passionate longing, an insatiable appetite—how to get that is "another story" which cannot here be entered on. Knowledge surely comes next, such knowledge as the newly awakened desire will incite one to acquire, for without it the more the zeal or fast running the more one will blindly dash his head against the obstructing trees. Then a surrender, a capitulation, as complete as the light afforded in any way permits, searching, thoroughgoing, unreserved, deliberate, definite, decisive. Next is that committing or confiding of all to God, that claiming of his promises, that trust in his keeping power, that faith which is the connecting link between our weakness and his might, the lever which turns on for our employment and enjoyment the infinite resources of the Almighty. Finally, the transmission or confession, the due acknowledgment of the gift received, that he may have the glory and others the stimulus. All this, so indefinitely expounded, may perhaps in this compact form not be wholly clear to everyone, but the gist of it is here, and with due meditation may be taken in.

The plains of Christian experience have large claim upon us for treatment. For they must, after all, occupy the traveler by far the greater part of the time; and we fear we may have conveyed a wrong impression by this disproportionate attention to the peaks. Let not the space to which we must now restrict ourselves in conclusion be considered to measure our appreciation of this particular theme. Let it not for a moment be imagined that it is chiefly by spasmodic or sporadic effort, by convulsive spurts or spasms, that largest spiritual gains are made. Nay, verily. In contending that the peaks are of great importance and should be completely mastered, we must not be understood as depreciating in any way the plains. It is mainly by steadfastness or patient continuance in welldoing that we reach glory and honor and immortality. Nothing can be of more consequence than that persistent perseverance which presses doggedly on over all obstacles, that determined courage which sees in dangers and difficulties only so many incentives for a more vigorous forward movement. System and order also go a great way in this matter, are as indispensable in spiritual acquisitions as in temporal. Inventiveness in methods should be combined with a well-balanced judgment, such as will prevent the turning off for whims, or the getting side-tracked on the spur of eccentric extravagances.

There are aids to Christian growth which should be continually

laid hold of and on which one may rightly lean a good deal. Books are invaluable—not simply the Bible but other devotional manuals which have drawn their sustenance from the Scripture and have adapted its principles or precepts to the exigencies of modern life. Carefully chosen companionship is a mighty molding influence. The helps in hymns and spiritual songs are greatly to be prized. Prayer, both stated and ejaculatory, must in no way be omitted. A devout habit of speech should be cultivated, and every opportunity for self-sacrifice fully utilized. By these and other "arts of holy living" (to use the suggestive phrase of the Discipline, ¶ 123) we may steadily grow in grace. But that regular advancement will not preclude, it will rather assist, the irregular or very special advancement which we have indicated as having a legitimate, an almost indispensable, place in the scheme of progress. Whether by peaks or by plains, indeed both by plains and by peaks, mingled in due proportion as temperament and condition may demand, it is our place and privilege to "get on toward God," to come into ever closer fellowship with him, to represent him more worthily among men, to have a fuller, higher, richer Christian experience day by day. It is one of the primary aims of this REVIEW to promote this result in the minds and hearts of its readers.

THE ARENA

PROGRESSIVE SANCTIFICATION

Methodism has a marvelous inheritance which it cannot prize too highly. But to make the most of it requires wisdom. It is not wise to ignore the fact that in the course of one hundred and fifty years many things have changed. The frank recognition of this implies no touch of disloyalty to the founders. We should no more be expected to remain stationary in all the details of doctrine than in those of polity. We cannot afford so to do. Modifications in the one as well as in the other are imperatively demanded from time to time by the altered conditions that confront us. Yet, of course, such adaptations should be so managed as to retain all advantages while dropping all incumbrances. This process, we fully believe, is called for in the case of the doctrine of Christian Perfection which, from the beginning, has stood so close to the center of Methodism's peculiar message and largest effectiveness. It has not, practically, the place now it once had. And the reason is obvious. There has been a lack of adjustment. The old presentation has failed, now for some time, to commend itself at the bar of clear thought, and the opposition of intelligence, joined to the opposition of carnality, leaves it very little chance to make headway. Furthermore, certain evils, not unknown in early days, have developed so offensively as to offer serious obstacles, creating in many minds a disgust at the terms most commonly employed. Evidently, then, what is needed for the best interests of the church is a new statement of this precious truth, such a one as will free it both from intellectual objections and from practical obstructions. Only thus can it take once more the place from which it has fallen, and do the good for which it is designed.

A very little alteration will accomplish this. Two things, and only two, must be made prominent in the teaching that shall meet the need. The essentials are these: (1) Perfect loyalty to Christ; a consecration brought sharply up to the furthest, latest limit of light or knowledge, involving in most cases a very distinct second work of grace, a marked epoch in experience from which an exceedingly blessed new departure is taken. (2) Unceasing devotion to the progressive realization of a complete mastery of all that is involved in ideal character and faultless, Christ-like living. These two things are enough. Less would not do; more are not necessary. A single aim, whole-hearted in its mighty purpose to do all God's will and nothing else, combined with an intense longing to know ever more and more what that aim in its widest inclusiveness, its fullest development, its entire articulations and implications, may comprise, cannot fail to result in a magnificent life. It means loving and serving God with all our present powers, together with a persistent effort to increase those powers, to know more and so be able to do more for him.

A statement on the above lines does not lend itself to fanaticism, or censoriousness, or misapprehension. It does not lead one into metaphysical bogs unfathomable, or raise points of doubtful philosophy and recondite, obsolete theology. It steers clear of distracting, belligerent dogmatics and uncharitable, unprofitable controversy. It affords no standing ground for partisanship, cliquism, or schismatical proclivities. It is unassailable, unmistakable, strategic, clear, conclusive. It is sufficiently Wesleyan to secure all the benefits which the church has found in the ordinary holiness movement. It is sufficiently catholic to unite under its banner all genuine believers in Jesus, all deeply earnest souls who are hungering for the closest possible walk with God. It leaves in the background certain incomprehensible speculative quiddities in no way important or productive of the best results, but which have, on the contrary, led to much evil. It gives free scope for a thoroughly reasonable, simple, scriptural propaganda such as we have not had for a long while, and cannot have under the more usual teachings, but which the church tremendously needs. It lays the emphasis on a right will and a constant growth. It makes the Christian life one from beginning to end, as the Bible does, one in kind but subject to ever-increasing degrees of knowledge, which, when followed by corresponding consecration, open the way for ever-increasing degrees of purification or empowerment. It makes the whole mind and image of the Master the specific goal toward which we constantly press and to which we steadily approximate. It embodies a wholesome holiness, a sensible sanctification, a practical Christian perfection, something which can be preached in our churches without embarrassment or embitterment, without fear or friction, and something approved by the most critical philosophic thought. It is a continuous rather than a consummated sanctification, not an absolute finality at any point, but exerting an immense stimulation at all points. If adopted, it will inaugurate a higher type of religion among us, and will contribute vastly to the spiritual prosperity of the church, bringing back much of the old-time power.

Is there any good reason why this proposed modification should not be adopted, why this old doctrine in somewhat altered dress should not take a new start in these days, and marvelously bless the people? The present writer can see none. The limitations of this article do not permit him further enlargement. He will welcome correspondence on the subject, and if there be sufficient response, will gladly print a more extended exposition, for which his fifty years of experience and study in these things should give him some special qualifications. He is an intense lover of holiness in all senses of the word, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in all its departments of activity.

JAMES MUDGE.

Malden, Mass.

THE JESUIT'S OATH

A LONG so-called Jesuit's oath was sent to me. It says that the Pope has power to depose heretical kings, all such reigning illegally without

his sanction, and that all heretical states may be destroyed. It declares the doctrines of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and other Protestants damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same, and the one taking the oath promises to do all he can to destroy all their pretended power. This hair-raising document led me to look into my authorities to find out what exactly was or is the oath or promise taken by men joining the famous Society. These oaths are found in the *Constitutionis Societatis Jesu*, part 5, chapters 3 and 4, and are quoted in full in Huber, *Jesuitenmoral*, Bern, 1870, Latin in notes pp. 17-19, German translation in text, pp. 55-57, and in English in Nicolini, History of the Jesuits, London (Bohn), 1854, pp. 47-52, though he overlooks a long oath taken by the professed, and the novice's oath also in Steinmetz, The Novitiate, or the Jesuit in Training, London 2d. ed., 1847, pp. 200-1. After a trial of two years the novitiate takes the following oath, by which he becomes an approved scholastic or student:

Almighty everlasting God! I, N. N., although most unworthy in thy divine sight, yet relying on thy infinite pity and compassion, and impelled by the desire of serving thee, vow in the presence of the most Holy Virgin Mary and thy universal court of heaven perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus to thy divine Majesty; and I promise to enter the same society, and live in it perpetually, understanding all things according to the Constitution of the Society itself. Of thy boundless goodness and mercy through the blood of Jesus Christ I hereby pray that thou wilt deign to accept this sacrifice (*holocaustum*) in the odor of sweetness; and as thou hast granted the desiring and offering of this, so wilt thou give thy abundant grace for the fulfillment.

After a residence of from eight to fifteen years as scholastics devoted to learning and to sinking themselves still further into the spirit and methods of the Society, this second class advances to the third, namely, that of coadjutors. These take the following oath:

I, N. N., promise to Almighty God before his Virgin Mother and the whole court of heaven, and to thee, Reverend Father, President-General of the Society of Jesus, holding the place of God, and to thy successors, or to thee, Reverend Father, in the place of the President-General of the Society of Jesus, and to his successors, holding the place of God, perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, and according to it [i. e., the obedience] special care in the education of boys, according to the mode set down in the Apostolic Letters and in the Constitutions of the said Society.

The above two vows are simple, as dispensable vows are called, and those taking them are permitted to leave the order for sufficient cause. The third vow, taken by the fourth class, or the professed, constitutes the Jesuits in the highest sense of the word, and is taken for life. This does not mean that members in this class cannot leave the order at all. What is meant is this, to quote Frins, S. J. (In Wetzer und Welte, 2 Aufl. VI, 1382 [1889]), that the "members of this class can never in and for themselves be fully released from their vows; and are permitted to leave the order only for the most weighty and most pertinent grounds." When Jesuits become professi, they make the following vow:

I, N. N., make profession and promise to Almighty God, before his Virgin Mother and the universal court of heaven and all standing by, and to thee, Reverend Father, President-General of the Society of Jesus, holding the place of God, and to thy successors, or to thee, Reverend Father, Vice-President-General of the Society of Jesus, and to his successors, holding the place of God, perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, and according to it peculiar care for the instruction of children, according to the method of living contained in the Apostolic Letters of the Society of Jesus and in its Constitutions. In addition I promise special obedience to the chief Pontiff in regard to missions, so far as may be contained in the same Apostolic Letters and Constitutions.

Some of the professed are excused the part of the oath concerning foreign missions, but all must take, in addition to the above general vow, and after it, the following oath:

I, N. N., . . . [omitting for the sake of space the introduction as above] promise that I shall never for any reason do or consent that what is ordained about poverty in the Constitution of the Society shall be changed, unless when from just cause of things impelling poverty should seem to be better restricted. Further, I promise that I shall never by any act or pretense even indirectly seek or move for any honor or dignity of the Society. Further, I promise that I shall never care for nor seek any honor or dignity outside of the Society, nor consent to my election, unless compelled by obedience to him who can enjoin me under penalty of sin. Besides, if I should know of anyone who cares for or seeks the aforesaid honors, I promise to divulge him and the whole case to the Society or the President. In addition, I promise, if it should ever happen that for some reason I should be advanced to be president (or bishop) of any church, for the care which I owe to the salvation of my soul and to the right administration of the matter imposed upon me, the President-General of the Society having for me in that place and number, that I shall never refuse to hear the counsel which he or any of the Society whom he may substitute for himself deigns to give me. I promise always to yield to counsels of this kind if I judge them better than those which come to my own mind: understanding everything according to the Constitutions and declarations of the Society of Jesus.

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

SPONTANEITY AND METHOD IN CHRISTIAN SERVICE

THE reforms and reformers of our time are busy with the study of methods. This is certainly in harmony with the spirit of the age and is eminently scientific. How to teach, how to preach, how to investigate, how to restore the fallen, how to destroy the prevailing vices are subjects of exhaustive study. No one would undervalue the study of the best methods of doing good. The doing may be often useless if method be wanting. And yet too much method may become a hindrance to usefulness rather than a help. It is hurtful if the devotion to method makes the work of doing good purely mechanical. If it starts persons on an errand of mercy armed with everything but a deep interest in the work, it will prove comparatively ineffectual. If the work is merely mechanical to carry a loaf of bread, or to provide clothing for the naked, it may be done by one who performs the duty with fidelity if not with delight; but if the mission is to help people in its highest sense, to give courage to fight the battle of life, to enable them to turn from the lower enjoyments to the higher, to seek the invisible rather than the visible, then no one can do it but he who does it spontaneously and from the heart.

Imagine, if you can, a machine with feet to walk and hands to distribute, going to the houses of the poor, giving a loaf of bread here, a pair of shoes there, a coat yonder; it could feed the hungry and clothe the naked as if it were a human being. But what power would it have to ennoble or elevate those whom it helped? God's service must have flesh and blood, heart and sympathy behind it, else all good accomplished may fail of achievement. The proper proportion of things should always be preserved. It is a duty to devote a proper amount of attention to the "how," but too much time thus spent is wasted. Suppose a general should be drilling his army when the enemy came upon him, and while his foes were pressing him hard in all directions should explain his inaction by saying, "My troops are not well drilled yet, and I must finish the parade before I give battle," how unwise he would be! While he was drilling his troops he had been surrounded and captured, and of what value then was the drill in which he was wasting the strength of his soldiers? The time for drill ought to have been when no fighting was to be done. When he was attacked was the time for action. Many organizations which I have seen seem to be spending most of their time drilling. The most they appear to do is to meet for parade and tell each other how it ought to be done; all the while those whom they are organized to aid stand at their door and no one opens to them and offers a helping hand. The truth is there is no time; the workers are too busy holding a convention or mapping out a plan.

The earnest men and women who work spontaneously, ever ready to do the work at hand, and going forth with faith and hope and love, have

the best qualifications for real service. The plan of the campaign and the drill are by no means to be despised, but a convention with lectures and addresses only is no substitute for earnest, practical work. No amount of method can make effective those who have no taste or love for the work. The organized methodical workers are in danger of seeking numbers. It is often still true, as in Scripture times, that there are too many to do the most effective service; they stand in each other's way, they feel no personal responsibility, there is no room for them to move about and work freely. Whoever would work well must have space, room; when the workers are crowding each other none can do their best work. Moreover, the indifferent discourage the others, so that the tone of the whole body is lowered. Indeed, they hold themselves back by false representations of dangers in their path, when courage and faith would accomplish the object without difficulty. None can hope to do their best work when hindered by those who are with them but not of them.

Method is hurtful also if it awakens rivalries between organizations doing similar work. It is to be regretted that charitable and benevolent work should often seem selfish. The attempt of different organizations having the same object to occupy the same ground with others, to get more members, or to secure more beneficiaries, the method of establishing themselves everywhere whether needed or not, is demoralizing not only for the spirit in which it is done but because it is also a marvelous waste of force. The spontaneity of putting forth all effort when it is needed, the readiness to meet wants when they arise, and to see the occasion for service, and to lay hold on it, is a higher and more useful kind of work than the watching of opportunities to add to the power of an organization whose sole reason for existence should be the good it can accomplish.

These remarks are not made with a view to depreciating method. During the vacation season just closed schools of method in various departments were established. Christian workers gathered together to discuss how they should best accomplish the great purpose which they have in view. It is hoped that no word mentioned above will be construed as a depreciation of the study of method, and of the union of effort in bringing about the kingdom of God. It is one of the great things which have come to our times that efforts formerly scattered are now concentrated, and Christian work without plan is giving place to definite and successful leadership. It still remains true, however, that spontaneity must hold its place in the world's movement. The sinking of the individual in the mass, the reduction of all movements to a scientific order must not be overpressed; it will still remain in the future as has been the case in the past that the most successful work will be done by those untrained in method but who have clear vision of duty, and whose eye is single to the glory of God, to the welfare of man. These sometimes pass the bounds of established custom and the formal laws of service, and, yielding to the influence of the Holy Spirit and to their inner sense of what is best and right, accomplish great reformations and become the leaders of their generation.

WHAT IS A MISSION FIELD?

THE word "missions" is a very familiar one, and missionaries are recognized as a separate class set apart for a definite work in proclaiming the gospel to the heathen world. Mission boards of the various churches are divided generally into two classes, the Board of Home Missions and the Board of Foreign Missions. The Board of Home Missions includes territory controlled by the country in which the church which sends forth the missionaries is situated. The Board of Foreign Missions means missions in all foreign countries. It may be well to consider the various fields of missionary enterprise, and note whether these distinctions should be literally observed, and what are appropriate mission fields for the church.

The foreign missionary idea is found clearly in the Holy Scriptures. In a certain sense Abraham was a missionary; he had a divine command to leave his country: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, . . . unto a land that I shall show thee." Through him and his posterity there was to come a world-wide salvation: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." It is one of the great universal proclamations which show how early the world-breadth of salvation was revealed. Jonah is a distinct case of a mission to a foreign land and to a hostile race. Jonah was commanded to go to Nineveh, that great city, and make the proclamation of the doom that rested upon the people because of their sins: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

But the full light for universal human salvation came only with the incarnation, life, and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was he that proclaimed in all its fullness the universal message to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We need then to renew the inquiry, "What is a mission field?" And the answer must come: "Every field, everywhere, that needs the gospel of Jesus Christ." Wherever men are lost, and need help, there is the field for Christian activity and Christian faith. That field may be in one's own neighborhood in some particular race or community settled there. It may be in some foreign country where the gospel light has not dawned and the name of Jesus is utterly unknown. It may be in an American Christian community where the gospel message has become weak and the Christian life has become impaired. It may be in a nominally Christian land where for centuries the name of Christ has been known, and where much of Christian truth prevails, but where it has been obscured by the traditions of men or overlaid with human additions. And this raises the question, of special interest just now, in relation to missions to nominally Christian lands. The two great churches where, in the view of Protestants, the need is supposed to exist are the Roman Catholic and the Greek Churches. Our friends of the Roman Catholic faith say that Protestants have no place in Italy, or in Austria, or in Spain, where that church holds extended sway. We would really have no place there if the church had remained as it was in the apostolic days, preserving the fervor of the Christian life and the splendid spirit of the early church; but without

discussing the cause, we have to acknowledge that the lands that have been formally controlled and are nominally under the ecclesiastical domination of the Roman Catholic Church have lost their hold of the vitalities of the gospel. Statisticians tell us that a large part, if not the majority, of the people in Italy, the seat of the Roman Pontiff, have passed into atheism, rationalism, or agnosticism; and yet we are told by our friends of that faith that we have no right there. Surely if they have failed, and do not hold their own, somebody ought to have opportunity to restore the faith that has been lost. Thus Italy becomes a mission field, and we plant our churches there, and the gospel is proclaimed and souls are converted there, and it should be a matter of rejoicing, and not of censure, that Protestants are there to carry forward the cause of Christ, and with God's blessing reëstablish the church in the doctrines of the Epistle to the Romans.

The same is true of Russia under the control of the Greek Church. The story of religious oppression and superstition there is a commonplace one, and the need of Protestantism in that land of ignorance is visible to all eyes. Shall there not be a mission field there, and shall not the Church of God see to it that the light of Christianity, in its early freshness, shall break again upon lands where once it shone in its splendor?

We may apply this thought also as a reason for our being in northern Europe in the lands where Protestantism has such wide influence. Her scholars, her poets, her orators, are a part of the heritage of the world, but in many cases the light has grown dim, and it needs the power of the gospel to lift up its people. They are not a benighted people; in some respects they are our teachers, but they have in many cases become lukewarm and cold. An intellectual rationalism has weakened the power of the plain gospel. Why are we there? our friends ask us. We are there not to destroy that which is good, but to quicken it into a new and fresh life. It is acknowledged that Methodism did this for England. England was steeped in unbelief and degraded in character when John Wesley appeared and awoke the people to a sense of their sins and to the possibilities of the new life in Jesus Christ. The story and the mission of the Wesleys, especially of John Wesley, is now a part of the history of the world, and it is the business of Methodism to renew that story and that work wherever there is darkness or wherever coldness or infidelity has come. Methodism is not the foe of true Christianity in any place. She would not break down anything that is good and strong and healthy, but would invigorate all churches and all places with the life which she feels that she has received as a special trust. So when we ask, "Where is a mission field?" we say, "Wherever there is coldness and lukewarmness, wherever there is sin and wrong, wherever there are burdened hearts and anxious spirits—wherever men need the gospel in any land, there is the mission field of the church."

The message of the missionary is also a matter of interest. Every denomination of Christians has some special doctrine or method which called it into existence. Around some peculiarity not necessarily vital or fundamental the various branches of the Christian Church have been

gathered, so that each branch regards itself as having a powerful reason for its own existence. This strong conviction of the importance of the special message committed to each denomination has been the basis of much of the advanced Christian movements of the world. In proclaiming the precious doctrine they have also announced the fundamental truths common to all. No church thus far has felt itself excluded from opportunity to set forth its own message merely because another Christian denomination is there. It is true that a movement of great force has arisen which proposes to eliminate much of this and to diminish if not eliminate entirely the number of denominations into which the Christian Church is divided, and this is certainly a wholesome tendency; but that time has not yet come. People still gather around the peculiarities of their separate systems, and in our movements for the world's betterment we need to recognize conditions as they are.

The Roman Catholic Church complains that the Protestants invade her own particular territory, and yet in nominally Protestant countries she has not hesitated to regard them as mission fields and to do her best to win the people to her own communion. She is one of the most aggressive forces in America and in England. If one visits Greece, he will find a Roman Catholic church in Athens; also he will find a Roman Catholic church in Jerusalem. She has been a great missionary organization, and has a society for the propagation of the faith. She does not hesitate because of other Christian denominations, and yet there is a feeling among many that evangelical Christendom should hesitate to enter fields already occupied by the Roman Catholic Church.

The Greek Church also, while not so externally aggressive, works in lands that do not belong nominally to its dominion. The Greek Church and her splendid ritual is observed in New York city, and her services are largely attended. No complaint is made on the part of any Protestant that these two great bodies of professing Christians are doing their best to win men to their faith and to turn them from that with which they are now identified.

We might go on and speak of the various Christian enterprises with which the denominations are concerned which enter into fields already occupied by others. It is possible and probable that there will be modification of these views and of this attitude in the coming years, but the missionary everywhere is the one who carries his message honestly, vigorously, and lovingly to those who in his opinion need it. Anything else is a denial of the Christian liberty which was brought to us through the gospel. The liberty to believe, the liberty to think, the liberty to do good to our fellow men is the common heritage which has come to us through our Lord Jesus Christ. The church that is true to itself cannot fail to bear its message wherever, in its best judgment, that message is needed for the establishment and advancement of the kingdom of God.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE HARVARD EXPEDITION TO SAMARIA

SAMARIA, the capital of Israel for many years, stood on a hill 350 feet above the valley at its base, and 1,400 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, which, on a clear day, is visible, being only twenty-three miles distant. It rises up majestically in magnificent isolation, protected on three sides by loftier heights. The location is one of great beauty. The valley is verdant with cornfields and brilliant with all sorts of flowers, and the gently sloping hill was at once "covered with soil and arable to the very top." Thus the entire locality is celebrated far and wide for its olives, figs, and pomegranates.

The modern village of Sebastiyeh, on the eastern slope, with its 800 inhabitants, presents a marked contrast to the Shomeron of Omri and Ahab, or the still more magnificent Sebaste of Herod. Shomeron of the Israelites is known best by its Greek form, Samaria, notwithstanding the fact that Herod, as a mark of honor to Augustus, changed the name to Sebaste (Greek for "Augusta"). The many columns, standing or prostrate, and the massive stones and splendid masonry of its decayed walls and fallen towers, bear indisputable testimony to its former glory and afford a feast to the student of antiquities, whose chief delight is to wrest out the secrets of past ages from ancient ruins. The eye is at once attracted by the ruins of two towers on the western slope of the hill "flanking a gateway through an ancient wall." Going south from this gate, one passes through a long colonnade, a kind of a *Sieges-Aclée*, one of the many monuments left by Herod. A little to one side is another row of pillars, once the glory of the great temple erected by the cruel king to Cæsar Augustus. The group of pillars on the north side mark the site of Samaria's theater or circus.

These splendid ruins, certain evidence of a glorious past, have for years silently beckoned the excavator and Bible student to make use of pick and spade. At last the old capital of Ahab and Jezebel, the scene of many bloody wars and cruel sieges, is being explored in a thorough, scientific manner by representatives of Harvard University. The expenses of the enterprise are defrayed by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the well-known capitalist and Jewish banker of New York city. The excavations are under the immediate charge of Professor George A. Reisner and Dr. Gottlieb Schumacher, of Haifa, the former well known for his archæological work in Egypt, and the latter, long a resident of Palestine, as an experienced excavator. Professor Lyon, of the Harvard Divinity School, and Mr. C. S. Fisher, an architect of Philadelphia, were also with the expedition. The work was commenced in 1908, and though only nine weeks were devoted during this first season to actual excavations, the results were very satisfactory for so brief a time. The work of 1909 continued almost without interruption from May 7 to November 4. In

addition to the more than two hundred laborers—men, women, and children—from the neighboring villages to help dig and carry away the dirt and débris, there were also thirty-five skilled Egyptian workmen, trained excavators, brought from Egypt to Samaria by Professor Reisner. It is claimed by the promoters of this enterprise that no site in any Bible land has been explored in as thorough and scientific a manner as is done at present by the Harvard expedition. Both Professors Reisner and Lyon have written detailed reports of the work done for the two seasons, and have furnished a number of plans, drawings, and photographs of the places explored. These aid the reader to see at a glance the character and the extent of the work accomplished. These articles have been published in recent issues of the Harvard Theolcgical Review.

The task of tracing out the different walls and of finding the several floors, or levels, and thus determining the exact period, has not been an easy one. In this wilderness of walls crossing and intersecting, built often one into or upon the other, and where, to avoid the labor of quarrying from the solid rocks in the vicinity, it was customary to use materials from an older wall in the construction of a newer one, the services of an experienced excavator become absolutely necessary. Professor Lyon, speaking of this point, says: "The problems of Samaria are very complicated, owing to the disturbance of the site in successive periods of construction, to robbery of the older structures for building material, and to the terracing of the hill for agricultural purposes." While very important results have been accomplished during the excavations of the two seasons, the work has been somewhat of a disappointment. Though Professor Reisner may claim the unique honor of being the first to discover the palace of Omri and Ahab, probably the *oldest specimen of Israelite architecture* on a large scale, he frankly says, "It must be recorded at once that we have not found a line of Hebrew anywhere in the building, nor have our excavations given us the name of any of the kings of Israel." But may we not indulge the hope that further work of the expedition among these ruins may yet bring to light some tablets or stelæ concerning the deeds of the early kings of Israel? There is abundant evidence that writing was known and practiced at this time in all the countries along every side of the eastern parts of the Mediterranean. If Mesha of Moab recorded his deeds and prowess in stone in a language almost identical with Hebrew and that in Phœnician characters, it is certain that Ahab, his contemporary, could have done the same. There is, therefore, every reason for believing that Hebrew records dating back to the beginning of the monarchy, and even centuries earlier, may yet be unearthed by some lucky excavator.

Enough has been done by the Harvard expedition at Samaria to verify the story of this ancient capital as related in the Bible, the cuneiform inscriptions, Josephus, and the Roman writers. The walls, floors, pavements, masonry, and styles of architecture in these ruins are such as to enable the archæologist to distinguish at least four quite distinct periods—the Israelite, Babylonian, Greek, and Roman. These are subdivided by Professor Reisner as follows:

I. The Israelite Period
1. The construction of a Royal Palace by Omri about B. C. 900 (1 Kings 6. 24).
2 The erection of a Temple to Baal and additions to the royal residence by Ahab (1 Kings 16. 32; 22. 39).
3. Samaria the capital of Israel to B. C. 722 (1 Kings 22 to 2 Kings 18).
4. Capture of Samaria by Sargon (B. C. 722).
II. The Babylonian Period
5. Babylonian colonies at Samaria (B. C. 720–670).
6. Capture of Samaria by Alexander (B. C. 331).
III. The Greek Period
7. Samaria colonized by Syrians and Macedonians (B. C. 331).
8. Samaria destroyed by John Hyrcanus (B. C. 109).
9. Samaria practically a ruin (B. C. 109–60).
IV. The Roman Period
10. Samaria restored by Pompey; rebuilt by Gabinius (B. C. 60).
11. Rebuilt by Herod, and named Sebaste (B. C. 30–1).

The subperiods might have been extended down to the age of Constantine, when Samaria ceased to be of any importance or, indeed, to the time of the Crusades, or even later. For archæological reasons it is better, however, to begin with Omri and Ahab and to end with the magnificent city of Herod. "Sinister fate," says George Adam Smith, "to have belonged both to Ahab and Herod," the cruelest of rulers, though fond of pomp and magnificence.

We shall trace the story of Samaria by commencing with the Israelite, or oldest period. This old city, like Gezer and other places in Palestine, must have had its pre-Israelite population, but of that the Harvard expedition has nothing to say, except a mere mention of the cup marks on the solid rock under the foundation walls of Ahab's city. On these rocks, thirty feet below the surface, was discovered a massive wall, sixteen feet in thickness. To judge from the plan and directions of the walls, they must have been those of an immense building. The arrangement of the large open courts and the rooms opening out of them has much in common with the royal palaces of Babylonia. If this be the palace of Omri, enlarged by Ahab and Jezebel—and there can be but little doubt of it—the discovery is of prime importance because of the light it throws upon the civilization of Israel in the early days of the monarch, or at the beginning of the first millennium before our era. No less an authority than Père Hugues, a Catholic professor in Jerusalem, one of the greatest authorities on Palestinian antiquities, has declared this to be the most instructive discovery yet made for the correct understanding of early Israelite architecture. This palace of Omri was built on the very summit of the hill, where access in time of siege would be next to impossible. Its secure position explains the bitterness and length of the sieges endured by Samaria. Three distinct styles of masonry are distinguishable in these walls, representing the original work under Omri, the additions under Ahab, and still other changes under some unknown king. The second period, or the work of Ahab, displays the best workmanship, while that of the third is really inferior. The Bible knows only two builders of Samaria, Omri and Ahab; the inferior work

of a third ruler and builder is not deemed worthy of mention. This ancient palace, once "the crown of pride of Ephraim and the flower of his glorious beauty," has long ago passed into decay, leaving nothing but massive ruins and a few fragments of Hebrew pottery, but not a syllable in writing, to tell of its ancient glory or the life of those who held sway therein.

It is perfectly natural that the Sebaste of Herod should have been grander than the Shomeron of Ahab and Jezebel, for the former was remarkable as a builder of palaces and temples. Josephus relates that Herod rebuilt Samaria on a grand scale and at an immense cost, that he might leave "monuments of the fineness of his taste, and of his beneficence, to future ages." The extensive ruins left "amid this scene of peaceful beauty" bear eloquent testimony to the truthfulness of the Jewish historian, so often accused of gross exaggeration. There were a forum, a hippodrome, a basilica, or public buildings, and a temple of magnificent workmanship and beauty to Augustus. The sacred spot on which the temple stood, a furlong and a half in circuit, was adorned with all sorts of decorations. The stairway leading to it consisted of seventeen steps, of which all but one are still in a very good state of preservation. The original width was eighty feet; now, however, the longest step is seventy-five feet and the shortest fifty-seven. Twelve feet to the south of this stairway stands a rectangular platform, fifty-seven by twenty-seven feet, paved with stone slabs, similar to, but not as large as, those in the stairway. The socles, or bases, of columns all around the stairway, probably of earlier date than the steps and the platform, may be those of an older temple. Near the columnal portico was a Roman altar thirteen feet long and about half as wide, built of six courses of stone each about a foot thick. Near the altar was found a stela, inscribed, but too defaced to afford a hint of its origin or design. Two sockets similar to the one on which this stela rested were found close by. They, too, had their stelæ at one time. The white marble torso of heroic size dug up near the stairway and altar is a portion of a statue, probably that of Augustus, and erected in front of his temple. At any rate, the exquisite work upon this headless, handless, and legless piece of marble, especially upon the mantle or drapery over the left shoulder, is such as could be expected in a statue of an emperor. The large head, in fairly good condition, found two hundred feet south of the torso, is less elegant in execution, and most likely belonged to another statue.

Before leaving the Roman period we must mention the only inscription of any length found in this Herodian temple. It is on a stela four feet high. The following is the translation made by Professor C. H. Moore, of Harvard: "To Jupiter Optimus, Maximus, Soldiers of the sixth and twelfth cohorts of Upper Pannonians, two (?) citizens of Siscia (and) Varciani and Latobici have made this dedication." Professor Lyon thinks that this stela was dedicated after the Jewish war under Hadrian, A. D. 132-134. There is, however, no doubt that these buildings, in the main, are those of Herod the Great.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

Among the most significant products of recent biblical scholarship are four works specially and broadly designed to render the results of that scholarship easily accessible to the ordinary student and the educated layman. First among these works we mention *Die Heilige Schrift des Alten Testaments*, in two volumes, edited, with the coöperation of other scholars, by Emil Kautzsch (died May 7, 1910). Third and greatly improved edition 1909 fol. (Mohr, Tübingen). The new edition was so far advanced at the time of the editor's death that it can be finished without serious difficulty or delay. This great work is primarily a translation, but it includes also concise introductions to the several books together with brief explanatory notes. Convenient in arrangement, thorough and judicious in scholarship, it is an almost indispensable help to the study of the Old Testament. It will stand as a classical monument of the best philological learning of the time and of the virtuosity in literary criticism developed under the influence of Wellhausen. As a compendious aid to the understanding of the text of the Old Testament in connection with its literary problems the "new Kautzsch" is unrivaled.

There is, however, another work (now issuing in parts), which, while not attempting to rival the "Kautzsch" as a compendium of philological lore, must, nevertheless, be compared with it. It is *Die Schriften des Alten Testaments in Auswahl neu übersetzt und für die Gegenwart erklärt* (The Scriptures of the Old Testament in Selections, newly translated and explained for the Present Time), Göttingen, 1909 fol. The collaborators are such men as Gunkel, Gressmann, and other representatives of the "history-of-religion school." In plan the work differs widely from Kautzsch's translation. Not the whole of the Old Testament is to be translated; the selections, however, will include all that is of special significance for the understanding of the *religion* of the Old Testament. Moreover, the portions presented are grouped according to their subject-matter. So one volume will comprise "The Legends of the Old Testament," another will present "The Legislation of the Old Testament in connection with the History of Israel," while still another will present what is most characteristic in "The Lyric and Wisdom Literature." Instead of the very full textual annotations which Kautzsch affords, we find here only the briefest notices, and these are confined to the more important matters. At the end of each division, however, we have an admirable survey of the same for the purpose of rightly estimating its literary, historical, and religious character. It cannot be questioned that this new work, in spite of all that may be objected to in its theological standpoint, is sure to contribute much—directly and indirectly—to a livelier and richer conception of the Old Testament literature and religion. It is a very noteworthy fact that this ultra-modern religio-historical study of the Old Testament

often reaches results that are much more conservative than those reached by the majority of the critical scholars of the older generation. So, for example, Gunkel and his school maintain that Wellhausen, even though he may be substantially right as to the dates of the various Old Testament writings, is much in the wrong in that he fails to recognize the relative antiquity of very much of the substance and form of the Old Testament religion. This "religio-historical method" rests upon the principle that it is religion itself, rather than its literature, that must chiefly interest the theologian, literary criticism having no significance for him except as a means to an end. In addition to this fundamental principle there is a very important presupposition upon which the school is united, namely, that the religion of the Bible is not an isolated phenomenon, but, rather, stands in organic relation to the religious development of the whole human race, and can be understood only in the light of that relation. This presupposition one may grant to be right in so far as it denies the isolation of the religion of the Bible, but "positive" theologians naturally protest against the implication that Christianity may not be the absolute religion. At the same time it is very interesting to note that the younger Old Testament scholars of Germany—such men as Sellin, Proksch, and Wilke—are much more in sympathy with the history-of-religion school than with the older school of literary criticism. But just as Gunkel and his group complain that the school of Wellhausen is much at fault in dwelling almost exclusively on the problems of literary criticism and neglecting the far more important problems of the history of religion, so men like Sellin complain that Gunkel and his group dwell far too much upon the anthropological aspects of Old Testament religion and neglect its theological significance. This newer conservative attitude toward the Old Testament would accordingly recognize and use all that is good in literary criticism and in the history of religion, but would also aim, above all else, at the understanding of the Old Testament as primarily the record of the progressive self-revelation of God. Although the work before us does not represent this more positive valuation of the Old Testament, one can scarcely question that it offers much that is new and presents everything with extraordinary vigor, freshness, and warmth.

The work just noticed is the counterpart of an earlier work on the New Testament edited by Professor Johannes Weiss: *Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments neu übersetzt und für die Gegenwart erklärt* (Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht, Göttingen). The collaborators are representatives of the newer criticism of the New Testament, and their labors have been rewarded by an extraordinarily large demand for the work (second improved edition, 2 vols., 1906-7, reaching to the nineteenth or twentieth thousand). This work and its Old Testament counterpart are often admiringly called the "*Gegenwarts-Bibel*" (Bible for the Present Day).

A rival of this, and representing the same theological standpoint, is the *Handbuch zum Neuen Testament*, edited, with the collaboration of nine other scholars, by Professor Hans Lietzmann, of Jena (Mohr, Tübingen, 1906 fol.). The latter, however, is confessedly less adapted than the former to the wants of the educated layman. Its most con-

spicuous excellence is its splendid exhibition of the historical background and relations of the New Testament writings. The enormous illustrative material afforded by the collation of papyri and inscriptions, by the re-editing of Hellenistic authors, and by fresh research in Jewish and early Christian theology is here admirably utilized. Of altogether exceptional value is the contribution of Paul Wendland (professor of classical philology at Göttingen) on "*Die hellenistisch-römische Kultur in ihren Beziehungen zu Judentum und Christentum*" (Græco-Roman Civilization in its Relation to Judaism and Christianity). The commentaries on the several books are excellent. A thoroughly novel feature of the new work is the "*Praktische Auslegung des Neuen Testaments*," by Niebergall. This "practical interpretation" is not designed as a manual for the direct edification of the reader, but as a scientific guide to the practical interpretation of the New Testament. Here, of course, the theological standpoint of the author is bound to be in evidence continually. And yet anyone will grant that Niebergall has made a really valuable contribution to the study of the problem of the relation between the practical use of the Bible and its critical study.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Dublin Review (London), edited by Wilfrid Ward, maintains a character of its own in which the editor's personal imprint is distinctly visible. Beginning with a symposium on "Reform of the House of Lords," the April number, which is a fair sample, presented a dozen articles, including two poems, one by Francis Thompson and the other by Mrs. Bellamy Storer. Rowland Grey writes of "The Centenary of Alfred de Musset" in a somewhat florid and enthusiastic but essentially fine and discriminating way. Musset found his themes and heroes in old romance, flashing his great imagination into the past and recreating for our joy the figures and forces of a world sombered by the mere fact of being long dead and gone. The power to make dead men and women live and move again in fresh and vivid literature borders on the miraculous. Musset's childhood is said to have been spoiled and unnaturalized by the associations of his mother's elegant drawing-room, the influence of which is held answerable for the dainty persiflage, the scented elegancies of his verse, the hothouse exotics of perfervid fancy, over-heavy with luscious perfumes. Worse than this was his occasional indulgence in objectionable verse marred by audacities of tripping measure and profane audacities of meaning. In one of his poems was a grim passage bidding Voltaire come forth from his charnel-house and enjoy the witches' Sabbath of irreligion and vice and deviltry, then going on in Paris in consequence of the scoffing skepticism which Voltaire had taught his countrymen. Musset's confiding nature often made him the victim of false or injudicious friends, so that he, like Charlotte Brontë, might have quoted those pregnant words of the Duchess of Newcastle, "I can be on my guard against my enemies, but the Lord deliver me from my friends." Henry James says, "Half the beauty of Musset's writing is in its simple suggestion of youthfulness, of something fresh and fair, slim and tremulous, with a tender epidermis." He voiced the songs of Spring with a clear harp in diverse tones, and echoed the note of the nightingale through the dewy freshness of a night in June with only the roses awake to hear and to answer silently with their fragrance. Musset was so much harmed by his Byron-worship that Swinburne labeled him "Byron's attendant dwarf." Like Byron, he became irritable and cynical, and wrote down miserable conclusions, which set them both in dark contrast with robust, sturdy, radiant Robert Browning, whose stanch and splendid optimism, based securely on reason, makes them and their acrid, feeble, and feverish pessimism of no account. Victor Hugo's epigram about Napoleon's supreme influence is quoted: "One man absorbed the whole life of Europe; the rest struggled to fill their lungs with air which he had prebreathed."———Another article of interest in the Dublin Review is a study of "Modernism in Islam" as set forth by Hussein Kiazin, one of the chief leaders of the Young Turks today. The fierce spirit of Islam has been modified in the lapse of time.

Mohammed declared that there were only three ways of treating the infidel: he must embrace Islam, or pay tribute, or die. Now the Young Turks are urging the Moslems to fraternize with other religious elements as a religious duty. The inadequacy of Mohammedanism, even at its best, is made very clear. Sir William Muir says that the low position of Islam in the scale of civilization is due in part to the fact that Mohammed meant his religion for Arabia, not for the world; for the Arabs of the seventh century, not for the Arabs of all time. Moreover, change and development are impossible because it is swathed in stiff, narrow, rigid rules in which it cannot expand and from which it cannot emerge. Dr. Fairbairn declares that "the Koran has frozen Mohammedan thought." And Professor Krimsky, the Russian Orientalist, says that the inflexible Koran is in irreconcilable conflict with philosophy and science, which Islam therefore denounces as impious. It is pointed out that Mohammedanism in comparison with Christianity has turned out to be a failure everywhere. "It was Christianity (not Mohammedanism) which indirectly won for its followers Magna Charta, Constitutionalism, America, India, Africa—in a word, modern civilization, and the conquest and control of practically all the non-Christian world." Islam at best has only shown itself able to convert a savage into half-savage, but not to raise the half-savage to full civilization. In a strange way, not easy to explain, but due to fundamental defect, it always seems to stop half way, and then often lets its converts go back to savagery. In a comparison of religions there is, on one hand, the unphilosophic, cast-iron, inexpansive definiteness and rigidity of Mohammedanism; on the other hand, the philosophic vagueness, nebulousness, and unintelligibility of Buddhism, and all the other religions of Indian origin. Between them is Christianity, as definite and clear-cut as Mohammedanism, as flexible as any of the ethnic faiths—adjustable to all times and places, relevant and pertinent and close-fitting and sufficient to all stages of human progress, able to carry mankind forward in endless advancement with its practical and practicable counsels of perfection, and with the leadership of the one infinitely divine Christ.———In the midst of its prose articles, the Dublin Review sets a gemlike poem of forty lines, by Francis Thompson, entitled "Orison-Tryst." The poet, Thompson, in a time of sore stress, asked the prayers of a friend, and learned from her that it was already her habit to pray for him every morning. This moved him so deeply that in his heart a poem shaped itself, beginning thus:

> She told me, in the morning her white thought
> Did beat to Godward, like a carrier-dove,
> My name beneath its wing.

From that time his own spirit keeps a praying-tryst with hers. As she sends up his name to heaven he sends up hers. If in the night he wakes a while, he fills the gap between two sleeps with the mention of her pure name to God. When the dawn-light pricks his eyelids open his first conscious moment wonders, "Is't orison-time with her? Does she this moment pray for me?" Each new waking is hallowed inexpressibly

by this sacred possibility, which makes the morning seem like an altar and the drifting clouds of sunrise like illumined incense. His soul acquires the habit of visiting the same trysting place in the Unseen Holy; and as lovers used to leave sweet messages for each other in a hollow tree, so, Francis Thompson says, he drops into the breast of God a message for his friend. Feeling that the name of a praying woman may help to gain him access to the skies, he cries her name at the gates of heaven, which she has unlocked for him with the "Name which is above every name." And equally he finds that the name of this praying woman, who daily speaks to God on his behalf, helps him to fight off all the fiends. He says, "I shake hell's gates with it, and the pit's fierce forayers recoil at sound of it." This is Francis Thompson's version of the experience which Hugh Stowell described in a previous century:

> There is a scene where spirits blend,
> Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
> Though sundered far, by faith they meet
> Around one common mercy seat.

In our struggling, imperiled, and often disconsolate human life no privilege is sweeter or more helpful, and no duty more sacred, than that of intercessory prayer for one another. Nothing else can so sanctify all earthly relationships. We are all in the mood, sometimes at least, to join in Tennyson's cry, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of; therefore let thy voice rise for me like a fountain day and night." It is this capacity which differs us from sheep and goats, and makes us human beings, capable of communion with the Father of spirits. To know that we are prayed for is a mighty help, safeguard, and inspiration. One minister remembers that his ministry received a fresh impulse one long-ago day when an old man, whose pastor he was, took him up into the loft above the wagonhouse, and pointing to a certain spot on the floor, alongside the carpenter's bench, said, "There is where I kneel down every day to pray for you." The minister seemed to hear a voice from heaven saying unto him, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground"; and he went back to his work with new courage, confidence, and consecration, because of that godly old man's daily prayers.———The following, on a very different subject, is worth quoting: "There are two main ways of approaching the subject of religion. The *first* is that roughly known as the *scholastic;* by which a religion is *examined in itself,* propounded, analyzed, and proved or disproved by logical argument. But there is a *second way* (and that the more usual in these days) by which *human nature* is taken as a beginning, its qualities, its needs, and its deficiencies scrutinized, and from the result a conclusion is formulated by which this or that scheme of religion is indicated as the *answer to the human demand.* The first is like the examination of a key; the second, of the lock which some key must surely open." Here, also, is a point for the teacher and the preacher to remember—the advantage of presenting truth in a concrete form. Grown-ups as well as children learn and appreciate

through the eye things that remain almost meaningless to them after the most eloquent disquisition. Abstract principles must be translated into visible terms. A child, for example, finds difficulty in understanding the idea of sin or virtue in the abstract, but no difficulty in appreciating the significance of a naughty boy or a kind, good uncle. Things almost undefinable can be vividly presented and impressed by example, illustration, incident.———One third of the well-nigh ubiquitous and incessant Benson brothers, sons of the Anglican Archbishop, appears in the Dublin Review in the person of Father Robert Hugh Benson, who furnishes an apparently sober and serious, but very romantically imaginative, and, to us, very droll suggestion. He begins by remarking that to Englishmen, as a class, "Catholicism stands for the principles of darkness, slavery, and retrogression: Protestantism for light, liberty, and learning." Quite correct! And Englishmen derive their impressions on this matter from long and large observation and experience of the nature and influence of the two antagonistic forms of religion in various parts of the earth. Englishmen as a class are especially well qualified to have an intelligent, just, and correct opinion on this subject. Father Benson would like to change this English opinion by planting somewhere in England an exclusive Catholic colony, untainted and unvexed by Protestantism, "where real Catholics might be seen digging the fields, writing books, looking after sheep, and doing their duty beneath the eye of the sun"—as the virtuous, industrious, intelligent, prosperous, and progressive populations of Catholic countries always do! We gather that Father Benson wants to transplant a section of Mexico, or South America, or Spain, or southern Italy into the heart of England in order to convince Englishmen of the superiority of Roman Catholic civilization! But Englishmen are not in need of correct information as to this; they are not benighted provincials and untraveled stay-at-homes; they, if any, have roamed and searched over the whole earth, and they know what Romanism is like and what type of civilization it produces in lands where it has had its way and where it owns the earth, with none to dispute its sway. And it is in those lands that Romanism exhibits its true nature. It has made, for example, the Spanish-speaking peoples what they are, decadent and retrogressive; it has given them their belated and backward-facing position in the procession of nations. In the face of such historic facts, the claim is made that the Papal Church is "the foster mother of all healthy life, the friend of all labor, and the presiding genius of all endeavor"! According to Father Benson's notion an exclusively Catholic community would be a near approach to Paradise Regained. His pleasant picture of such a village uncontaminated and unharassed by the presence of Protestants is ludicrously ideal and idyllic. It is well known that the worst disadvantage and dangers that Romanists suffer under in such cruel countries as England and the United States arise from their living in neighborhoods infested by Protestants and often in compulsory close association with those pernicious, pestiferous, and poisonous schismatics. Isn't it awful? The beauty of an exclusively Papist community would be that the population would be relieved of all such annoying and perilous associa-

tions. Father Benson tells better than we can how lovely it would be. Listen! "In practically every Catholic family in England there is one consideration always before the eyes of parents: Shall or shall not Jack be permitted to associate freely with Tommie? Tommie is a perfectly delightful boy, and his parents are charming people; but is it altogether good for Jack to pass so much of his time in a non-Catholic atmosphere in the present unformed state of his mind? What if he should fall in love a year or two hence with Tommie's sister, Jane? On the other hand, what is the child to do without companions? And what are companions without free intercourse? It must be remembered that in an exclusively Catholic community such questions do not even suggest themselves. Jack can spend the whole of a summer's day with Tommie or even with Jane; and if he does fall in love with her, so much the better. And this is but a symbol of the whole religious situation; for far as eye can see there is not one Protestant chimney smoking. The Angelus that rings out three times daily falls upon none but reverent ears; the Corpus Christi procession finds every house decorated and every knee bent." And dear, poetic, romantic Father Benson goes on to tell how happy the favored people of such a peaceful village would be. Listen again! "Their whole lives would be lived under the shadow of the faith, without the narrowing effects of always walking in armor, or the embittering effects of endless controversy; there would no longer be the necessity for confining walls on every side, for carefully guarded language and delicate walking, as of cats on glass walls, but God's light and air would be round them, and, above all, God's grace sweetening without effort every action that they did. It is true that they would not escape, even in an exclusively Catholic village, the ancient assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil, for not even the Carmelite or the Carthusian can escape these things. There would be disasters, no doubt, scandals, quarrels, and even treacheries; there might even be evictions on a very painful scale; yet, at least, the church would have an opportunity, under exceptionally favorable circumstances, of showing what she could do toward helping perfectly ordinary people, who are neither priests nor nuns, and who have no special aptitude for continual controversy or even philanthropy, to live perfectly ordinary lives as well as possible." Not for a long time have we heard of anything so pathetic as the painful necessity which good Romanists in England, living in contact with Protestants, are under to guard their language carefully and walk delicately like "cats on glass walls"—which fine simile makes the situation even more picturesque than it is pathetic. Can it be that there is not in humane England any Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Romanists? We cannot wonder that Father Benson feels grieved and hurt, though we also wonder what his eminent and eminently sane Protestant archbishop-father, if alive, would say to such romantic drivel. Villages untouched by Protestantism are already over-plenty on the earth, in lands where Popery has held undisputed sway for centuries. Our missionaries find them in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, and in coöperation with the United States government are trying to do something there for the

reformation, education, civilization, and elevation of miserably degraded, benighted, and at best half-civilized populations. As we close the Dublin Review we catch sight of two perfectly correct statements: "Catholicism and Protestantism are simply antagonistic principles"; and this, "The capacity for painful drive and grind and for remorseless self-criticism is the prelude to lasting success."———For diversity and for interest, we put into this department two items which do not technically belong here. The first is from President Noble's baccalaureate sermon at Goucher College: "I am informed that they are to open a Lady Chapel, at the new Liverpool Cathedral, with a magnificent scheme of stained glass windows, commemorating the deeds of good women. The names of some who are great appear in the list which I have secured. But what has surprised me, as I have gone over the list, and may surprise you as I submit it, is that windows will be dedicated to many unknown women in that English Cathedral. The list is as follows: Mary Collet, and all prayerful women. Louise Stewart, and all the noble army of martyrs. Christina Rossetti, and all sweet singers. Grace Darling, and all courageous maidens. Dr. Alice Marvel, and all who have laid down their lives for their sisters. Catherine Gladstone, and all loyal-hearted wives. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and all who have seen the infinite in things. Josephine Butler, and all brave champions of purity. Anne Hinderer, and all missionary pioneers. Margaret Godolphin, and all who have kept themselves unspotted in a corrupt world. Angela Burdett-Coutts, and all almoners of the King of heaven. Mother Cecile, and all woman-loving and large-hearted in counsel. Elizabeth Fry, and all pitiful women. Agnes Jones, and all devoted nurses. Queen Victoria, and all noble queens. Lady Margaret Beaufort, and all patronesses of sacred learning. Mary Rogers (stewardess of the 'Stella'), and all faithful servants. Ann Clough, and all true teachers. Mary Somerville, and all earnest students. Susannah Wesley, and all devoted mothers." The second is from Dr. George P. Eckman's little monthly, The Communicant, issued by Saint Paul's Church, New York:

THE DIARY OF A DAY

Just a sample day, picked out at random, among the minister's varied assortment of days, in the middle of the church season.

6:30-7:00 A. M.—Bathed, barbered, and brushed, ready for business.

7:00-7:30—Left-over correspondence hammered out on typewriter and carried to the post-box outside.

7:30-8:00—Breakfast, newspaper, first mail.

8:00-8:15—Prayers, interrupted by telephone.

8:15-8:40—More letters, which cannot wait a minute, hammered out on typewriter.

8:40-9:00—Out for a quarter of an hour's spin in the open air.

9:00—Find man in the parsonage awaiting me, who says he had "no idea that ministers ever got up early." Same man thinks ministers have nothing to do, so uses up a half an hour of his time on a matter he could have fixed up in two minutes by telephone.

9:30—At desk, with a pile of letters, which must be answered to-day, sorted out of a pile which can be put off till to-morrow. Here are some of the necessitous cases:

John Smith wants a recommendation for a position, though he has not been in church in six months.

Sarah Simmons asks to have her doubts removed about the subject of last Sunday's sermon.

Peter Hawkins left his umbrella in his seat a week ago. Did the minister find it? If so, will he please send it immediately, and oblige.

John Jones wishes to know when he can interview the minister on the subject of old clothes for the worthy poor.

Mary Watson's boy is going to Kalamazoo. Will you be so good as to write him a letter of introduction to a few of the best families there? He leaves to-morrow, so please hurry.

Secretary of the Society for the Improvement of Domestic Servants asks for three representatives on its board of management from "your cultured congregation." Will you please nominate? The board meets to elect this evening. Kindly use inclosed stamped envelope by return mail.

10:00-10:12—Hurried reflection on text selected for next Sunday morning. Rudimentary idea penciled on a card.

10:12-36—Telephone breaks loose for regular morning paroxysm, people by this time having reached their offices. This is the way of it:

"Is this the Whitestone Laundry?"

"No, madam, you have the wrong number."

Objurgations at the other end of the line, solemn musing at this end.

"You have a family named Periwinkle in your church, have you not?"

"No such name on our records, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Have you been pastor long?"

"Thirteen years."

"But I met these people in Europe last year, and they told me they attended church on West End Avenue."

"Well, there are several churches on this avenue."

"O, I see! I wonder how I can find them?"

"Better try the directory."

"I hadn't thought of that. Thank you so much."

"Can you speak for the Young Women's Millinery Association next Wednesday evening?"

"Impossible. I have an engagement for that night."

"Could you give me the name of any other divine who might accommodate us?"

"I never make recommendations of that kind. It is not professional."

"That's funny."

"No; it's quite serious."

"Can you see me this evening at eight o'clock?"

"I shall not be at home to-night."

"When will you be at liberty?"

"At one o'clock this afternoon."

"That is a most inconvenient hour for me."

"Is it a matter of great importance?"

"Yes, of the utmost importance."

"Could you not speak about it now, and save yourself the trouble of calling?"

"I prefer to see you."

"Perhaps it will not be necessary, if you tell me what your errand is to be."

"Well, I understand there is to be a vacancy in your choir, and I wish to apply for the position of tenor soloist."

"There is no vacancy."

"How strange! I was told there was. What a pity! Good-by."

"There is an old gentleman on Central Park West I wish you would call on."

"Is he ill?"

"No, but I am sure he would be glad to see you."

"Is he in need of religious advice?"

"Not exactly, but he is such a fine old gentleman! He has an elegant home, books without number, pictures, and other art treasures enough for a gallery. You would have such a good time with him. You could spend a couple of hours very happily in his company, and he would appreciate your attentions, I am sure. His first wife was a Methodist, though he is very liberal in his views."

"I am afraid I am too busy to see the old gentleman until the winter's rush is over."

"O, I thought it would be a kind of diversion for you, and the old gentleman is such a splendid conversationalist."

"Thank you. I'll remember him, you may rest assured."

"I understand you want a stenographer."

"O, I need one, but I don't want one."

"Why not?"

"Can't afford it."

"If you can't afford it I don't know who could."

"Nor I. Good-by."

10:36-46—Blessed pause, in which another rudimentary idea for next Sunday's discourse floats before the imagination.

10:46—Printer's boy arrives with proof for Sunday's Bulletin of Services, which must be corrected while he waits.

10:52—Back to the text once more. Something in the subject reminds the minister of Tom Waters, who has kept away from church a good while.

Never find Tom home. His mother says he is a fine boy, and of course he is. But—he used to be at Epworth League meeting every week, and he took part in the proceedings, too. There is something wrong with Tom. Better write him a "chummy" letter and see if you can't get him to be confidential. No use to work on a sermon while you have a soul on your mind. Here goes a message to Tom.

11:20—Now for real work on that sermon.

11:26—Maid announces a man downstairs, who has been told that minister sees no one till one P. M., but who says he just must see him now. Sent up a card bearing a name familiar to the preacher. Some of the best people in the church have that name. Must be one of them, though the initials are not recognized. Man turns out to be a most ingratiating person, who, after much pleasant and complimentary speech, offers "the most dazzling life-insurance proposition known to the profession." Takes a lot of frigidity to make him close the front door behind him.

11:50—Speaking of "our text," let us see—what is it I was about to say? O, yes; put that down before it escapes. Now, then, we must move on, or the morning will be lost.

12:10—Telephone calls from three people in succession, who "knew you would be in about lunch time. So glad to talk to you. How are you, anyhow?" Also one person who wants to know whether a notice can be put into this week's Bulletin, and is heartbroken to learn that the final proofs have gone in, and there is no room.

12:30—Lunch.

1:00 P. M.—Dozing a few minutes, newspaper in hand; then book agents, stranded Armenians, men out of work, ladies with "a mission to society," or an occasional deserving tramp, who draws on your heart and your exchequer at the same time.

2:00—Hurry off to meet a committee downtown. This the most important of three such engagements this afternoon. Others must be ignored. Have to draw the line somewhere.

3:00—Hospital to see Jimmie Sykes, who was knocked down by an automobile and badly injured. Trouble is that Jimmie's mother and aunt are ahead of me. That means I must wait, and when I do see him, visit mostly with them.

3:40—Much behind schedule of calls for the afternoon, but Mrs. Jones is not at home; likewise Mrs. Smith, who has gone to the matinee, the servant says. That helps.

3:55—Mr. and Mrs. Duckweather are at home, but they keep me waiting fourteen minutes before appearing—I don't imagine what for, and they don't tell me. I give them sixteen more minutes, and then they look grieved because I insist on moving to the next family.

4:30—The Pinkertons. John is sick. Very satisfactory. Not seriously ill, but, being kept in the house, gives me a chance to get acquainted with him. Glad to get there before he is out. Very hard man to find, John is, when he is not sick.

5:00—The Jackstraws. One of their "at home" days. Forgot it, if I ever knew it. Meet fifteen parishioners. Miscellaneous conversation. Mrs. J.

and Miss J. are charming, of course; but nothing very religious in this pastoral call.

5:45—Milligan's Dry Goods Emporium, to see the proprietor before the close of business. Promised to speak a good word for a boy who wants to get work. Received all right, but offered nothing.

6:12—Reach home, and find a woman who says she is about to be dispossessed waiting to be helped. Spend five minutes cross-examining her and then surrender, instead of going out and investigating, as one ought to do. Haven't time.

6:30—Dinner. A couple of interruptions by telephone.

7:15—Man calls to arrange for a funeral. Hour fixed for to-morrow. Supposed, of course, minister could fall in with any arrangement, so he accommodated the undertaker. Did not think of the minister until notices had been sent to the newspapers.

7:30—Start for the Bowery Mission, where an evening is spent, which puts new energy into the soul of the preacher by evidences of the power of the Christian faith to work miracles.

10:30—At home. Telephone call. A man up Amsterdam Avenue is dying. Wants to see a minister. Please come at once. Certainly. Just in the mood to help. Like this better than an afternoon reception.

11:15—Got an idea for that sermon next Sunday A. M. Nothing like actual contact with naked souls to suggest sermon materials. Put it down before going to bed.

11:40—Settle down for the night. With eyes closed, but mind very much awake, try to sleep. Grand review of the day, in spite of purpose to forget it.

12:10—Telephone in next room, which reports as follows:

"This is the New York Blabber. A minister out in Indiana asked his congregation last Sunday night to stand up and whistle the hymns, while the choir and the organist kept still. What do you think of that? The Blabber would like about two hundred words on the subject. Please dictate over the 'phone."

The minister's vocabulary being inadequate, he says—nothing, and hangs up the receiver. He swings into bed once more, and in the course of a half hour drops the curtain on a day of interest with a gentle snore.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Pastor-Preacher. By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Crown 8vo, pp. 411. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

OUT of his fullness Bishop Quayle has poured out this eminently characteristic volume. It has already entered into the large vogue which the author's writings have won for themselves. Like himself, it has spontaneity, opulence, heartiness, warmth, bloominess, tears, and laughter. It will help to make a preacher wholesome, human, sensible, sympathetic, devoted, manly. The spirit of the book is indicated in the author's Foreword: "Of my own accord I would not have been bold enough to write this book. To believe among the very many books on preachers and their affairs that one from me would not be an intrusion, was quite beyond me. But the suggestion of our Book Editor, Dr. Cooke, supplemented by many ministers of many denominations, has stimulated my courage to the point of setting down some things which as a pastor I have put to the test of practicability. If God will make these words of mine to minister to my brethren at God's altar (my younger brethren in particular), I shall be elate; for with this sole intent has The Pastor-Preacher been written." One of his first words to the minister is this: "The relevant question for any preacher to raise at this inquisition of his own soul is never, 'Am I great?' but ever, 'Is the gospel great?' The task as under the great Taskmaster's eyes, as the blind Milton hath it, is the eventual thing, the solemn and solemnizing circumstance of a ministerial career. 'I am the proclaimer of this gospel,' is a preacher's authorization of himself. Suppose at the gate of a city, as a preacher entered the portal for the first time, there stood as in ancient cities a sentinel with strident voice to lift the challenge, 'Who goes there?' Then the preacher's fearless answer to the fearful challenge would be, 'I am a preacher of the everlasting gospel.' And the sentinel will let him pass. In these wide words he has lifted above his head a sky where all sublimities and humilities may wander fearless as the rush of stars. I have seen some men preaching who appeared to me to be clerks in a poor store. They were very busy; but they had no goods. They sifted the newspapers to disclose a Sunday theme. They were eager with a sort of childish eagerness to have something to say, but when they spoke they had nothing to say which, if left unsaid, had left a new heart-break in the world. Newspapers deal in temporalities: a sermon, to be a preachment, deals in sempiternalities (a latinity which, if used seldom, reverberates like a terrific sea). 'If I left this sermon unsaid, what loss would ensue?' Put that sharp sword at every sermon's throat and see how the sermon fares. 'The gospel is so sublime,' is how the mighty preachers felt. That was the mood of Paul, who was burdened by his vast preachment. 'I have a baptism to be baptized

with,' said the Christ. That sense of vocation will crush little moods down, will stay manliness up, will give valor as a warrior, will give charm as a man, will give a man a hearing on the part of brawny and burdened souls. 'It must be told,' is how a man must feel toward this gospel. It must be told. This world needs it. This world must have it. 'I am the voice,' said sunburnt John. 'I am the voice,' every preacher must say. What boots it that gracious truths are for the telling if no one lifts the voice for telling them? I am that voice. I must not be silent. 'Woe is me if I preach not this gospel,' is the sedate answer of a serious soul confronted by the peril of silence. 'I must, I must; I dare not be silent.' And when viewed in this light, preaching becomes sublime." Of the hortatory power Bishop Quayle says: "This is the Methodist exhorter's might. What it is we cannot name. It is the revivalist gift, the art of impelling men to action. This is why I am of the opinion that we should not by flippant suggestions make light of the professional revivalist. His is a distinct gift, the gift of urgency, the art of pushing men into action. Some men have it to a phenomenal degree. It was so with Moody. It is so with Harrison. That nervous, agile, variable man has in God's hands led as many business men to Christ as probably any living man. Some of these men can preach much, some little, but that is beside the question. They can push men to decision for God. I have known some ministers ignorant, jocose in their misappropriation of words and ideas, and yet they had this blessed power of crowding men over to God's side of the road. Bishop McCabe had it. I have always been sorry he had not been an evangelist all these years. Bishop Joyce had it. Charles B. Mitchell has it. Louis Albert Banks has it. Dr. Goodell has it. For the man who has it I have plaudits long and loud." Here is one of the Bishop's admonitions: "Never be afraid of truth. Consider the much-talked-of, the over-lauded, and the over-abused higher criticism. Legitimate criticism, and in the long run it will be that, cannot overturn anything God has based. The mountains are not uprooted by the plow nor overturned by the hurricane. Truth will stay and truth will stand. We preachers need not lay hands nervously on the ark. It is God's ark; but we do well not to run to believe everything the sanguine say. Things true will abide; things untrue ought not to abide. The Bible has an odd way of staying. It allows itself to be destroyed with impunity. It has no apparent thought for self-preservation. All kinds of men have done it to death. Sapient critics have shot it full of holes and have cheered themselves in their unvalorous task; and then the Bible went straight on, gloriously on, sowing this world to light and laughter and hope and song and virtue and beauty and godliness. While the Bible was being destroyed, pared away by naturalists, subjected to injudicious and unfair tests by those who knew not its spirit nor had its experience. the Bible was published in more tongues, read by more eyes, leaned over by more hearts, thanked God for by more converts than in all the years past. Truth will not die. It will not say so, but smilingly it keeps on its immortal journey toward the heavenly house. God's Word, God's church, God's day will stand while eternity stays on its feet. Never give the chief seat in the synagogue to some minor matter. Some well-meaning

but nearsighted brethren thought they must go into the pulpit and say what Cheyne had said in his cyclopædia about the Bible and its incoherence, and they thought that people needed that sort of pasturage, and gave it to them, and the people mainly listened and were amused because they saw these brethren were funny, which the brethren themselves had not perceived. They had mistaken an insignificant detail for the continent. Soul-hunger, the sense of sin, the need of God, the darkness of soul where Christ is not near to give the light, the terror of the battle almost every soul must carry on with itself, the preciousness of the Saviour, the advent of God, the salvation by the blood of God, the ministry of the Holy Ghost—these are the mighty and momentous matters, and instead of giving emphasis and heed to these torrential calls of human souls they driveled about the documents and one Isaiah and two, not perceiving that those things were really not very influential or eventful, and were not the crux and never would be, where how a bad man shall become a good man, and how a debauched life shall have its sins forgiven, are tragical needs and cannot wait. Emphasis was wrong, that was all. They had not the spiritual sagacity to discriminate between unessentials and essentials. Put second things second, is the creed of this entire type of circumstance." We knew that Bishop Quayle would be at home and happy when he came to write of the Preacher as a Mystic: "The preacher may with all modesty affirm himself to be like Christ in that he has the freedom of the heavens. John Bunyan, prisoner in an ill-smelling jail, walked along Delectable Mountains in the dark and found there daylight very beautiful, when all his world was lost in the dark and wrapped in dreams. So always, brothers, are we kinsmen of the skies. We wear this atmosphere. We tramp along kindling splendors of the dawn and feel no burning of our bare feet in tramping through their fires. For such goings were we meant. 'Behold, this dreamer cometh,' was the derision of some foolish brothers once long since; but Joseph's dream became purveyor to Egypt and savior of these witless brethren. The dream is the revealer of bread and the distributer of bread. When the mystic preacher speaks the people feel that he has heard a voice and he has seen a face and we shall hear a word from the vision and oratory we heard not, but seeing he heard, we, too, shall hear, alleluiah! And so the mystic is no foreigner to us. He is our brother, he is our sure frater, our necessity. We read the poets so, always seeing they are open to the dream. They are kinsmen of the things we would be kinsmen to but were not, and thus of a night they who came from far heard for us, and then on a day brought to us angel voices. 'Angel voices ever singing round the throne, a glorious band.' The mystic will ever defy definition, and so much the better for that. Definition may be good substance for lexicons but is poor substance for life. Life is past definition, as are likewise all those words familiarity with which leads the soul to enlightenment and control. We talk of summer, but who defines it? The atmosphere of sweat, and the fashioning of things that are not into things that are to be, the climb of the year toward harvest, the joy of the world in toil which feeds the hunger of the world and averts famine and sings a psalm of plenty—this is summer, and who will care to put this

into a definition? It is a mystery palpable yet impalpable, visible yet invisible, too, which must be lived through, loved through, laughed through, sweated through, plowed through, harvested through to get the blessing and the brawn, and there we leave it still a dream, and call the dreaming summer. So the mystic is the indefinable man, but the regal man. His voice has timbre; his eyes are alight with dawns beyond the dawn of summer skies, and he laughs out into the road like an unfatigued runner, from we know not where, running to we know not where; but we do know that he 'rejoiceth like a strong man to run a race.' We feel that of him and rejoice. After this interval of many days since William Blake went from among us, the thing which fascinates us is that he was a mystic. He took his way through London Town, but was not of London Town. The bustle of that metropolis was less to him than the hum of dim voices drowsy as the sound of bees; and for these dim voices he forever listened. And who sees his pictures, which are more authoritative poetry than his poems, must know that all the mechanisms of London Town were of less meaning to all time than the mystic dreamings of this solitary man. I cannot resolve my doubt regarding his poetry—not quite, but am on the edge of belief that all such as have given William Blake's poetry exceptional emphasis are less mastered by the poem than by the poet. He was such glorious mystic that they will not deny his most vagrant fancy. 'This mystic must know,' is their verdict. They are snared into being uncritical with the writing of one who challenged the skies for a roadway and found the walking good. And for Francis Thompson, with his Elizabethan splendor and his uncertain vagabondage of quest, we may say something of the same import. We are creatures of the sun, and its drench of light was in our eyes. Here was a man who walked unsandaled the hot roadway of the sunlight. He is fascinated by the sun. He is so passionately mystic we will deny him naught. His credential is, he knows the world of dream is real, and above every sleeping pillow leaves the ladder, climbing into heaven, on which on any night those who do wake can see angels walking up and down with wings for feet and faces bright and fair. No doubt the world is slyly laughing at the mystic, and now and then giving a good and wholesome guffaw of laughter at him in sheer good humor, but is laughing at him more as a grown boy laughs at his mother, and he is laughing at her for pure love. The mystic—the preacher-mystic—a beatitude upon him, he will bring many laughters from the heights of paradise." And then Bishop Quayle describes one such preacher-mystic: "His face is lucent, his eyes are qualified, gentle, yet soaked with fire which might at any time leap into tongues of flame like eruptive mountains. His hand pressure is gentle. He owns a bleeding and a broken heart. Much trouble has trampled his winefat till the blood of those grapes has issued in manhood. His face has smiles. You could not infer his grief by any word or sigh, but were you skilled in the unwritten language you would know—you would *know*. His voice is wistful and has sweetness like a man at dream. His voice is music. He walks the fitful ways of life unfretted. He brings memories of the tempest. The sunlight kindles while he fares along his journey. His sayings are big with

peace. Life feels the comfort of him as it feels the comfort of the twilight and the dark. He has had intercourse with God. Angels and he are at rare friendship. His life abides not in sunset but in noon. I wonder sometimes as I meet him, as I hear him, whether I have met angel or man, and then I know I have met both. He is man-angel. He has met the Lord. Along the ways, sore-haunted and beset by drift of tears like wind-blown rain and walking tired ways, where there is neither rest nor sleep, yet he walks with God. This mystic, with his torch of poetry alight, this mystic with his battle shout, this mystic, illiterate in nothing of these earthly ways, but deeply learned in the things which hold their intercourse about the throne of God—this preacher-mystic—God is with him, and he touches the listless lute of human nature to the music native to it, but neglected or forgot. Such mystic—such preacher-mystic—a beatitude upon him."

My Religion in Everyday Life. By JOSIAH STRONG. 16mo, pp. 61. New York: The Baker-Taylor Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

THE genesis of this practical little book is as follows. The editor of the Circle Magazine sent Dr. Strong this question: "What does your religion really mean to you? To one man his religion is a creed; to another a hope; to a third an anchor. To one man it is an actual factor in his daily life and business, a spur to ambition, a source of power through prayer, a check against wrongdoing; to another it is a vague indefinite spiritual exaltation; to another still, a matter of Sunday services and Wednesday prayer meetings. To some men it is all of these things, and to others, perhaps, something entirely different. I am trying to find out just what their faith means to some men who have achieved things and held close to their God. I want to find out what it means in a practical way—just how it gives them strength in their work, if it does, or in what other way it is a thing of value to them. I do not care what it means to them as a creed or a doctrine. I want to know what it is as a WORKING PRINCIPLE." To this Dr. Strong replies: "Some things make it difficult for many men to keep their religion. What a man really needs is a religion that will *keep him*—keep him patient and strong and hopeful under the wear and tear of life; keep him sufficiently alive and growing to readjust himself to changing conditions; keep his face to the future and maintain and deepen his interest in the public welfare and the progress of the world; keep his heart warm toward God and his brother men. A religion is to be tested by this life rather than the next. If our conceptions of heaven are at all correct, it is a deal harder to keep clean and unselfish and faithful down here than it is up there. We are supposed to have got through with temptations, struggles, disappointments, and bereavements when we reach heaven. It is when the tempest is driving us toward the rocks that the anchor and chain are tested, not after we have reached the peaceful harbor. The real question is what is a man's religion worth to him here and now? What does it enable him to become, and what does it inspire him to do? And it is very unlikely that the religion which makes most

of a man here will make less than the most of him hereafter. You want me to tell what my religion means to me. I answer, 'Everything.' I say it advisedly and mean it literally, *everything*. What cannot be some part of my religion must not be any part of my life. Religion has two elements—knowledge or belief, and experience or life. One who does not undertake to translate his convictions into action may have a creed but has no religion. If a man is not going to live his belief, it matters little what it is, whether his creed has one article or thirty-nine or five thousand, as one Scotch creed is said to have had. But the moment he begins to put his belief into practice, it becomes a matter of vital importance whether it is true and adequate. If a ship is going to ride at anchor until she rots, it does not make a straw's difference whether her chart and compass are false or true; but if she puts to sea, they must be true, or she will be more likely to find the rocks than the desired port. I shall tell you now how my religious experience began, how for many years the common interpretation of Christianity produced in my case the common religious experiences, and then how a different interpretation of the teachings of Jesus vastly enlarged and enriched my life, making my religion mean everything to me. I was blessed with Christian parents who were solicitous for the religious life of their children. We were instructed in those religious teachings which prevailed in New England throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century and are still common in the United States. They were well calculated to develop the conscience, and appealed to it with the most powerful sanctions of time and eternity. While still very young I had a deep sense of right and wrong, but often stubbornly resisted my convictions of duty. I loved dearly to have my own way, in which I was much like most people, and when crossed I flew into an uncontrolled passion. The continued pressure of Christian influence and my continued resistance of it increased my antipathy to everything religious until I was often very wretched. I distinctly remember envying the chickens, the cat, a worm—anything that was not accountable. I was afraid of my immortality. Of course I drove away such thoughts, but they were forced upon me in many ways at short intervals until I reached the age of thirteen. How vividly I remember the Sunday afternoon when the great struggle came! I can see myself alone in the parlor, standing near the corner of the organ, with my back to the window. I had been trying for some time to live a Christian life without letting a soul know it—at home, in school or anywhere else. The conviction was now forced upon me that I must openly acknowledge my purpose; but that was precisely the hardest thing in the world to do. If known in the home, my many shortcomings, and especially my fits of temper, would appear all the more glaring in the light of my newly expressed purpose. If known at school, I should doubtless attract abundant ridicule, for I should be singular. There was not a boy in the village who professed to be a Christian. I was not aware, at the time, of the full significance of the struggle. I did not know that it was the great turning point of my life. Of course life is full of turning points, but that is supreme in which the

will is unconditionally surrendered to duty regardless of cost or consequence; when it is settled that henceforth conviction must mean action, that belief must be translated into life. This is the beginning of a real religious experience. Happily this supreme question generally presents itself not in abstract but in concrete form. If the duty is the most difficult imaginable, surrender to it is decisive because the greater includes the less. The specific question which came to me was: 'Are you willing to go to the Young People's meeting next Tuesday evening, stand on your feet, and say that you desire and intend to live a Christian life?' If others were taking the step, or if the pastor would only give an invitation, it would be so much easier. But there was no special religious interest in the church or in the community; the help of an invitation would not be given; every one would be startled; and in that little village world it would be proclaimed on the housetop next day. Such a prospect to a diffident boy of thirteen was simply appalling, but my mind was made up and I said, 'I'll do it.' Instantly the distress I had long felt vanished, and a strange unspeakable peace possessed me. I did not know then that I had obeyed the command, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' Self-will had been crucified." How, from this beginning, Josiah Strong's religious life went on enlarging and deepening until, as he says, "Religion means everything," is told in the rest of this book. On the active and altruistic side of religion we quote the following: "We are, as Paul says, 'colaborers with God unto the Kingdom.' He is using us, our powers, our time, our substance and all our activities, to help him create an ideal world, and this makes religion practical, not theoretical, life not dogma, a matter of every day, not something to be laid away with the Sunday clothes. There is a fine old Irish proverb, 'God loves to be helped.' As colaborers with him, we are his helpers in hastening the coming of the kingdom. I know of a family in which there had recently been large property losses and much sickness. A small boy in the family prayed, 'O Lord, make us rich and make us well, and then you can go.' The religion of a great many people is simply the means by which they hope to induce God to help them; but when we become colaborers with God unto the Kingdom, our great longing is to help him, and helping him is our exceeding joy. Moreover, we not only enter into high fellowship with the Highest, but we also become yoke-fellows and brothers of all that goodly company in all the ages and in every land who have helped to roll the world up hill."

Rural Christendom. By CHARLES ROADS. 12mo, pp. 322. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Price, cloth, 90 cents, postpaid.

THE American Sunday School Union offered a prize of $1,000 for the best book-manuscript on "The Problems of Christianizing Country Communities." Many worthy and able and painstaking studies of this urgently important subject were presented in competition. This is the book that took the prize. No one who reads it is likely to be surprised at its success. We do not believe a better book on this subject was ever written. It is greatly needed in country parishes, and all ministers in country

places will be helped by reading it. For them and for laymen in rural churches, it may be unspeakably valuable in practical and stimulating ways. It is packed with information and helpful hints. It knows the facts and deals with them intelligently and sensibly and in businesslike fashion. Its twenty-four chapters set forth "The Rural Situation"; "How Christian Principles Are Spread and Made Controlling in the Country"; and "The Place and Power of the Local Church in Rural Christianizing." In illustration of what can be done in small towns, villages, and rural regions, we quote as follows: "The church faces its duty to evangelize every man, woman, and child in all the region round it, and it is seriously undertaken with adequate plans. Ingathering plans are so finely matured and have been so successful that we offer them to the little band of willing ones of the local church. If that willing band consists of but one worker, let us see what has been done. In Nevada, O., a village of 900 people (864 by the last census), Mr. Henry Kinzly, a modest grocer in the place, but an earnest Christian, was made superintendent of the Sunday school, one of two there. He found an enrollment of about sixty scholars, but, like a modern business man, he studied this new business for God, thrust upon him, modest as he was and so timid it was almost impossible for him to pray in public. He read books and pamphlets upon methods of Sunday school organization, attended conventions, day by day thought about the school and its possibilities. Almost single-handed he began every movement like house-to-house visitation, Adult Bible Class organization, the Home Department, the Cradle Roll, Decision Day, and so on. He has now enrolled, according to report from him just received, 750, drawing for some on the country outside; 225 conversions have occurred in the Sunday school, 550 have signed the temperance pledge, the saloons have been driven out of the village, a new church building, costing $18,000, has been erected. The other Sunday school also has prospered and another new church built in the village. When he wanted a Home Department no one was ready to begin it, so he himself went from house to house; when he wanted new scholars he sought them in the same way. Now he has a beehive of joyous and enthusiastic helpers. His epigrammatic advice is fine: 'If anyone should ask me for the best methods to build up Sunday schools and advance church work, I would say, first, Get rid of saloons; second, Then get busy.' Marburg, Ala., is a village of about 400 people in which Mr. D. H. Marburg has a Sunday school enrolling 577 people. It is so popular that after having enrolled every soul in the village, crowds for miles from the country round come to it and join it. One old man claiming to be one hundred and fourteen years old is a member of the Organized Adult Class. This school began with 80 two years before, and it was the house-to-house work under the leadership of one man that accomplished the result. In Tennessee is a rural town of about 2,500 people with five churches, four of which have very active Sunday schools. In one of them an earnest lawyer has gathered a Bible class of men, enrolling 275 and having an attendance of 150. Men are not impossible to attract to the church when the earnest workers go after them. So in a larger town, Ashland, O., of about 7,000, still below

what the United States census authorities call a city, there is one Sunday school of more than 1,000 in numbers which had 881 present one Sunday. There are now thirty-one Adult Bible Classes there of large numbers, thoroughly organized for mutual help. At the annual banquet of men more than 1,000 men dined together, and these earnest men voted out the saloon in an election with 325 majority. Much of this work is from the earnest activity of Mr. W. D. Stem, a business man of Ashland. In Hagerstown, Md., there are more than twenty-five organized Adult Bible Classes started from one class, largely the inspiring work of a traveling salesman, as his pastor declares. The marvelous work of Mr. Marshall A. Hudson, the founder of the Baraca and Philathea Organized Adult Classes, is becoming well known. He began in Syracuse, N. Y., to organize a small Bible class of men in 1890. Three hundred and fifty men have been converted and joined the church from the large membership of that class. Then Mr. Hudson gave up a lucrative business and is devoting himself in continent-wide travel to gathering men into such church work. He is lovingly called 'the man who wants a million,' a million men saved through the Bible study work, and it is no idle dream with him, for already 2,700 such classes are in operation, and of men and women about 500,000—half his million—are enrolled 'to do things,' 'to stand by the Bible and the Bible school,' and 'men to work for men.' We could multiply such instances to fill a volume. How can the work of reaching every individual in the local field be begun and prosecuted? In one small town of about two thousand people, six churches were struggling for existence. The pastors in conference gave the total enrollment of all their churches at about 600 and of Sunday schools 650, so it was found that fully fourteen hundred people, all English-speaking and American born, were not reached by any of the churches. Such a census clears the way for a detailed visitation undertaken by the churches in union, the visitors going two by two to each home and ascertaining the religious preference of church membership of every person. The cards containing these data are then distributed to each pastor concerned with the particular ones, and he has by this means his entire field defined for his work. He follows it up with visits to the people preferring his church and by various means lays siege to win those homes to Christ. Every other pastor takes care of his own, and thus every soul is included somewhere. Then must follow the personal work for every individual steadily continued until he is saved. How do business men work? One great firm dealing in food supplies sent its salesman forty-eight times to a retail grocer before he received an order and then came a large business; another, a coal dealer, sent twenty-six times to a manufacturer before the first favorable response. When we have gone twenty-six times or forty-eight times to win a soul, then we shall be like modern business for money. But doubtless after that Christ would say go seventy times seven times again. Yet it is not necessary to go often to win souls. The experience of personal workers is that very many come by the first invitation and are saved; many others after a few visits. It is easier, in fact, to secure men's acceptance of Christ by an earnest worker than it is to sell goods

to them, or to get them to change their political party, or to invest largely in new enterprises." We unreservedly commend this as a book of great practical value.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Time's Laughingstocks. By THOMAS HARDY. 12mo, pp. 208. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

THOMAS HARDY, the great novelist, is reported to set considerable store by his own poetry. We are unable to do so, and from some of it we shrink as from something better never written. Pessimism is not much of a singer; neither is animalism, though both are occasionally heard trying. The result is minor in music and in merit. Power of imagination and of literary expression there is, of course, in Thomas Hardy's verse, as in his prose; and things firm and strong put with businesslike directness. But spirituality is lacking, and the nobler, uplooking elements which make poetry inspiring. We know no poem of his which seems likely to live. Even his verses of sentiment are without throb or thrill. He hopes that the miscellany brought together in this volume "will take the reader forward rather than backward." Forward to what? Is there any goal to Hardy's verse? One reader has not been conscious of being so carried. The book before us divides its contents under four heads: Fifteen pieces under "Time's Laughingstocks"; twenty-six "Love Lyrics"; a set of eighteen "Country Songs"; thirty-five "Pieces Occasional and Various." The very title of this volume expresses one of Hardy's favorite ideas—that man is a pitiable victim blundering blindly and helplessly along, and that the pitiless universe is laughing at his mistakes and his misery. With such a view of man and his universe, there can be no talk of sin: what some people call "sin" is, on this view, only misfortune. Such an immoral universe would not and could not exact morality from man. And yet, now and then the moral cry pierces the ear in Hardy's verse—though illogically and unwarrantedly, as seems to us. It is very difficult even for the atheist to eliminate morals and stifle the ethic note. The System of Things does not give its consent to such elimination. Even in an atheist's universe the distant sky-line seems broken at times by a lifted peak strangely resembling Mount Sinai's crest; not dark and silent, but flashing and reverberant. There are sounds which hint that some Power that makes for righteousness is intimating its requirements and arranging to enforce order. Far off and up along the hills of thunder the soul hears an ominous rattle of preparation, as of a marshaled army grounding arms upon the slopes to await orders, and is forced to suspect that even in an atheist's universe the well-equipped regiments of Moral Government are on duty. In one of the poems in the book before us, a fallen woman laughs at her sin and its consequences, and says, "How can it matter what one does in life, when we are so soon to be dead?" That is doctrine that fits logically and normally into the atheist's universe. It is devil's doctrine acclaimed by all the black angels; and when a man dispenses with a God, he keeps

"the devil and his angels" instead. But, in such a universe, what business has the dance-fiddler, on page 110, to be sermonizing out loud? Note that it is Thomas Hardy, and not any prudish preacher, who tells us that "The Fiddler," watching the dancers at the ball, knows that some of them "will pay high for their prancing." It is Hardy who makes the old fiddler report from his observation:

> Music hails from the devil,
> Though vaunted to come from heaven;
> For it makes people do at a revel
> What multiplies sins by seven.
> There's many a heart now mangled,
> And waiting its time to go,
> Whose tendrils were first entangled
> By my sweet viol and bow.

This is the fiddler's version of ancient biblical warnings. On other pages also there is the sound of moral thunder, more or less distinct. On page 37 is a villain conscience-troubled (even in an atheist's universe), and "unable to smother his torments, his brain racked by yells as from Tophet of Satan's whole crew." On page 38 sin's natural result comes to view, when "one day the park-pool embraced her fair form, and extinguished her eyes' living blue." On page 48 the giddy souls that took their fill of reckless pleasure are seen as "specters spinning like sparks within the smoky halls of the Prince of Sin." So much preaching seems out of place in an atheist's verses. Far more suitable are the poems (and here they are in plenty) in which the illegitimate and the immoral are not frowned upon, and virtuous respectability is not very highly respected, but now and then slurred and disparaged. That carnality should be given an undue amount of space in atheistic pages is only natural; indeed, is almost inevitable. When God with all his splendid court of noblenesses has been escorted to the border and dismissed, what is there left to lift man above, or hold in check the fleshly lusts? A carnal revel is the most natural and probable celebration of the dismissal of the divine. The soul, emptied of God, is ready to welcome the swine. The doctrine that life is a disease, existence a curse, the only relief for which is extinction, we have heard from pagan tongues. On page 168 the notion is that "all went well" upon this planet "before the birth of consciousness"; none suffered sickness, pain, regret, or heart-break; all was peace. But this "primal rightness took the tinct of wrong" when the disease of consciousness appeared on earth. And now a Buddhistic-atheist poet groans, "How long, how long ere nescience shall be reaffirmed" and universal unconsciousness blessedly blanket all? Such poetry, if so it can be called, does not persuade us that life is a disease, but does convince us that even in regions of high and brilliant intellect there is no little diseased and distorted thinking. On page 153, our seventy-year-old author seems to speak of himself as

> A thinker of crooked thoughts upon Life in the sere,
> And on That which consigns men to night after showing the day to them.

Hardy seems aware of Somewhat omnipresent and almighty which he chooses to call That, not He. In a book which we noticed recently Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale described Thomas Hardy as a man who has no God; which seems most of the time quite true and fair. And yet Hardy keeps, and occasionally brings out of the closet where he keeps it, a sort of eidolon, or supposititious deity, which is made to play the part of the accused, charged with crimes and misdemeanors, and cross-examined concerning his offenses in a sort of mock-trial conducted by Mr. Hardy as prosecutor. Thus on page 169 this supposititious deity is supposed to soliloquize thus on New Year's Eve:

> "I have finished another year," said God,
> "In gray, green, white, and brown;
> I have strewn the leaf upon the sod,
> Sealed up the worm within the clod,
> And let the lost sun down."

On this breaks in the prosecutor, "Well, what's the good of it all, I'd like to know? What possessed you to create the world, and why do you keep it running through years on years, when I can see ninety-nine reasons why you had better not made it at all? Speak up, if you have any defense to make of yourself!" It seems to us quite reasonable to suppose that this supposed Maker, finding himself thus called to account, might express some mild surprise at hearing the small creature, whom his will and power have evolved, demand of him reasons why; and might regard it as rather strange that a little finite ephemeral creature should be pertly criticising the Infinite and Eternal for the shortness of his view. What sort of a human mind is it that dares look up at the Intelligence seen at work in the universe and tell him he has a witless way of working? But all this does not shock us, because we are used to hearing it break out now and then, here and there. What we are not used to is the desecrating of ink and paper and type by spinning out, with elaborate literary pains through ten pages, a hideous pagan second-century legend about the parentage of Jesus Christ. Since we are not under obligation to be more reverent toward the author than he is toward God, we may put to the perpetrator of "Panthera" the question he puts to the Maker of the universe, "What did you do it for?" It is impossible to suppose that when he was dressing up that legend in forms of poetry for print he was unaware that the reproduction of it would be grossly offensive to the entire Christian world, to whose millions it is nothing less than sacrilegious, profane, impious. A venerable historic document speaks of "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind"; and decency is obligatory even upon atheists. Possibly it is not to be wondered at that, from the wanton Tramp-Woman on page 11 to the Young Man on page 208 who considers life a senseless school whose lessons are not worth learning, this volume of verse is considerably overpopulated with unwise and unrespectable characters, who are freely allowed to remain unmitigatedly weak, silly, and totally unredeemed. Bismarck would disapprove this author for the same reason he disliked Diderot, because he was a rank

materialist. Looking for something that may sample the best in this book, and may give the author's style, and have value enough to justify transcription, we select this bit, entitled "A Wet Night," which bids us quit whining over hardships and behave worthy of our sires, whose trials, exposures, and difficulties were far greater than ours:

I pace along, the rain-shafts riddling me,
Mile after mile out by the moorland way,
And up the hill, and through the ewe-leaze gray
Into the lane, and round the corner tree;

Where, as my clothing clams me, mire-bestarred,
And the enfeebled light dies out of day,
Leaving the liquid shades to reign, I say,
"This is a hardship to be calendared!"

Yet sires of mine now perished and forgot,
When worse beset, ere roads were shapen here,
And night and storm were foes indeed to fear,
Times numberless have trudged across this spot
In sturdy muteness on their strenuous lot,
And taking all such toils as trifles mere.

Well enough in its way. But is that great poetry?

The Gospel in Literature. By JOSEPH NELSON GREENE. 12mo, pp. 236. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. .Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

God speaks by his prophets: the poets of the Beautiful are God's prophets. That is the motto of this book, which is an exposition of the great lessons contained in eight great poems. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" exhibits Love's Self-Crucifixion; Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night" shows God at the Fireside; Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" portrays one Saintly Character, the Village Parson; Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" sets forth the Sacrament of Daily Service; Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" teaches Christianity's Debt to the Past; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" shows the Nearness of the Spirit World; Whittier's "Snow Bound" exhibits Character Formed at the Fireside; and Browning's "Saul" pictures the Awakening of a Soul. The author truly says that "the stories and teachings of the gospel have been extravagantly borrowed by literature and made to form an essential part of its life." Take out of human literature all that Christianity has contributed thereto, and most of what is left will suggest the Scripture phrase "beggarly elements." This book aims, and is adapted, "to develop the literary instinct and to cultivate the devotional spirit." The exposition of "Enoch Arden" closes with this illustration: "There is an old tradition which tells of a tribe of Seneca Indians once living in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. They had the custom of holding a festival once every year for the purpose of making an offering to propitiate the Spirit of the Falls. The offering was the most beautiful maiden who could be found in all the tribe. On a certain night, when the moon was shining brightly upon the waters, she was required to step into a white canoe filled with fruits and flowers, and,

rowing out to the middle of the river, be swept by the current over the falls to a certain death. On one occasion the maiden chosen by the priests for the sacrifice was a daughter of the chief of the tribe. The chief was a stern and brave man, but he loved his daughter with a tender, passionate love. Yet, because of her marvelous beauty, the daughter was selected as the fairest of the tribe, and the priests declared that she must be offered to the Spirit of the Falls. The brave chief, feeling the justice of the choice made, yielded to the fatal decree and, though with breaking heart, unhesitatingly offered his daughter for the sacrifice. When the fatal night arrived the people were assembled, the moon was shining brightly, and the maiden stepped into the white canoe, paddled boldly out into the current, and drifted toward the falls. Then the waiting multitude saw a strange sight that filled them with awe. The old chief was seen to step into another white canoe, and giving a few mighty strokes, his boat shot alongside the boat of his daughter. Their eyes met. There was a look of infinite love, a swift embrace, and together the chief and his daughter dashed over the falls to the rapids beneath. The old father loved the daughter too much to permit her to take the death journey alone. That was love. The name of the chief was revered because he died *with* one he loved. But this story lacks the superlative element. Better would it have been if the chief had stepped into the boat of the girl and died *for* her, leaving her yet among the living. It may be a great thing to die *with* another, but it is infinitely greater to die *for* another. That is what Christ did. When humanity's boat was about to drift over the falls he placed the feet of the doomed race safely on the shore, while he himself stepped into the boat and went down into the rapids alone." The lesson of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is essentially as follows: "God at the fireside is the guarantee of a nation's glory and permanence. It is after describing the scene in which faith, prayer, and the Word of God form so large a part, that the poet says, 'From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs, that makes her loved at home, revered abroad.' This is the wise deduction from the entire scene. The people in whose breasts are love for home and love for God are people all but invincible. They are the liberty lovers and home defenders of the world. Read history, and it will be seen that those peoples who have revered God and brought him into their homes and hearts are the peoples against whom tyranny has had to wage its hardest fight. The yoke of oppression has ever rested uneasily upon their shoulders. They have been patriotic, brave, and persistent in their struggle for liberty. Witness such peoples as those of Switzerland, South Africa, and this loyal little land of Scotland. God at the fireside has given strength to national life and to individual greatness. It is in the presence of the divine that the greatest ideas have been born and the greatest works have been performed. Among the great paintings at Florence are the angels of Fra Angelico. They are said to have been painted when the artist was on his knees praying and reverently pursuing his work. They were born of prayer. In speaking of the splendor of this work Michelangelo said, 'Surely the good brother visited paradise and was allowed to choose his

models there.' Yes, his models were chosen there. His work was done in a divine atmosphere. Here is a message from 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' that the best life is lived and the best work is done in the Divine Presence. This poem is loud in its cry to enthrone God in the home and in the individual life." The author's study of the Village Parson closes thus: "Godliness was the climax of his character. God was his theme. To lead to God was his business. 'All his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.' He 'allured to brighter worlds and led the way.' Here was a man who had friendly intercourse with God. Like the telegrapher who sits at his key and feels that the clicking sounds are registered off yonder in the silence and distance, he lived at the keyboard of prayer, and when he touched the instrument he knew that off yonder in the station by the throne the message was received; and as he waited, back the answer came. We talk of wireless telegraphy as though it were something new. It is not new; it is as old as the ages. With it Abraham sent his petition flying over the doomed city of Sodom. Moses by it flung his voice far beyond Sinai's flaming summit; John by it sent his word across the sea of glass. By it to-day from all points of the compass the prayers leap to the common receiving station at the courts of our God, and answers come back again. Our serious thoughts too may find rest in heaven. And thus are earth and heaven linked together. The saintly life must be a life of prayer. Such lives as these are those which men love and upon which God can depend. When one reads a description like this and lays the book aside and sits in silence a moment, he almost expects to hear a voice from the heavens saying, 'This is a beloved son in whom I am well pleased,' for we feel that God is pleased with and can depend on a life like this. A traveler crossing the ocean recently was caught in a bad storm, and relates this experience. He, being a little alarmed, went up to the captain and said, 'Cap, can we weather it?' 'Put your ear to that tube,' was the reply. I did so, and could hear the steady 'chug' of the engines as they performed their full duty. 'Down there,' he said, 'is the chief engineer, and he believes in me. I'm up here, and I believe in him. I rather guess we'll ride this blow out.' The traveler adds: 'I did not worry any more.' With two such men standing together for safety of ship and passengers, I was content to go to my stateroom and sleep as if I were on land. When God can point to a man down here and say, 'There is a man I believe in,' and that man can point up and say, 'There is a God I believe in,' you have a combination that guarantees safety and service. Let the vessel of the church be manned thus, let any righteous cause be manned thus, and the outcome is assured. God is ever trustworthy, but what he wants is *men*—men whom he can trust, men who are saintly men. O, for saintly men! We need them to walk through the ranks of society, that iniquity-smitten men may touch the hem of their garments and feel a new virtue in their lives. We need them to stand in the realm of politics with faces transformed and garments glistening with honor and truth, until greed and graft shall become fearful and afraid and hide their faces in shame. We need them to walk down the aisle of business, exerting the power of righteous in-

fluence until from the bosom of unscrupulous men the demons of dishonesty, deception, and trickery shall run to drown themselves in a sea of darkness. But the road to that saintly life is the one the Village Parson traveled. There is no other. It is the road of *faith* and *prayer* taught in God's Word. Let me, therefore, commend to all this Word as the text-book and guide for the saintly life. Some one has called it the book of two pages, a red page and a white page. The red page is the blood of Christ, the white one the holiness of God. True. Read the red page, and you see the cleansing from unrighteousness, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Read the white page, and you see the saintly character; we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. This Book is the way. All the good have trod this pathway. The saints of ages gone, the Village Parson and all his kind, your fathers, your mothers have read the page of red and the page of white; and reading, have been made whole. Dear old Book! Precious Book! Mother's Book, father's Book. In it you learn the way to the saintly character here—the way of life hereafter. The saintly life possessed here is eternal life possessed hereafter." Here is the end of the exposition of the "Vision of Sir Launfal": The sacrament of the Christian life most worthy to exalt is daily service. Carlyle once sat in a window overlooking the crowded streets of London and wrote, 'There are four million people in London, mostly fools.' There may have been some truth in his statement, but nearer the truth would it have been had he said, 'Four million, mostly sufferers,' for the city and country are full of people who are needy and hungry, not for bread, but for human love and sympathy. Let us look at a typical picture from real life. A little fellow, four years old, was brought from the slums to a Chicago orphans' home. When he was brought upstairs to be put in bed, had his bath, and the matron opened up the sweet little cot to put him between clean white sheets, he looked on in amazement. He said, 'Do you want me to get in there?' 'Yes.' 'What for?' 'Why, you are going to sleep there.' He was amazed beyond description. The idea of going to sleep in such a place as that—he did not know what to make of it. He had never slept in a bed in his life before; never. He was put to bed, and the matron kissed him good night—a little bit of a chap, only four years old; and he put up his hand and rubbed off the kiss. He said, 'What did you do that for?' But the next morning he said, 'Would you mind doing that again—what you did to me last night?' He had never been kissed before and did not know anything about it. It was only about a week later, the matron said, that the little fellow would come around three or four times a day and look up with a pleasing expression in his face and say, 'Would you love a fellow a little?' After a few weeks a lady came to the home to get a child. She was looking for a boy; so the matron brought along the little chap, and the lady looked at him. She said, 'Tommy, wouldn't you like to go home with me?' He looked right down at the floor. She said, 'I will give you a hobby-horse and lots of playthings, and you will have a real nice time, and I will give you lots of nice things to do.' He looked right straight at the floor—did not pay any attention to her at all. She

kept talking, persuading him, and by and by the little fellow looked up into her face and said, 'Would you love a fellow a little?' There is a tremendous pathos in that. That is the yearning of the world, after all—for somebody who will 'love a fellow a little.' And Christ has given the world its sublimest response to that yearning in the life of love which had its climax on Calvary. But the Christian is called to love a little, too. And we find our Holy Grail; we possess our transformed lives in order that day by day we may partake of the sacrament of brotherly service. And this is the gospel of Christ. I am my brother's keeper. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. And he whose life has been epitomized in the statement that he went about doing good, said, 'I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.'" Now our readers know the style of this glowing book.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Ruskin and His Circle. By ADA EARLAND. Crown 8vo, pp. 340. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with portraits, $2.50.

To show the effect of circumstances, especially those of early life, as seen in Ruskin's greatness, his shortcomings, his eccentricities, and his inconsistencies, and to group together the friends who most directly influenced his life—such is the purpose of this book. The "Circle" includes Carlyle, the Brownings, Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Burne-Jones, Mary Russell Mitford, Dr. John Brown, Lady Trevelyan, Lady Mount-Temple, Miss Susanna Beever, and Miss Kate Greenaway. Evidently, Ruskin, with all his peculiarities, exercised a magnetic attraction over many of the best and noblest of his contemporaries. The unhappy failure of Ruskin's married life is here charged to his stern mother, whose "iron will kept him in subjection until past middle life, and whose mistaken love led to all the unhappiness that laid life waste for him." We are told that Ruskin's wife being asked at a London party, "Where is Mr. Ruskin?" replied, "O, he is with his mother—he ought to have married his mother." We are not so sure that this is the whole of the story of matrimonial infelicity. One chapter is given to J. W. M. Turner, the great painter, whose fame Ruskin's eulogies helped to spread abroad. When an arm-chair critic objected to Turner's painting of a "Snowstorm at Sea," saying it was "soapsuds and whitewash," the artist exclaimed: "'Soapsuds and whitewash'! what would they have? I wonder what they think the sea is like? I wish they had been in that storm!" The fact was that Turner, in order to know exactly what such a storm was like, and be able to make a truthful picture of it, had spent four hours lashed, half-frozen, to a steamer's rigging in a gale, watching the driving snow, and the rush and toss of foaming waves. He knew, and not the sneering critic, what that storm was like. Sore under the disparagements of incompetent critics, Turner wrote in his will, "Hang up my two favorite pictures (The Sun Rising in a Mist, and Dido Building Carthage) by the side of Claude's, and let those who come after judge between me, whom you neglect, and him, whom you worship." And they are hanging now, as

he desired, by Claude's in the National Gallery in London. Carlyle was fond of Ruskin. Once, having in mind his varying moods which alternated between the clouds and the slough of despond, he characterized him as "a bottle of beautiful soda water—very pleasant company now and then." When one of Mrs. Carlyle's admirers criticised "Sesame and Lilies," Carlyle wrote her to have nothing to do with a man who would traduce Ruskin. "Don't you return his love, Jane! He's a nasty creature, with no eye for the beautiful, and too awfully interested in himself!" Ruskin once commented on Carlyle thus: "Born in the clouds and struck by lightning." Carlyle once wrote that he was looking forward to "seeing Ruskin and tasting a little human conversation." When he read Ruskin's "The Queen of the Air" he spoke of him as "the one soul now in the world who seems to feel as I do on the highest matters." Carlyle wrote, in a copy of his own book, Early Kings of Norway, "To my dear and ethereal Ruskin, whom God preserve." And in the winter of 1872 the old man wrote: "I am reading Ruskin's books these long evenings, . . . I find real spiritual comfort in the noble fire, wrath, and inexorability with which he smites upon all base things and widespread public delusions, and insists relentlessly that the ideal thing must be aimed at everywhere." Ruskin had some association with the men of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, much to their delight. Listen to young Edward Burne-Jones's impulsive enthusiasm: "I'm not Ted any longer; I'm not Burne-Jones now; I've dropped my personality—I'm a correspondent with Ruskin, and my future title of distinction is, 'The man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return mail.'" Again he wrote of himself and William Morris and Rossetti: "Just come back from being four hours with our hero (Ruskin). So happy we've been; he is so kind to us, calls us his dear boys and makes us feel like such old, old friends. Every Thursday night he comes down to our rooms. Isn't that like a dream? Think of knowing Ruskin like an equal and being called his dear boys. O, he is so good and kind!—better than his books even, though they are the best books in the world." Two of these "dear boys" were poor, and one was in frail health, but all had genius; and youth, hope, and the keen joy of living were theirs. That Ruskin sought their society is not strange. Incapable, himself, of their high spirits, he all the more appreciated their light-heartedness. When Ruskin wrote to Robert Browning asking him to explain his style, Browning asked whether it was a poet's duty to tell people what they already knew or to teach them new truths, and said, "A poet's affair is with God, to whom he is accountable and from whom is his reward" (which is truer of the preacher than of the poet). The keynote of all of Ruskin's teaching on social ills and on political economy was, THERE IS NO WEALTH BUT LIFE: that nation is wealthy whose people lead industrious, happy, healthy, contented lives. Looking around in trim England, he saw poverty, dirt, disease, and discontent; a gulf ever widening between rich and poor; the decay of agriculture; the rapid growth of over-crowded manufacturing towns. "'Back to the Land!' was his warning cry, anticipating by a generation the demand of to-day. He was almost alone then

in his belief that the rapid growth of cities and manufacturing towns, and consequent draining of youth and strength from the country districts to fill the places of exhausted workers in the cities, was a grave national danger. Where other people saw wealth in the ceaseless activity of mills, marts, and forges, he foretold national damage and decay as an inevitable result of the enfeebling of physique in the workers and the stunted and puny growth of the children; physical weakness and moral degeneracy going hand in hand to aggravate each other." "*There is no wealth but* LIFE!" Ruskin cried in the ears of England. Whistler, the artist, was a typical megalomaniac, a strange, mocking, cynical, sarcastic genius, with a tongue like a sting and a pen dipped in vitriol. Intensely self-conscious and irritable, he affected singular attire, struck imposing attitudes, and was vain of one startlingly white lock which stood up on the top of his head amid his thick black hair. He wrote a book on The Gentle Art of Making Enemies; and on hearing in his latter years of the death of a man between whom and himself there was cordial dislike, he said, "I have hardly a warm personal enemy left." He once boasted that he could not keep a friend; "I cannot afford it," he said. Ruskin criticised Whistler's pictures severely. Of the painting named "The Falling Rocket—A Nocturne in Black and Gold," Ruskin wrote in Fors Clavigera: "I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Having seen that so-called picture, we think Ruskin's words none too severe. It is a vague expanse of bluish-black with gold splashes to indicate the flight of fireworks. The sale of Whistler's paintings fell off after the criticism, and he brought suit against Ruskin for libel. The lawyers had great fun over the picture, which was produced in court. They disputed as to which was the top and which the bottom of the picture; and it was an open question which nobody could conclusively settle. To the public eye it seemed nothing but a spattered daub. The attorney-general asked Whistler how long it took him to "knock off that picture." The artist gave two days as a rough estimate. "Do you ask two hundred guineas for two days' work?" "No," flashed the artist; "I ask it for the study and practice of a lifetime." "Do you think you could point out the beauties of that picture and make me see them?" went on the blundering lawyer. Whistler gazed meditatively at his tormentor for a long moment, as if taking his measure, and then answered: "No. It would be as hopeless as for a musician to pour his notes into the ear of a deaf man." The court awarded Whistler consolation to the amount of one farthing. Whistler took his farthing and wore it ever after on his watch chain. He revenged himself on Ruskin by calling him names, such as "the Peter Parley of Painting," and said Ruskin had "a flow of language that would give Titian, could he hear it, the same shock of surprise that was Baalam's when the first great critic proffered his opinion." "But," replied some one, "the ass was *right*." Whistler's was a bitter and sneering spirit, and his laugh was so fiendish that Irving, the actor, imitated it on the stage in his impersonation of Mephistopheles. Chambers's Journal has recently

given a new anecdote about Ruskin. Mr. A. S. Walker once ventured to question in Ruskin's presence the correctness of the proportions in Michelangelo's "Moses." "How often have you seen it?" asked Ruskin. "O, half a dozen times," replied Walker, supposing that was quite enough to justify his having an opinion. "Good heavens!" Ruskin cried, "no man should dare to give an opinion on any work of art unless he has seen it every day for six months"; adding after a pause, "And even then he should hold his tongue if he has used his eyes as you seem to have used yours." One of Ruskin's peculiar weaknesses was his dislike of all scientific explanations and systems. He thought the scientists knew a great deal less than they thought they did, and that what they did know was not supremely important. Darwinism he detested. In a friendly letter he wrote, "The scientists at Oxford get out of my way as if I were a mad dog, because I let them have it hot and heavy whenever I have a chance at them." He gave a slap at Darwin's "vespertilian treatise on the ocelli of the Argus pheasant." When Miss Beever made Ruskin a penwiper out of feathers from her pet peacock he thanked her, but said that he always wiped his pen on his coat-tail. Mourning emblems were distasteful to Ruskin. When a letter brought news of a friend's death, he expressed his thanks that the message had not been sent on black-edged paper. "Why," he asked, "should we ever wear black for the guests of God?" He had his mother's coffin painted blue. Ruskin urged women to use their influence to put an end to war. In The Crown of Wild Olive he wrote: "Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear *black*—a mute's black, with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, nor evasion into, prettiness. I tell you again, no war would last a week." And this also to women: "If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfill a single downright precept of the Book, that you are so careful for its credit; and just because you don't care to obey its whole words that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to pity the poor—and you crush them under your carriage wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice—and you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word 'justice' means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to; know what he means when he tells you to be just, and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men and perfect in the fear of God—and you will soon have no more war, unless it be, indeed, such as is willed by Him, of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, 'In righteousness he doth judge and make war.'" This also he says to women in Sesame and Lilies, concerning their influence: "You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails." This also: "Wherever

a true wife comes, home is a sacred place around her. The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light afar for those who else were homeless." Speaking of the training of girls, Ruskin says: "Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way. Turn her loose in a library of good old classical books every wet day and let her alone. She will find what is good for her." Of the use of money Ruskin says money is best spent for education, intellectual and moral. People err in thinking of education as a means of livelihood. Education is a costly business, and its profit is not measured in mere terms of coin. "You are to spend on national education," he says to his fellow countrymen, "and to make by it not more money but better men; to get into this British Island the greatest possible number of good and brave Englishmen. *They* are to be your money's worth." Frederic Harrison speaks of Ruskin as the most purple and splendid of all the great masters of English prose. Walter Pater spoke of his "winged and passionate eloquence." His life, so full of beauty and nobleness, was not without its poignant pains moving us to pity. Closing this book, we catch sight of this from John Inglesant: "Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the Infinite pathos of human life."

The Valley of Aosta. By FELICE FERRERO. Crown 8vo, pp. 336. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with 39 illustrations and maps, $2.

THIS is not a book of summer travel, but a scholarly study and description of one of the most notable and noted of Alpine valleys, as to its natural features, its people, its long history, and its present condition. A French traveler once called this valley the most interesting spot in Europe. The highest peaks of the Alps, Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and the Gran Paradiso, are adjacent to it. The best Roman ruins outside of Rome and Pompeii are there, together with scores of remarkable medieval castles. This valley is a pocket of northern Italy running in among the Alps, off the main lines of travel, but easily accessible on the south from Milan or Turin, and, on the Swiss side, from Zermatt or Chamonix across various Alpine passes. Signor Ferrero deals first with the valley as it now is, then with the valley in the Roman era, and then with the valley as it was in the Middle Ages. His descriptions of mountaineering and advice on Alpinism are so minute and full as to make his book of much practical value to prospective mountain-climbers; and the accounts of notable ascents in the efforts of men to conquer the most difficult peaks of the Alps are vivid enough to hold the breathless interest even of the general reader. Mont Blanc used to be called "the accursed" on account of the number of lives lost on its heights, and the author speaks of it as "the white mountain with a black conscience, the magician of the fiendish storm." The four great mountain-monarchs overlooking the Valley of Aosta are characterized as follows: "Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa are ranges, long and wide; the Matter-

horn is a lonely peak; and the Gran Paradiso neither—a dominating height, a mountain knot rather than a range. Mont Blanc poses; Monte Rosa is gentle and gracious; the Matterhorn seems to embody all the characteristics of a stormy dare-devil; while the Gran Paradiso is solid and well-balanced like a business man." The most interesting class among the people of the Valley of Aosta are the Alpine guides, of whom not a few have been famous. One was Emile Rey, of Courmayer, the gentleman guide, a man of culture and kindly manners, who, in 1877, conquered the Aiguille Noire de Pétéret with Lord Wentworth, and, in 1885, the Aiguille Blanche—one of the most hazardous climbs in the Alps—with King. This hardy and daring conqueror of many defiant peaks lost his life by pure carelessness, as often, in life, a moment's folly lays low the strongest man. After a successful ascent, he had reached, in descending, the point where "all danger was over," and, relaxing his vigilance, he missed his footing on a slippery spot and, at a comparatively easy point, fell and was killed on the rocks far below. One miserable and disfiguring blight afflicts this beautiful Alpine valley. Whymper says, "It is famous for its ibexes and infamous for its cretins." Cretinism is a form of idiocy in an extreme stage, which is widely spread over many mountainous districts in various parts of the world, though more noticeably in the Alps. The cretins are utterly and hopelessly degenerate, physically and mentally; they are undersized, disfigured by goiter and scabs, incapable of talking, and, as a rule, limit their voluntary movements to the carrying of food to their mouths. Valleys on both sides of the Alps are infested by this horrid disease. Between Martigny and Brigue it is conspicuous. Its cause has not been definitely ascertained. The following are given as the known facts concerning it: It belongs exclusively to mountainous districts; it is connected with goiter (although goitrous people are not necessarily cretins); it is connected, like goiter, with atrophy of the thyroid gland; it is transmitted by heredity. No less than forty-two causes have been suggested to account for it, but the causes most generally accepted are impurities in water and in air. Modern scientific research points more to the air than to the water. Medical science has accomplished nothing toward any cure. And the cretin, now as for many centuries, wanders aimlessly about, emitting uncanny sounds from his distorted mouth—a clouded intelligence in a useless body, a horrible example of the miseries that flourish by the side of the glory and majesty of the great mountains and amid the beauty of fairest valleys. In his closing chapter Signor Ferrero writes of "Men and Monuments in Aosta." To us the most interesting reference relates to John Calvin's connection with the valley. In 1535, when Calvin was only twenty-six, he was already keenly active in his reforming and proselyting work. Ferrero believes Calvin was at that time bent on setting up his experiment of theocratic government somewhere, and that Aosta seemed to him a favorable place for the trial. But the Papal authorities learned of his activities; the Bishop of Aosta called a council; the Roman Inquisition began to stir itself to prevent the introduction of Protestantism into that valley, by exterminating the

heretic if necessary, and death was on young Calvin's track. Avoiding arrest by quick departure, he crossed the Alps by the dangerous and unfrequented pass of the Col de Fenetre in wild midwinter, and found safety in the Valais. Five years later the theocratic government which he failed to establish in Aosta, was in full sway in Geneva, "in which," writes Ferrero, "not all was peace and good will to men, and surely not all was joy to the Eternal, in whose name it was administered." Considering the brevity of Calvin's stay in Aosta, and the lack of sympathy with his efforts there, it is surprising that he should have lasting and singular commemoration there. In the middle of a narrow thoroughfare in Aosta stands a small monument—a low, slender column supporting a cross, which gives the name of the Street of the Town Cross. Five years after Calvin's sudden departure from Aosta it was erected to commemorate the failure of his attempt to introduce Protestantism into Italy. But a far more unusual memorial of John Calvin than this is maintained in Aosta. Fame takes on many and sometimes fantastic forms. Some great men have had mountain peaks named after them; Presidents of the United States have had babies and cigars and neckties named after them; Garfield had a tea called by his name. But, so far as we know, Calvin is the only man who ever had a wind called after him. That airy distinction is his alone. When we told this to an eminent professor in a Presbyterian university he inquired if it was a very fierce wind. The fact is that "there is in the Valley of Aosta a local wind that blows every day, as regular as a clock, rising at eleven o'clock and dying down at four in the afternoon, which has been called, for nearly four hundred years, 'Calvin's wind,' in memory of his visit there." Singular that a memorial so ethereal and invisible should be so lasting!

INDEX

A

Abraham (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 479.
Almsgiving and Prayer, Christ's Teaching Concerning (Itin. Club), 134.
American University and the Carnegie Foundation, The: *Noble*, 550.
Amurru, The (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 481.
Ancient Texts, A new Collection of (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 137.
Anderson: Where the Fatherhood of God Fails, 438.
Answers to Prayer for Temporary Things: *Nash* (Arena) 301.
Antagonism, Christ's Law of (Notes and Dis.), 789.
Apologetics, A professorship for (For. Out.), 316.
Apostle of the Superman, The: *Raschen*, 385.
Arbuckle: Relation of Bishops to the General Conference (Arena), 472.
"Arms and the Man": *Peck*, 402.
Armstrong: Three Border Towns, 912.
Astronomy, The Earliest Traceable: *Warren* (Arena), 642.
Ayres: William Johnson Fox—Literary Father of Robert Browning, 750.

B

Baker: A Friend of Lamb's: William Hazlitt, 211.
Baptism, The Message of: *Faulkner*, 9.
Bible, An Old Description of the: *Mathison* (Arena), 795.
Bishop a Member in the General Conference, The—A Study: *Miller*, 25.
Bishop, Membership of a: *Coleman* (Arena), 473.
Bishops in the General Conference: *Nutter* (Arena), 794.
Bishops in the General Conference: *Van Cleve* (Arena), 300.
Bishops, Relation of to the General Conference: *Arbuckle* (Arena), 472.
Borden Parker Bowne: *Coe*, 513.
Borromeo Encyclical and German Protestants, The (For. Out.), 808.
Bowne, A Letter from Professor (Notes and Dis.) 619.
Bowne, Borden Parker: *Coe*, 513.
Bowne: Jesus or Christ? 177.
Bowne: The Supremacy of Christ, 881.
Browning, An Interpreter of: *Hallock*, 610.
Browning and Omar Khayyam: *Crawford*, 77.
Browning, Literary Father of Robert: *Ayres*, 750.
Bugbee: The Preacher of the Evangel, 445.
Burt: Lest we Forget, 944.

C

Calkins: The Genius of Methodism and the Imminent Appearing of Christ, 925.
Calvin, What Wesley said about: *Faulkner* (Arena), 640.
Carnegie Foundation and the American University, The: *Noble*, 550.
Carroll: Oratory in the World Missionary Conference, 956.
Case of the Methodist Episcopal Church, The: *Cooke*, 234.
"Christ Myth," Arthur Drews and the (For. Out.), 652.
Christ, The Supremacy of: *Bowne*, 881.
Christian Experience, The Peaks and Plains of (Notes and Dis.), 987.
Christian Service, Spontaneity and Method in (Itin. Club), 1002.
Christian Unity, The Spirit of (Itin. Club), 801.
Christianity and the Supernatural: *Storms*, 739.
Christ's Law of Antagonism (Notes and Dis.), 789.
Christ's Teaching Concerning Almsgiving and Prayer (Itin. Club), 134.
Church to meet the New Need, The: *Goodenough*, 972.
Civic Value of the Old Testament, The: *MacMullen*, 44.
Coe: Borden Parker Bowne, 513.
Coleman: Membership of a Bishop (Arena), 473.
Collection of Ancient Texts, A New (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 137.
Colleges, Denominational Control of: *Nicholson*, 224.
Commonplace, The Uncommon: *Quayle*, 726.
Concerning the Periodical Literature of German Protestantism (For. Out.), 484.
Congregation, A Plea for the: *Duncan*, 563.
Conservative Tendency of Old Testament Scholarship (For. Out.), 142.
Cooke: The Case of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 234.
Cooke: The Vatican's Attack on Methodism: A Reply to Archbishop Ireland, 847.
Cooper: The Significance of Poetry, 754.
Crane: Moses. An Interpretation, 774.
Crawford: Browning and Omar Khayyam, 77.
Crook: Pulpit Mannerisms and Manners, 375.

D

Davis: Music and Worship, 280.
Davis: The Young People's Society (Arena), 132.
Deluge Tablet, Hilprecht's (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 647.
Denominational Control of Colleges: *Nicholson*, 224.
Diary of a Day, The: *Eckman* (Rev. and Mag.), 1019.
Dixon: Thomas Arnold at Oxford: A Retrospect, 55.
Dogma, History of (For. Out.), 313.

Drews, Arthur, and the "Christ Myth" (For. Out.), 652.
Duncan: A Plea for the Congregation, 563.

E

Earliest Traceable Astronomy, The: *Warren* (Arena), 642.
Early Church, Woman's Work in the: *Hamilton,* 584.
Eckman: The Diary of a Day (Rev. and Mag.), 1019.
Eggers: Sunday Delivery of Mail (Arena), 798.
English Version of the Lord's Prayer (Itin. Club), 304.
Evangel, The Preacher of the: *Bugbee,* 445.
Evolution, The Spiritual Beauty of the Doctrine of: *Lyman,* 358.
Excavations in Mesopotamia (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 979.

F

Fatherhood of God Fails, Where the: *Anderson,* 438.
Faulkner: The Jesuit's Oath (Arena), 999.
Faulkner: The Message of Baptism, 9.
Faulkner: What Wesley said about Calvin (Arena), 640.
Federation, A Study in Local Church: *Wells,* 615.
Filial and the Unfilial, The (Notes and Dis.), 788.
Foreign Travel, Pleasures and Pains of (Notes and Dis.), 620.
Fox, William Johnson—Literary Father of Robert Browning: *Ayres,* 750.
Friend of Lamb's: William Hazlitt, A: *Baker,* 211.
Frontiersmen, Intellectual: *McConnell,* 696.

G

Genius of Methodism, The: *Calkins,* 925.
German Protestantism, Concerning the Periodical Literature of (For. Out.), 484.
German Protestants and the Borromeo Encyclical (For. Out.), 808.
Gilder: Ideals of Life (Notes and Dis.), 290.
Goodell: A New Essayist, 269.
Goodenough: The Church to Meet the New Need, 972.
Graham: The Solitariness of the Human Soul, 734.
Grant: Race Conflict, 423.
Gray: The Seventh Hero: A Suggestion to Some New Carlyle, 411.

H

Hallock: An Interpreter of Browning, 610.
Hamilton: Woman's Work in the Early Church, 584.
Hammell: The Holy Catholic Church, 266.
Hardship, The Wizardry of: *Reisner,* 980.
Harrington: Sample Latin Lyrics by Sixteenth Century Germans, 706.
Harvard Expedition to Samaria, The (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 1007.
Hazlitt, William: A Friend of Lamb's: *Baker,* 211.
Hendrix: The Literature of Saints; or the Realism of Good, 890.
Herrick, The Poet: *Phelps,* 543.
High School Commencement, Address at a (Notes and Dis.), 458.
Hilprecht's Deluge Tablet (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 647.
History of Dogma (For. Out.), 313.
Holy Catholic Church, The: *Hammell,* 266.
Hoover: La Saisias, 114.
How I Found Stanley: *Stevenson,* 431.
Human Soul, The Solitariness of the: *Graham,* 734.
Hunt: Shakespeareana, 102.

I

Ideal Minister, An Important View of the (Itin. Club), 477.
Ideals of Life: *Gilder* (Notes and Dis.), 290.
Indian Summer in the History of Israel, An: *Joseph,* 769.
India's Evangelization, Some Problems in: *Warne,* 681.
Intellectual Frontiersmen: *McConnell,* 696.
Interpreter of Browning, An: *Hallock,* 610.
Israel, An Indian Summer in the History of: *Joseph,* 769.
Israel's Thread in History: *Richardson,* 605.

J

Jesuit's Oath, The: *Faulkner* (Arena), 999.
Jesus Christ on Marriage and Divorce: *Terry,* 525.
Jesus or Christ?: *Bowne,* 177.
Joseph: An Indian Summer in the History of Israel, 769.

K

King: The Redemption of the Prayer Meeting, 963.
Kuhns: Visions of the Christ, 65.

L

La Saisias: *Hoover,* 114.
Leitch: The Moral Responsibility of God to Man, 363.
Lest We Forget: *Burt,* 944.
Lewis: John Henry Newman, 345.
Life in the Churches, An Optimistic View of: *Van Cleve,* 395.
Literature of Saints: or the Realism of Good, The: *Hendrix,* 890.
Liverpool Cathedral Windows: *Noble* (Rev. and Mag.), 1019.
Local Church Federation, A Study in: *Wells,* 615.
Lord's Prayer, English Versions of the (Itin. Club), 304.
"Los-vom-Rom" Movement in Austria, The (Itin. Club), 646.
Lyman: The Spiritual Beauty of the Doctrine of Evolution, 358.

M

McConnell: Intellectual Frontiersmen, 696.
MacMullen: The Civic Value of the Old Testament, 44.
Mail, Sunday Delivery of: *Eggers* (Arena), 798.
Mannerisms and Manners, Pulpit: *Crook,* 375.
Marriage and Divorce, Jesus Christ on: *Terry,* 525.
Mathison: An Old Description of the Bible (Arena), 795.

Membership of a Bishop: *Coleman* (Arena), 473.
Mesopotamia, Excavations in (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 979.
Message of Baptism, The: *Faulkner*, 9.
Message of the Fathers, The: *Mudge* (Notes and Dis.), 121.
Methodism in the Judgment of German Churchmen (For. Out.), 809.
Methodism, The Genius of: *Calkins*, 925.
Methodist Methods in Rome: *Perkins*, 590.
Miller: The Bishop a Member in the General Conference—A Study, 25.
Minister, An Important View of the Ideal (Itin. Club), 477.
Ministerial Fidelity (Itin. Club), 644.
Mission Field? What is a (Itin. Club), 1004.
Moral Responsibility of God to Man, The: *Leitch*, 363.
Moses, an Interpretation: *Crane*, 774.
Mudge: Progressive Sanctification (Arena), 998.
Mudge: The Message of the Fathers (Notes and Dis.), 121.
Mudge: The Peaks and Plains of Christian Experience (Notes and Dis.), 987.
Music and Worship: *Davis*, 280.

N

Nash: Answers to Prayer for Temporal Things (Arena), 301.
New Essayist, A: *Goodell*, 269.
New Need, The Church to Meet the: *Goodenough*, 972.
Newman, John Henry: *Lewis*, 345.
Nicholson: Denominational Control of Colleges, 224.
Noble: Liverpool Cathedral Windows (Rev. and Mag.), 1019.
Noble: The Carnegie Foundation and the American University, 550.
Nutter: Bishops in the General Conference (Arena), 794.

O

Old Description of the Bible, An: *Mathison* (Arena), 795.
Optimistic View of Life in the Churches, An: *Van Cleve*, 395.
Oratory in the World Missionary Conference: *Carroll*, 956.

P

Peaks and Plains of Christian Experience, The: *Mudge* (Notes and Dis.), 987.
Peck: "Arms and the Man," 402.
Perkins: Methodist Methods in Rome, 590.
Personal Philosophy, Pragmatism and the: *Strickland*, 598.
Phelps: The Poet Herrick, 543.
Plea for the Congregation, A: *Duncan*, 563.
Pleasures and Pains of Foreign Travel (Notes and Dis.), 620.
Pluralistic Universe, A (Rev. and Mag.), 487.
Poetry, The Significance of: *Cooper*, 750.
Pontifical Biblical Institute (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 308.
Practice of the Roman Courts as Seen in the Prosecution of Verres, The: *Spencer*, 90.
Pragmatism and the Personal Philosophy: *Strickland*, 598.
Prayer Meeting, The Redemption of the: *King*, 963.
Prayers, The Preacher's Pulpit: *Reisner*, 451.
Pre-Raphaelites, The: *Stambaugh* (Arena), 471.
Preacher and Social Science, The (Itin. Club), 474.
Preacher of the Evangel, The: *Bugbee*, 445.
Progressive Sanctification: *Mudge* (Arena), 998.
Psychology, Some Aspects of Modern: *Wilm*, 575.
Pulpit Mannerisms and Manners: *Crook*, 375.
Pulpit Prayers, The Preacher's: *Reisner*, 451.

Q

Quayle: The Uncommon Commonplace, 726.

R

Race Conflict: *Grant*, 423.
Rall: Theology and the Historical Method, 194.
Raschen: The Apostle of the Superman, 385.
Recent Theological Literature (For. Out.), 1011.
Redemption of the Prayer Meeting, The: *King*, 963.
Reisner: The Preacher's Pulpit Prayers, 451.
Reisner: The Wizardry of Hardship, 980.
Relation of Bishops to the General Conference: *Arbuckle* (Arena), 472.
Religion, A Revival of (Notes and Dis.), 456.
Responsibility of God to Man, The Moral: *Leitch*, 363.
Reviews and Magazines: Dublin Review, 1014. English Review, 145. Hibbert Journal, 317, 813. The Communicant, 1019. Westminster Review, 654.
Richardson: Israel's Thread in History, 605.
Rome, Methodist Methods in: *Perkins*, 590.

S

Saints, The Literature of; or the Realism of Good: *Hendrix*, 890.
Samaria, The Harvard Expedition to (Arch. and Bib. Res.), 1007.
Sample Latin Lyrics by Sixteenth Century Germans: *Harrington*, 706.
Sermonic Literature (Itin. Club), 303.
"Service in Plant Life": *Stevenson* (Arena), 643.
Seventh Hero, The: A Suggestion to Some New Carlyle: *Gray*, 411.
Shakespeareana: *Hunt*, 102.
Significance of Poetry, The: *Cooper*, 754.
Sin? What is the Unpardonable: *Wells*, 784.
Social Science, The Preacher and (Itin. Club), 474.
Solitariness of the Human Soul, The: *Graham*, 734.
Some Aspects of Modern Psychology: *Wilm*, 575.
Some Problems Involved in India's Evangelization: *Warne*, 681.

Spencer: The Practice of the Roman Courts as Seen in the Prosecution of Verres, 90.
Spirit of Christian Unity, The (Itin. Club), 801.
Spiritual Beauty of the Doctrine of Evolution, The: *Lyman,* 258.
Spontaneity and Method in Christian Service (Itin. Club), 1002.
Stambaugh: The Pre-Raphaelites (Arena), 471.
Stanley, How I Found: *Stevenson,* 431.
Stevenson: How I Found Stanley, 431.
Stockdale: The Veiled Prophet (Arena), 468.
Storms: Christianity and the Supernatural, 739.
Strickland: Pragmatism and the Personal Philosophy, 598.
Summer Vacation Notes (Itin. Club), 800.
Sunday Delivery of Mail: *Eggers* (Arena), 798.
Superman, The Apostle of the: *Raschen,* 385.
Supernatural, Christianity and the: *Storms,* 739.
Supremacy of Christ, The: *Bowne,* 881.

T

Terry: A Worthy Creed (Arena), 131.
Terry: Jesus Christ on Marriage and Divorce, 525.
Theological Literature, Recent (For. Out.), 1011.
Theology and the Historical Method: *Rall,* 194.
Thomas Arnold at Oxford: A Retrospect: *Dixon,* 55.
Three Border Towns: *Armstrong,* 912.
Travel, Pleasures and Pains of Foreign (Notes and Dis.), 620.

U

Uncommon Commonplace, The: *Quayle,* 726.

V

Van Cleve: An Optimistic View of Life in the Churches, 395.
Van Cleve: Bishops in the General Conference (Arena), 300.
Vatican's Attack on Methodism, The: a Reply to Archbishop Ireland: *Cooke,* 847.
Veiled Prophet, The: *Stockdale* (Arena), 468.
Visions of the Christ: *Kuhns,* 65.

W

Warne: Some Problems Involved in India's Evangelization, 681.
Warren: The Earliest Traceable Astronomy (Arena), 642.
Wells: A Study in Local Church Federation, 615.
Wells: What is the Unpardonable Sin? 784.
What is a Mission Field? (Itin. Club), 1004.
Where the Fatherhood of God Fails: *Anderson,* 438.
Wilm: Some Aspects of Modern Psychology, 575.
Wizardry of Hardship, The: *Reisner,* 980.
Woman's Work in the Early Church: *Hamilton,* 584.
World Missionary Conference, Oratory in the: *Carroll,* 956.
Worthy Creed, A: *Terry* (Arena), 131.

Y

Young People's Society, The: *Davis* (Arena), 132.

INDEX OF BOOK NOTICES

A

Aosta, The Valley of: *Ferrero,* 1044.

B

Bacheller: The Master, 163.
Begbie: Twice Born Men, 830.
Belief in a Personal God: *Huizinga,* 663.
Brown: Government by Influence, 834.
Buckley: The Wrong and Peril of Woman Suffrage, 333.
Butler: Ten Great and Good Men, 673.

C

Chesterton: George Bernard Shaw, 166.
Christian Doctrine of God, The: *Clarke,* 511.
Christian Ministry and the Social Order, The: *Macfarland,* Ed., 156.
Christian Pastor in the New Age, The: *Lyman,* 494.
Christianity is Christ: *Thomas,* 153.
Christianity, The Sunny Side of: *Parkhurst,* 819.
City with Foundations, The: *McFadyen,* 159.
Clarke: The Christian Doctrine of God, 511.
Comparative Religion: *Tisdall,* 323.
Cosmologies, The Earliest: *Warren,* 174.
Crawford, Ed.: Thoburn and India, 508.
Crothers: Oliver Wendell Holmes, 172.

D

Doctrine of God, The Christian: *Clarke,* 511.

E

Earland: Ruskin and His Circle, 1040.
Earliest Cosmologies, The: *Warren,* 174.
Egoists: *Huneker,* 670.
English Essayists, A Group of: *Winchester,* 832.
Essays on Modern Novelists: *Phelps,* 504.
Everyday Life, My Religion in: *Strong,* 1028.
Expositions of Holy Scripture: *Maclaren,* 822.

F

Famous Folk, Young Life of: *Watkins,* 175.
Fatal Barter, The: *Watkinson,* 825.
Ferrero: The Valley of Aosta, 1044.
Fowler: Patriotic Orations, 837.
Fundamentals, The. A Testimony. Vol. I, 491.

G

George Bernard Shaw: *Chesterton,* 169.
Gilchrist: The Life of Mary Lyon, 840.
Gladden: Recollections, 335.
Gospel in Literature, The: *Greene,* 1036.
Government by Influence: *Brown,* 834.
Great Issues: *Horton,* 327.
Greene: The Gospel in Literature, 1036.
Group of English Essayists, A: *Winchester,* 832.

H

Hardy: Time's Laughingstocks, 1033.
History of the Christian Church: *Schaff,* 842.
History of the New England Conference: *Mudge,* 844.
Hocking: The Soul of Dominick Wildthorne, 680.
Holy Scripture, Expositions of: *Maclaren,* 822.
Horton: Great Issues, 327.
Huizinga: Belief in a Personal God, 663.
Huneker: Egoists, 670.

I

India, Thoburn and: *Crawford,* Ed., 508.
Influence, Government by: *Brown,* 834.

J

Joynt: Pastoral Work, 498.

L

Laughingstocks, Time's: *Hardy,* 1033.
Lecky, Mrs.: A Memoir of the Rt. Hon. Wm. Edward Hartpole Lecky, 340.
Leonard: The Roman Catholic Church at the Fountain Head, 845.
Life of Mary Lyon, The: *Gilchrist,* 840.
Literature, The Gospel in: *Greene,* 1036.
Lyman: The Christian Pastor and the New Age, 494.

M

McFadyen: The City with Foundations, 159.
Macfarland, Ed.: The Christian Ministry and the Social Order, 156.
Maclaren: Expositions of Holy Scripture, 822.
Mary Lyon, The Life of: *Gilchrist,* 840.
Master, The: *Bacheller,* 163.
Montgomery: Western Women in Eastern Lands, 678.
Mudge: History of the New England Conference, 844.
My Religion in Everyday Life: *Strong,* 1028.

N

Novelists, Essays on Modern: *Phelps,* 504.

O

Oliver Wendell Holmes: *Crothers,* 172.

P

Parkhurst: The Sunny Side of Christianity, 819.
Pastor in the New Age, The Christian: *Lyman,* 494.
Pastoral Work: *Joynt,* 498.
Pastor-Preacher, The: *Quayle,* 1024.
Patriotic Orations: *Fowler,* 837.
Phelps: Essays on Modern Novelists, 504.
Prophecy and Poetry: *Rogers,* 166.

Q

Quayle: The Pastor-Preacher, 1024.

R

Recollections: *Gladden,* 335.
Roads: Rural Christendom, 1030.
Roman Catholic Church at the Fountain Head, The: *Leonard,* 845.
Rural Christendom: *Roads,* 1030.
Ruskin and His Circle: *Earland,* 1040.

S

Schaff: History of the Christian Church, 842.
Shaw, George Bernard: *Chesterton,* 169.
Shelley: *Thompson,* 330.
Simon Peter, Shepherd: *Upham,* 828.
Social Order, The Christian Ministry and the: *Macfarland,* Ed., 156.
Soul of Dominick Wildthorne, The: *Hocking,* 680.
Spirit of America, The: *Van Dyke,* 667.
Strong: My Religion in Everyday Life, 1028.
Sunny Side of Christianity, The: *Parkhurst,* 819.

T

Ten Great and Good Men: *Butler,* 673.
Tendency: *Vance,* 659.
Thoburn and India: *Crawford,* Ed., 508.
Thomas: Christianity is Christ, 153.
Thompson: Shelley, 330.
Time's Laughingstocks: *Hardy,* 1033.
Tisdall: Comparative Religion, 323.
To-day: An Age of Opportunity: *Young,* 161.
Twice Born Men: *Begbie,* 830.

U

Upham: Simon Peter, Shepherd, 828.

V

Valley of Aosta, The: *Ferrero,* 1044.
Van Dyke: The Spirit of America, 667.
Vance: Tendency, 659.

W

Warren: The Earliest Cosmologies, 174.
Watkins: Young Life of Famous Folk, 175.
Watkinson: The Fatal Barter, 825.
Western Women in Eastern Lands: *Montgomery,* 678.
What is Christianity? Vols. I, II, 321.
Winchester: A Group of English Essayists, 832.
Woman Suffrage, The Wrong and Peril of: *Buckley,* 333.

Y

Young: To-day: An Age of Opportunity, 161.
Young Life of Famous Folk: *Watkins,* 175.

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CONTENTS

PAGE

I. The Message of Baptism. *Professor J. A. Faulkner, D.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.* 9

II. The Bishop a Member in the General Conference—A Study. *Robert T. Miller, LL.D., Cincinnati, O.* 25

III. The Civic Value of the Old Testament. *Wallace MacMullen, D.D., New York, N. Y.* 44

IV. Thomas Arnold at Oxford: A Retrospect. *Professor James Main Dixon, F.R.S., University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Cal.* 55

V. Visions of the Christ. *Professor Oscar Kuhns, Ph.D., Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.* 65

VI. Browning and Omar Khayyám. *Professor A. W. Crawford, Ph.D., University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Canada.* 77

VII. The Practice of the Roman Courts as Seen in the Prosecution of Verres. *E. B. T. Spencer, A.M., Collegio Metodista, Rome, Italy.* 90

VIII. Shakespeareana. *Professor T. W. Hunt, Ph.D., Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.* 102

IX. La Saisiaz. *Professor H. J. Hoover, Ph.D., Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.* 114

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

Notes and Discussions. 120
The Message of the Fathers, 121.

The Arena. 131
A Worthy Creed, 131; The Young People's Society, 132.

The Itinerants' Club. 134
Christ's Teaching Concerning Almsgiving and Prayer, 134.

Archæology and Biblical Research. 137
A New Collection of Ancient Texts, 137.

Foreign Outlook. 142
The Conservative Tendency of Old Testament Scholarship, 142.

Glimpses of Reviews and Magazines. 145

Book Notices. 153

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